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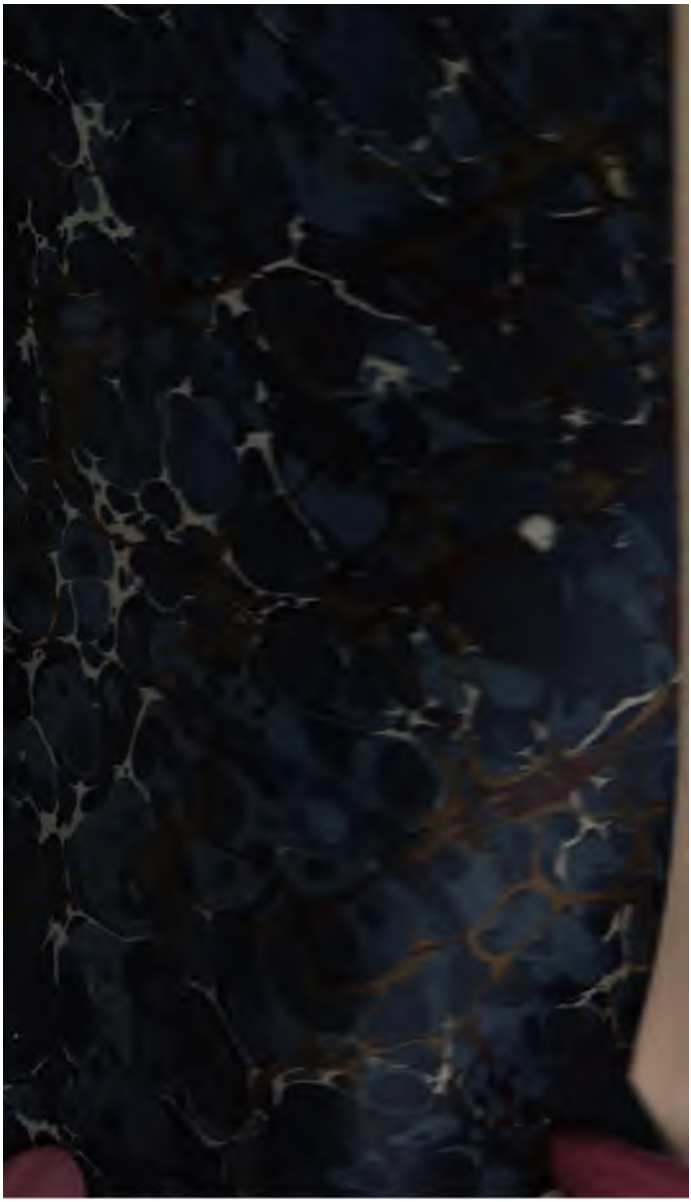

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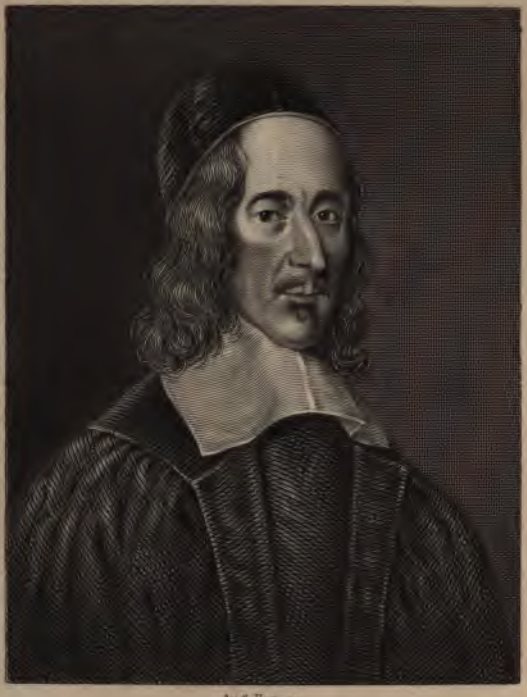

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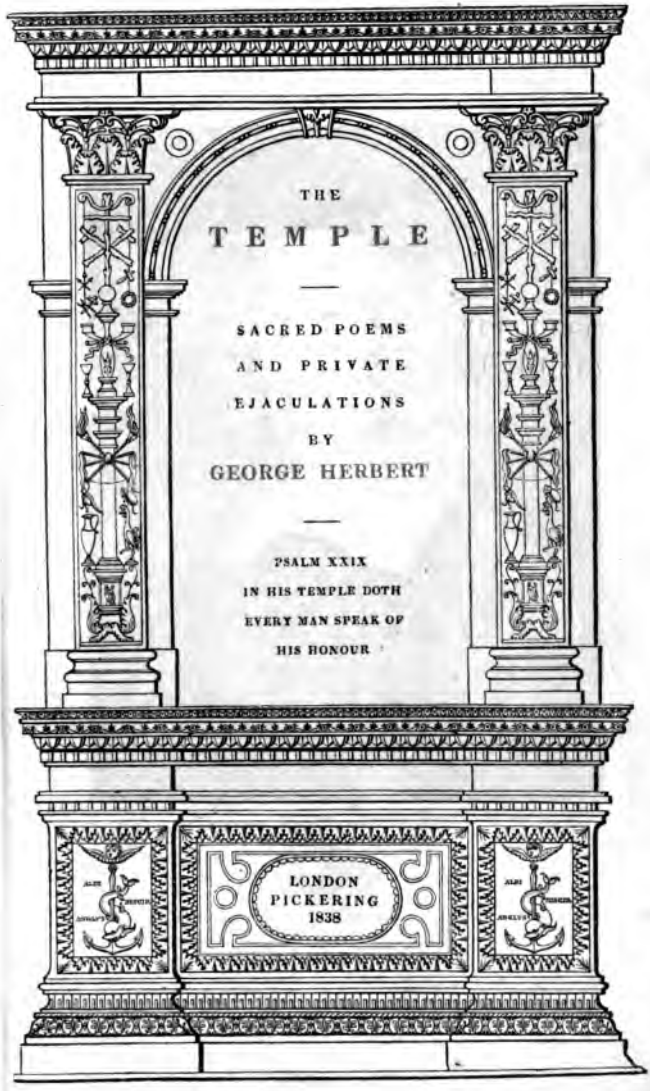
THE
TEMPLE
SACRED POEMS
AND PRIVATE
EJACULATIONS
BY
GEORGE HERBERT
PSALM XXIX
IN HIS TEMPLE DOTH
EVERY MAN SPEAK OF
HIS HONOUR
LONDON
PICKERING
1838

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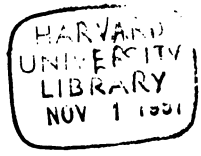

LONDON:
PRINTED BY C. WHITTINGHAM, TOOKS COURT.

PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION OF THE POEMS.

THE Poetical Works of George Herbert are here given to the public in a more complete edition than has hitherto appeared. They consist of the "Temple," which, together with the "Church Militant," was first published at Cambridge, A. D. 1633, with a preface by Nicholas Ferrar, who was usually called "The Protestant Saint Nicholas, and the pious Mr. Herbert's brother," and certain Latin and Greek poems, which, being written on subjects of temporary interest, are now almost unknown. Of the former work, the Temple, it has been remarked by the Rev. Barnabas Oley in the life prefixed to Herbert's Remains, "He that reads Mr. Herbert's poems attendingly, shall finde not only the excellencies of Scripture Divinitie, and choice passages of the Fathers bound up in meetre; but the doctrine of Rome also finely and strongly confuted; as in the poems 'To Saints and Angels,' 'The British Church,' 'The Church Militant,'" &c.

A high panegyric is passed on the poems of Herbert by Baxter, who, in the preface to his Poetical Fragments (Lond. 1681) speaks thus:—"Next to the Scripture Poems, there are none so savoury to me as Mr. George Herbert's and Mr. George Sandys's. I know that Cowley and others far excel Herbert in wit and accurate composure; But (as Seneca takes

with me above all his contemporaries, because he speaketh things by words, feelingly and seriously, like a man that is past jest, so) Herbert speaks to God like one that really believeth a God, and whose business in this world is most with God. Heart-work and Heaven-work make up his books."

Walton states that Herbert, on his death-bed, delivered the Temple to Mr. Edmond Duncon, his executor, with the following injunction: "'Sir, I pray deliver this little book to my dear brother Ferrar, and tell him, he shall find in it a picture of the many spiritual conflicts that have passed betwixt God and my soul, before I could subject mine to the will of Jesus my master, in whose service I have now found perfect freedom; desire him to read it, and then if he can think it may turn to the advantage of any dejected poor soul, let it be made public; if not, let him burn it, for I and it are less than the least of God's mercies.' Thus meanly did this humble man think of this excellent book, which now bears the name of THE TEMPLE, or Sacred Poems and Private Ejaculations; of which Mr. Ferrar would say, there was the picture of a Divine Soul in every page; and that the whole book was such a harmony of holy passions, as would enrich the world with pleasure and piety. And it appears to have done so, for there have been ten thousand of them sold since the first impression."*

* Izaak Walton published his life of Herbert in 1670. In the fourth edition, 1674, Walton says, that 'there have been more than twenty thousand of them sold since the first impression.' The Temple was first printed at Cambridge, 1633; the second edition the same year; third edition in 1634; fourth edit. 1635; fifth edit. 1638; sixth edit. 1641; seventh edit. 1656; eighth edit. 1660; ninth edit. 1667; tenth edit. 1674; eleventh edit. 1678; twelfth edit. 1703; thirteenth

In the life of Dr. Donne, Walton says:—

"And in this enumeration of his friends, though many must be omitted; yet that man of primitive piety, Mr. George Herbert, may not: I mean that George Herbert, who was the author of 'The Temple, or Sacred Poems and Ejaculations,' a book, in which, by declaring his own spiritual conflicts, he hath comforted and raised many a dejected and discomposed soul, and charmed them into sweet and quiet thoughts; a book, by the frequent reading whereof, and the assistance of that spirit that seemed to inspire the author, the reader may attain habits of peace and piety, and all the gifts of the Holy Ghost and Heaven, and may by still reading still keep those sacred fires burning upon the altar of so pure a heart, as shall free it from the anxieties of the world, and keep it fixed upon things that are above. Betwixt this George Herbert and Dr. Donne there was a long and dear friendship, made up by such a sympathy of inclinations, that they coveted and joyed to be in each other's company; and this

---

edit. 1709; fourteenth edit. Bristol, 1799; fifteenth edit. Lond. 1805. In the Bodleian Library is a MS. formerly belonging to Abp. Sancroft, and then to Bp. Tanner, entitled, "The original of Mr. George Herbert's Temple, as it was at first Licensed for the Presse. W. Sancroft;" beautifully written in folio, the punctuation altered by Sancroft. Dr. Bliss says, that the poems are the same with those ed. 1656, on a slight collation, there does not appear to be any various readings, and but one transposition. On the title is the poetical dedication, and at the bottom, original autographs.—B. Lany *Procan.* Tho. Bainbrigg. M. Wren. William Beale. Tho. Freman.

There is also in the same library the following in MS. "Mr. Herbert's Temple and Church Militant, explained and improved by a discourse upon each poem, critical and practical, by Geo. Ryley, 1715."

happy friendship was still maintained by many sacred endearments."

Of the Latin poems, three are appended to the original edition of his Remains, two are found in the Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses and Epicedium Cantabrigiense, and three more are given from autographs in the hands of the publisher. Some others were first printed by Dr. Ja. Duport, Professor of Greek in the University of Cambridge, at the end of a small volume,* containing other similar productions. They are introduced with this notice, "*Epigrammata quædam pro disciplina Ecclesiæ nostræ Apologetica, aliquot abhinc annis conscripta a Geo. Herberto, at quali et quanto viro et poeta, quam pio, quam ingenioso! de quo præstat omnino tacere quam pauca dicere; præsertim cum eximiam ejus pietatem admirabilis ingenii sale conditam loquetur Templum, loquetur Tempus, loquetur Æternitas. Hæc igitur carmina, polita ad modum et elegantia, τοῦ πατρὸς γνήσια τέκνα, et Auctoris genium plane redolentia, quasi aureæ coronidis (χρυσέην κορώνην Hom.) loco prioribus attexere visum est.*"

* Ecclesiastes Solomonis, Auctore Joan. Viviano, Canticum Solomonis: necnon Epigrammata Sacra per Ja. Duportum. Accedunt Georgii Herberti Musæ Responsoriæ, &c. 1662. In Duport's Musæ Subsecivæ, &c. Camb. 1676, 8vo. are Latin verses addressed to Herbert; also in a volume of Latin Poems by Will. Dillingham, D.D. of Camb. 8vo. 1678, are translations of five of Herbert's, viz. The Church Porch, The Sacrifice, Providence, Charms and Knots, and Man's Medley. In Crashaw's Steps to the Temple, 1648, will be found verses "On Mr. George Herbert's booke, entitled the Temple or Sacred Poems, sent to a Gentlewoman:" printed also at the end of Walton's Life. And in the Poems of Daniel Baker, M.A. 1697, are verses "On Mr. George Herbert's Poems, called the Temple." In Tho. Forde's Panegyrick on K. Charles' return, 29th May, 1660, are some verses entitled, "with Herbert's Poeme."

The works of Herbert are not extensive: it has therefore been thought advisable to insert in this volume every specimen which remains of him as a poet; though the reader of the present day will be little disposed to agree in the above unqualified eulogy on his Latin compositions. The Synagogue, a collection of poems generally appended to the Temple, has been retained in this edition. They were first printed A.D. 1640, and have been, with much probability, attributed to the Rev. Christopher Harvey, M. A.* By the kindness of the Rev. Dr. Bliss, Registrar of the University of Oxford, the publisher is enabled to add a Poem, ascribed to Herbert,† entitled "a Paradox, that the sicke are in a better case then the whole;" and for some particulars of C. Harvey. The Notes by the late S. T. Coleridge, printed at the end of this volume, occur in a copy of the Temple which formerly belonged to him, and with whom it was a great favorite. He appears to have contemplated editing a selection, with a few slight alterations of the verse.

The Greek and Latin Poems entitled Parentalia, which before, on account of their having been discovered too late for insertion, were attached to the Remains, have, in this second edition, been inserted in their proper places: they were found at the end of a Sermon by Dr. Donne, on the death of Lady Danvers, the mother of G. Herbert.

In the old copies all the Greek and Latin poems are very incorrectly printed; in the present edition they are greatly amended, by the revision of the Rev.

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* See the advertisement before the Synagogue in this edition.

† From a MS. collection of Poems in the Bodleian Library, chiefly by Cambridge men, and written from 1647 to 1658.

J. Allen Giles, late fellow of Corpus Christi College Oxford, whose critical acumen in the detection of a false reading is not less remarkable than the facility with which he discovers the true one.

Another volume similar to the present, entitled Remains, contains the Priest to the Temple, Proverbs, Letters, and other prose writings of Herbert, with his life by Walton and that by Barnabas Oley; and the two volumes together comprise the entire works of George Herbert now first collected.

Chancery Lane,
Feb. 22, 1838.

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COMMENDATORY VERSES.

A MEMORIAL TO THE HONOURABLE GEORGE HERBERT, AUTHOR OF THE SACRED POEMS, WHO DIED ABOUT ANNO 1635. *

READ o'er these raptures with a curious eye,
You must conclude, this eagle soared high:
Montgomery Castle was the place where he
Had his first breathing and nativity.
Of that most noble house this hero came,
Who left the world this legacy of fame.
Great saint, unto thy memory and shrine
I owe all veneration, save divine,
For thy rare poems: piety and pen
Speak thee no less than miracle of men.
The graces all, both moral and divine,
In thee concentre, and with thee combine:
These sacred lessons, set to thy sweet lute,
Was music that would make Apollo mute:
Nay, all those warbling chanters of the spring
Would sit half tame to hear Arion sing.
What province hath produced a greater soul,
Between the arctic and antarctic pole,
Than Wales hath done? where Herbert's church shall be
A lasting pyramid for him and thee.

---

* In the Register of Fuggleston and Bemerton, the following entry occurs, "Mr. George Herbert, Esq. Parson of Fuggleston and Bemerton, was buried 3 day of March, 1632."

What father of a church can you rehearse,
That gain'd more souls to God 'twixt prose and v
What orator had more magnetic strains?
What poet such a fancy, pen, or brains,
In our great hierarchy? show me the man
That sang more sadly than this dying swan,
This bird of paradise, this glowworm bright,
This philomel, this glory of the night.
Seeing the deluge rage, the clouds still dark,
Restless below, return'd up to the ark,
This sacred dove, before he scaled the skies,
Rarely set forth, the world's great sacrifice;
A melting poem, all the rest so high,
That the dull world may learn to live and die.
Never did pen humane, or earing brain,
Express or vent such a seraphic strain.
You that are poets born, contend and strive,
In spite of death, dead Herbert to revive.
Bring wreaths of larix, an immortal tree,
To Salem's sacred hill, for obsequy.
Parnassus' mount was never so divine,
To turn the muse's water into wine.
The Delphian poet went from thence to Rome,
And there was entertain'd as *major dome;*
And though the bishop and his clerks do boast,
That old false prophet there doth rule the roast.
A lasting spring of blood springs near that hill,
There he did bathe; there you your phials fill.
'Twill melt your hearts to view those desolations;
Yet from that spring flows highest inspirations.
Therein your annals such encomiums bring
To his memorial, as the doves in spring.
Such moan as Egypt's viceroy once did make
At Abel-Mizraim for his father's sake,
Make your shrill trumpets: from that thorny hill
Benhinnon's valleys with amazement fill.
To the sepulchre go, there sacrifice
The distillations of your hearts and eyes.
When you depart, fall down, and kiss that land,
Where once his master's sacred feet did stand.
No art or engine can you safely trust

To polish him, but his own sacred dust.
Nor can you paint or pencil him too high,
That lived and died without an enemy;
That left behind him this admired tomb,
But no Elisha in Eliah's room.

AN EPITAPH UPON THE HONOURABLE GEORGE HERBERT.

You weeping marbles, monuments, we trust,
As well with the injurious, as the just.
When your great trust at last shall be resign'd,
And when his noble dust shall be refined:
You shall more gold, myrrh, frankincense return,
Than shall be found in great Augustus' urn.

He was the wonder of a better age,
The eclipse of this, of empty heads the rage.
Phœnix of Wales, of his great name the glory,
A theme above all verse, beyond all story.
A plant of Paradise; which, in a word,
Worms ne'er shall wither, as they did the gourd.

Go, you unborn, bedew dear Herbert's tomb;
No more such babes are in Dame Nature's womb.
No more such blazing comets shall appear,
Nor leave so happy influences here.
Go, thaw your hearts at his celestial fire,
And what you cannot comprehend, admire.

Go, you dark poems, dark even as the skies,
Make the scales fall from our dark dazzling eyes.
Mirrors were made to mend, not mar our sight,
Glowworms to glitter in the most gloomy night.
About those glorious regions he is fled,
Where once Saint Paul was rapt and ravished.

Here a divine, prophet, and poet lies,
That laid up manna for posterities.

P. D. Esq.

THE CHURCH MILITANT.

The Church's progress is a masterpiece,
Limn'd to the life, of Egypt, Rome, and Greece:
Wherein he gives the conclave such a blow,
They ne'er received from either friend or foe.
England and France do bear an equal share
In his predictions, which time will declare;
Here's height of malice, here's prodigious lust,
Impudent sinning, cruelty, distrust;
Here's black ingratitude, here's pride and scorn,
Here's damned oaths, that cause the land to mourn;
And here's oppression, marks of future bane,
And here's hypocrisy, the counterpane.
Here's love of guineas, cursed root of all,
And here's religion turn'd up to the wall:
And could we see with Herbert's eagle eyes,
Without checkmate religion westward flies.
A most sad sacrifice was made of late
Of God's poor lambs by Pharasaic hate.
For discipline with doctrine so to jar,
Was just like bringing justice to the bar.
Was it the will, or judgment, or commands,
Of the great pilot for to pass the sands;
Well may we hope, that our quick-sighted state
Will take God's grievance into a debate.
Cathedral priests long since have laid about
Hammer and tongs, to drive religion out.
Her grace and majesty makes them so fraid,
They cry content, and so espouse her maid.
She's decent, lovely, chaste, divine they say,
She loves their sons, that sing our sins away.
Could we but count the thousands every year
These dreams consume, the music is too dear.
When Eli's sons made luxury their god,
Their widows named their posthumes Icabod.
They both were slain, God's sacred ark was lost,
Though they had with it a most mighty host.

Well may ingratitude make us all mourn;
Pearls we receive, poor pebbles we return.
Now Seine is swallowing Tiber; if the Thames,
By letting in them both pollute her streams;
Or if the seers shall connive or wink,
Beware the thunderbolt; *Migremus hinc.*
O let me die, and not survive to see
Before my death religion's obsequy.
Religion and dear truth will prove at length
The alpha and omega of our strength;
Our Boaz, our Jachin, our Great Britain's glory,
Look'd on by owls as a romantic story.
Our cloud, that comes behind us in the day,
Night's fiery pillar, to direct our way.
Our Chariots, ships, and horsemen, to withstand
The fury of our foes by sea or land.
Our eyes may see, as hath been seen before,
Religion's foes lie floating on the shore:
The head of England's church proud Babels, but
Will faith defend, and peace will Janus shut.

Adversus Impia.
Anno 1670.

LINES INTENDED TO BE PLACED UNDER HERBERT'S PORTRAIT.

Behold an orator, divinely sage,
The prophet and apostle of that age.
View but his Porch and Temple, you shall see
The body of divine philosophy.
Examine well the lines of his dead face,
Therein you may discern wisdom and grace.
Now if the shell so lovely doth appear,
How orient was the pearl imprison'd here!

THE PRINTERS TO THE READER.*

THE dedication of this work having been made by the author to the Divine Majesty only, how should we now presume to interest any mortal man in the patronage of it? Much less think we it meet to seek the recommendation of the Muses, for that which himself was confident to have been inspired by a diviner breath than flows from Helicon. The world therefore, shall receive it in that naked simplicity with which he left it, without any addition either of support or ornament, more than is included in itself. We leave it free and unforestalled to every man's judgment, and to the benefit that he shall find by perusal. Only for the clearing of some passages, we have thought it not unfit to make the common Reader privy to some few particularities of the condition and disposition of the person.

Being nobly born, and as eminently endued with gifts of the mind, and having by industry and happy education perfected them to that great height of excellency, whereof his fellowship of Trinity College in Cambridge, and his Oratorship in the University, together with that knowledge which the King's Court had taken of him, could make relation far above ordinary. Quitting both his deserts and all the opportunities that he had

* Published with first edition, Cambridge, 1633.

for worldly preferment, he betook himself to the Sanctuary and Temple of God, choosing rather to serve at God's Altar, than to seek the honour of State employments. As for those inward enforcements to this course (for outward there was none,) which many of these ensuing verses bear witness of, they detract not from the freedom, but add to the honour of this resolution in him. As God had enabled him, so he accounted him meet not only to be called, but to be compelled to this service: Wherein his faithful discharge was such, as may make him justly a companion to the primitive Saints, and a pattern or more for the age he lived in.

To testify his independency upon all others, and to quicken his diligence in this kind, he used in his ordinary speech, when he made mention of the blessed name of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, to add, My Master.

Next God, he loved that which God himself hath magnified above all things, that is, his Word: so as he hath been heard to make solemn protestation, that he would not part with one leaf thereof for the whole world, if it were offered him in exchange.

His obedience and conformity to the Church and the discipline thereof was singularly remarkable: Though he abounded in private devotions, yet went he every morning and evening with his family to the Church; and by his example, exhortations, and encouragements drew the greater part of his parishioners to accompany him daily in the public celebration of Divine Service.

As for worldly matters, his love and esteem to them was so little, as no man can more ambitiously seek, than he did earnestly endeavour the resignation of an Ecclesiastical dignity, which he was possessor of. But God permitted not the accomplishment of this desire, having ordained him his instrument for re-edifying of the Church belonging thereunto, that had lain ruinated almost twenty years. The reparation whereof, having been uneffectually attempted by public collections, was in the end by his own and some few others' private free-will-offerings successfully effected. With the remembrance whereof, as of an especial good work, when a friend went about to comfort him on his death-bed, he made answer, "It is a good work, if it be sprinkled with the blood of Christ:" otherwise than in this respect he could find nothing to glory or comfort himself with, neither in this nor in any other thing.

And these are but a few of many that might be said, which we have chosen to premise as a glance to some parts of the ensuing book, and for an example to the Reader.

We conclude all with his own Motto, with which he used to conclude all things that might seem to tend any way to his own honour,

"Less than the least of God's mercies."

[NICHOLAS FERRAR.]

I. THE TEMPLE.

THE DEDICATION.

LORD, MY FIRST FRUITS PRESENT THEMSELVES TO THEE;
YET NOT MINE NEITHER: FOR FROM THEE THEY CAME,
AND MUST RETURN. ACCEPT OF THEM AND ME,
AND MAKE US STRIVE, WHO SHALL SING BEST THY NAME.
TURN THEIR EYES HITHER, WHO SHALL MAKE A GAIN:
THEIRS, WHO SHALL HURT THEMSELVES OR ME, REFRAIN.

I. THE CHURCH-PORCH.

PERIRRHANTERIUM.

THOU, whose sweet youth and early hopes enhance
Thy rate and price, and mark thee for a treasure,
Hearken unto a Verser, who may chance
Rhyme thee to good, and make a bait of pleasure:
A verse may find him, who a sermon flies,
And turn delight into a sacrifice.

Beware of lust; it doth pollute and foul
Whom God in Baptism wash'd with his own blood:
It blots the lesson written in thy soul;
The holy lines cannot be understood.
How dare those eyes upon a Bible look,
Much less towards God, whose lust is all their book!

Wholly abstain, or wed. Thy bounteous Lord
Allows thee choice of paths: take no by-ways;
But gladly welcome what he doth afford;
Not grudging, that thy lust hath bounds and stays.
Continence hath his joy: weigh both; and so
If rottenness have more, let Heaven go.

If God had laid all common, certainly
Man would have been the encloser: but since now
God hath impaled us, on the contrary
Man breaks the fence, and every ground will plough.
O what were man, might he himself misplace!
Sure to be cross he would shift feet and face.

Drink not the third glass, which thou canst not tame,
When once it is within thee; but before
Mayst rule it, as thou list: and pour the shame,
Which it would pour on thee, upon the floor.
It is most just to throw that on the ground,
Which would throw me there, if I keep the round.

He that is drunken may his mother kill
Big with his sister: he hath lost the reins,
Is outlaw'd by himself: all kind of ill
Did with his liquor slide into his veins.
The drunkard forfeits Man, and doth divest
All worldly right, save what he hath by beast.

Shall I, to please another's wine-sprung mind,
Lose all mine own? God hath given me a measure
Short of his can, and body; must I find
A pain in that, wherein he finds a pleasure?
Stay at the third glass: if thou lose thy hold,
Then thou art modest, and the wine grows bold.

If reason move not Gallants, quit the room;
(All in a shipwreck shift their several way)
Let not a common ruin thee intomb:
Be not a beast in courtesy: but stay,
Stay at the third cup, or forego the place.
Wine above all things doth God's stamp deface.

Yet, if thou sin in wine or wantonness,
Boast not thereof; nor make thy shame thy glory.
Frailty gets pardon by submissiveness;
But he that boasts, shuts that out of his story:
He makes flat war with God, and doth defy
With his poor clod of earth the spacious sky.

Take not His name, who made thy mouth, in vain:
It gets thee nothing, and hath no excuse.
Lust and wine plead a pleasure, avarice gain:
But the cheap swearer through his open sluice
Lets his soul run for nought, as little fearing:
Were I an Epicure, I could bate swearing.

When thou dost tell another's jest, therein
Omit the oaths, which true wit cannot need:
Pick out of tales the mirth, but not the sin.
He pares his apple that will cleanly feed.
Play not away the virtue of that name, [tame.
Which is thy best stake, when griefs make thee

The cheapest sins most dearly punish'd are;
Because to shun them also is so cheap:
For we have wit to mark them, and to spare.
O crumble not away thy soul's fair heap.
If thou wilt die, the gates of hell are broad:
Pride and full sins have made the way a road.

Lie not; but let thy heart be true to God,
Thy mouth to it, thy actions to them both:
Cowards tell lies, and those that fear the rod;
The stormy working soul spits lies and froth.
Dare to be true. Nothing can need a lie:
A fault, which needs it most, grows two thereby.

Fly idleness, which yet thou canst not fly
By dressing, mistressing, and complement.
If those take up thy day, the sun will cry
Against thee; for his light was only lent. [feather
God gave thy soul brave wings; put not those
Into a bed, to sleep out all ill weathers.

Art thou a Magistrate? then be severe:
If studious; copy fair what time hath blurr'd;
Redeem truth from his jaws: if soldier,
Chase brave employments with a naked sword
Throughout the world. Fool not; for all may have
If they dare try, a glorious life, or grave.

O England! full of sin, but most of sloth;
Spit out thy phlegm, and fill thy breast with glory.
Thy Gentry bleats, as if thy native cloth
Transfused a sheepishness into thy story:
Not that they all are so; but that the most
Are gone to grass, and in the pasture lost.

This loss springs chiefly from our education.
Some till their ground, but let weeds choke their son.
Some mark a partridge, never their child's fashion.
Some ship them over, and the thing is done.
Study this art, make it thy great design;
And if God's image move thee not, let thine.

Some great estates provide, but do not breed
A mastering mind; so both are lost thereby:
Or else they breed them tender, make them need
All that they leave: this is flat poverty.
For he, that needs five thousand pound to live
Is full as poor as he, that needs but five.

The way to make thy son rich, is to fill
His mind with rest, before his trunk with riches:
For wealth without contentment, climbs a hill,
To feel those tempests, which fly over ditches.
But if thy son can make ten pound his measure,
Then all thou addest may be call'd his treasure.

When thou dost purpose ought, (within thy power)
Be sure to do it, though it be but small:
Constancy knits the bones, and makes us stour
When wanton pleasures beckon us to thrall.
Who breaks his own bond, forfeiteth himself:
What nature made a ship, he makes a shelf.

Do all things like a man, not sneakingly:
Think the king sees thee still; for his King does.
Simpering is but a lay-hypocrisy:
Give it a corner, and the clue undoes.
Who fears to do ill, sets himself to task:
Who fears to do well, sure should wear a mask.

Look to thy mouth: diseases enter there.
Thou hast two sconces, if thy stomach call;
Carve, or discourse; do not a famine fear.
Who carves, is kind to two; who talks, to all.
Look on meat, think it dirt, then eat a bit;
And say withal, Earth to earth I commit.

Slight those who say amidst their sickly healths,
Thou livest by rule. What doth not so but man?
Houses are built by rule, and commonwealths.
Entice the trusty sun, if that you can,
From his ecliptic line; beckon the sky.
Who lives by rule then, keeps good company.

Who keeps no guard upon himself, is slack,
And rots to nothing at the next great thaw.
Man is a shop of rules, a well-truss'd pack,
Whose every parcel underwrites a law.
Lose not thyself, nor give thy humours way:
God gave them to thee under lock and key.

By all means use sometimes to be alone.
Salute thyself: see what thy soul doth wear.
Dare to look in thy chest; for 'tis thine own:
And tumble up and down what thou find'st there.
Who cannot rest till he good fellows find,
He breaks up house, turns out of doors his mind.

Be thrifty, but not covetous: therefore give
Thy need, thine honour, and thy friend his due.
Never was scraper brave man. Get to live;
Then live, and use it: else, it is not true
That thou hast gotten. Surely use alone
Makes money not a contemptible stone.

Never exceed thy income. Youth may make
Even with the year: but age, if it will hit,
Shoots a bow short, and lessens still his stake,
As the day lessens, and his life with it.
Thy children, kindred, friends upon thee call;
Before thy journey fairly part with all.

Yet in thy thriving still misdoubt some evil;
Lest gaining gain on thee, and make thee dim
To all things else. Wealth is the conjurer's devil;
Whom when he thinks he hath, the devil hath him.
Gold thou mayst safely touch; but if it stick
Unto thy hands, it woundeth to the quick.

What skills it, if a bag of stones or gold
About thy neck do drown thee? raise thy head;
Take stars for money; stars not to be told
By any art, yet to be purchased.
None is so wasteful as the scraping dame:
She loseth three for one; her soul, rest, fame.

By no means run in debt: take thine own measure.
Who cannot live on twenty pound a year,
Cannot on forty: he's a man of pleasure,
A kind of thing that's for itself too dear.
The curious unthrift makes his clothes too wide,
And spares himself, but would his tailor chide.

Spend not on hopes. They that by pleading clothes
Do fortunes seek, when worth and service fail,
Would have their tale believed for their oaths,
And are like empty vessels under sail.
Old courtiers know this; therefore set out so,
As all the day thou mayst hold out to go.

In clothes, cheap handsomeness doth bear the bell.
Wisdom's a trimmer thing, than shop e'er gave.
Say not then, This with that lace will do well;
But, This with my discretion will be brave.
Much curiousness is a perpetual wooing,
Nothing with labour, folly long a doing.

Play not for gain, but sport. Who plays for more,
Than he can lose with pleasure, stakes his heart:
Perhaps his wife's too, and whom she hath bore:
Servants and churches also play their part.
  Only a herald, who that way doth pass, [glass.
  Finds his crack'd name at length in the church-

If yet thou love game at so dear a rate,
Learn this, that hath old gamesters dearly cost:
Dost lose? rise up: dost win? rise in that state.
Who strive to sit out losing hands, are lost.
  Game is a civil gunpowder, in peace
  Blowing up houses with their whole increase.

In conversation boldness now bears sway.
But know, that nothing can so foolish be,
As empty boldness: therefore first assay
To stuff thy mind with solid bravery;
  Then march on gallant: get substantial worth:
  Boldness gilds finely, and will set it forth.

Be sweet to all. Is thy complexion sour?
Then keep such company; make them thy allay:
Get a sharp wife, a servant that will lour.
A stumbler stumbles least in rugged way.
  Command thyself in chief. He life's war knows,
  Whom all his passions follow, as he goes.

Catch not at quarrels. He that dares not speak
Plainly and home, is coward of the two.
Think not thy fame at every twitch will break:
By great deeds shew, that thou canst little do;
  And do them not: that shall thy wisdom be;
  And change thy temperance into bravery.

If that thy fame with every toy be posed,
'Tis a thin web, which poisonous fancies make;
But the great soldier's honour was composed
Of thicker stuff, which would endure a shake.
Wisdom picks friends; civility plays the rest.
A toy shunn'd cleanly passeth with the best.

Laugh not too much: the witty man laughs least:
For wit is news only to ignorance.
Less at thine own things laugh; lest in the jest
Thy person share, and the conceit advance.
Make not thy sport, abuses: for the fly,
That feeds on dung, is coloured thereby.

Pick out of mirth, like stones out of thy ground,
Profaneness, filthiness, abusiveness.
These are the scum, with which coarse wits abound:
The fine may spare these well, yet not go less.
All things are big with jest: nothing that's plain
But may be witty, if thou hast the vein.

Wit's an unruly engine, wildly striking
Sometimes a friend, sometimes the engineer:
Hast thou the knack? pamper it not with liking:
But if thou want it, buy it not too dear.
Many affecting wit beyond their power,
Have got to be a dear fool for an hour.

A sad wise valour is the brave complexion,
That leads the van, and swallows up the cities.
The giggler is a milk-maid, whom infection,
Or a fired beacon frighteth from his ditties.
Then he's the sport: the mirth then in him rests,
And the sad man is cock of all his jests.

Towards great persons use respective boldness:
That temper gives them theirs, and yet doth take
Nothing from thine: in service, care, or coldness
Doth ratably thy fortunes mar or make.
Feed no man in his sins: for adulation
Doth make thee parcel-devil in damnation.

Envy not greatness: for thou makest thereby
Thyself the worse, and so the distance greater.
Be not thine own worm: yet such jealousy,
As hurts not others, but may make thee better,
Is a good spur. Correct thy passion's spite;
Then may the beasts draw thee to happy light.

When baseness is exalted, do not bate
The place its honour for the person's sake.
The shrine is that which thou dost venerate;
And not the beast, that bears it on his back.
I care not though the cloth of state should be
Not of rich arras, but mean tapestry.

Thy friend put in thy bosom: wear his eyes
Still in thy heart, that he may see what's there.
If cause require, thou art his sacrifice;
Thy drops of blood must pay down all his fear:
But love is lost; the way of friendship's gone;
Though David had his Jonathan, Christ his John.

Yet be not surety, if thou be a father.
Love is a personal debt. I cannot give
My children's right, nor ought he take it: rather
Both friends should die, than hinder them to live.
Fathers first enter bonds to nature's ends;
And are her sureties, ere they are a friend's.

If thou be single, all thy goods and ground
Submit to love; but yet not more than all.
Give one estate, as one life. None is bound
To work for two, who brought himself to thrall.
God made me one man; love makes me no more,
Till labour come, and make my weakness score.

In thy discourse, if thou desire to please:
All such is courteous, useful, new, or witty:
Usefulness comes by labour, wit by ease;
Courtesy grows in court; news in the city.
Get a good stock of these, then draw the card;
That suits him best, of whom thy speech is heard.

Entice all neatly to what they know best;
For so thou dost thyself and him a pleasure:
(But a proud ignorance will lose his rest,
Rather than show his cards) steal from his treasure
What to ask further. Doubts well raised do lock
The speaker to thee, and preserve thy stock.

If thou be Master-gunner, spend not all
That thou canst speak, at once; but husband it,
And give men turns of speech: do not forestall
By lavishness thine own, and other's wit,
As if thou madest thy will. A civil guest
Will no more talk all, than eat all the feast.

Be calm in arguing: for fierceness makes
Error a fault, and truth discourtesy.
Why should I feel another man's mistakes
More, than his sicknesses or poverty?
In love I should: but anger is not love,
Nor wisdom neither; therefore gently move.

Calmness is great advantage: he that lets
Another chafe, may warm him at his fire:
Mark all his wanderings, and enjoy his frets;
As cunning fencers suffer heat to tire.
Truth dwells not in the clouds: the bow that's there
Doth often aim at, never hit the sphere.

Mark what another says: for many are
Full of themselves, and answer their own notion.
Take all into thee; then with equal care
Balance each dram of reason, like a potion.
If truth be with thy friend, be with them both:
Share in the conquest, and confess a troth.

Be useful where thou livest, that they may
Both want, and wish thy pleasing presence still.
Kindness, good parts, great places are the way
To compass this. Find out men's wants and will,
And meet them there. All worldly joys go less
To the one joy of doing kindnesses.

Pitch thy behaviour low, thy projects high;
So shalt thou humble and magnanimous be:
Sink not in spirit: who aimeth at the sky
Shoots higher much than he that means a tree.
A grain of glory mixt with humbleness
Cures both a fever and lethargicness.

Let thy mind still be bent, still plotting where,
And when, and how the business may be done.
Slackness breeds worms; but the sure traveller,
Though he alight sometimes, still goeth on.
Active and stirring spirits live alone:
Write on the others, Here lies such a one.

Slight not the smallest loss, whether it be
In love or honour; take account of all:
Shine like the sun in every corner: see
Whether thy stock of credit swell, or fall.
Who say, I care not, those I give for lost;
And to instruct them, 'twill not quit the cost.

Scorn no man's love, though of a mean degree;
(Love is a present for a mighty king,)
Much less make any one thine enemy.
As guns destroy, so may a little sling.
The cunning workman never doth refuse
The meanest tool, that he may chance to use.

All foreign wisdom doth amount to this,
To take all that is given; whether wealth,
Or love, or language; nothing comes amiss:
A good digestion turneth all to health:
And then as far as fair behaviour may,
Strike off all scores; none are so clear as they.

Keep all thy native good, and naturalize
All foreign of that name; but scorn their ill:
Embrace their activeness, not vanities.
Who follows all things, forfeiteth his will.
If thou observest strangers in each fit,
In time they'll run thee out of all thy wit.

Affect in things about thee cleanliness,
That all may gladly board thee, as a flower.
Slovens take up their stock of noisomeness
Beforehand, and anticipate their last hour.
Let thy mind's sweetness have his operation
Upon thy body, clothes, and habitation.

In Alms regard thy means, and other's merit.
Think heaven a better bargain, than to give
Only thy single market-money for it.
Join hands with God to make a man to live.
Give to all something; to a good poor man,
Till thou change names, and be where he began.

Man is God's image; but a poor man is
Christ's stamp to boot: both images regard.
God reckons for him, counts the favour his:
Write, So much given to God; thou shalt be heard.
Let thy alms go before, and keep heaven's gate
Open for thee; or both may come too late.

Restore to God his due in tithe and time:
A tithe purloin'd cankers the whole estate.
Sundays observe: think when the bells do chime,
'Tis angels' music; therefore come not late.
God then deals blessings: If a king did so,
Who would not haste, nay give, to see the show?

Twice on the day his due is understood;
For all the week thy food so oft he gave thee.
Thy cheer is mended; bate not of the food,
Because 'tis better, and perhaps may save thee.
Thwart not the Almighty God: O be not cross.
Fast when thou wilt; but then 'tis gain, not loss.

Though private prayer be a brave design,
Yet public hath more promises, more love:
And love's a weight to hearts, to eyes a sign.
We all are but cold suitors; let us move
Where it is warmest. Leave thy six and seven;
Pray with the most: for where most pray, is heaven.

When once thy foot enters the church, be bare.
God is more there, than thou: for thou art there
Only by his permission. Then beware,
And make thyself all reverence and fear.
Kneeling ne'er spoil'd silk stocking: quit thy state.
All equal are within the church's gate.

Resort to sermons, but to prayers most:
Praying's the end of preaching. O be drest;
Stay not for the other pin: why thou hast lost
A joy for it worth worlds. Thus hell doth jest
Away thy blessings, and extremely flout thee,
Thy clothes being fast, but thy soul loose about thee.

In time of service seal up both thine eyes,
And send them to thy heart; that spying sin,
They may weep out the stains by them did rise:
Those doors being shut, all by the ear comes in.
Who marks in church-time others' symmetry,
Makes all their beauty his deformity.

Let vain or busy thoughts have there no part:
Bring not thy plough, thy plots, thy pleasures thither.
Christ purged his temple; so must thou thy heart.
All worldly thoughts are but thieves met together
To cozen thee. Look to thy actions well;
For churches either are our heaven or hell.

Judge not the preacher; for he is thy Judge:
If thou mislike him, thou conceivest him not.
God calleth preaching folly. Do not grudge
To pick out treasures from an earthen pot.
The worst speak something good: if all want sense,
God takes a text, and preacheth patience.

He that gets patience, and the blessing which
Preachers conclude with, hath not lost his pains.
He that by being at church escapes the ditch,
Which he might fall in by companions, gains.
He that loves God's abode, and to combine
With saints on earth, shall one day with them shine.

Jest not at preachers' language, or expression:
How know'st thou, but thy sins made him miscarry?
Then turn thy faults and his into confession:
God sent him, whatsoe'er he be: O tarry,
And love him for his Master: his condition,
Though it be ill, makes him no ill Physician.

None shall in hell such bitter pangs endure
As those, who mock at God's way of salvation.
Whom oil and balsams kill, what salve can cure?
They drink with greediness a full damnation.
The Jews refused thunder; and we, folly.
Though God do hedge us in, yet who is holy?

Sum up at night what thou hast done by day;
And in the morning, what thou hast to do.
Dress and undress thy soul: mark the decay
And growth of it: if with thy watch, that too
Be down, then wind up both, since we shall be
Most surely judged, make thy accounts agree.

In brief, acquit thee bravely; play the man.
Look not on pleasures as they come, but go.
Defer not the least virtue: life's poor span
Make not an ell, by trifling in thy woe.
If thou do ill, the joy fades, not the pains:
If well; the pain doth fade, the joy remains.

II. SUPERLIMINARE.

THOU, whom the former precepts have
Sprinkled and taught, how to behave
Thyself in church; approach, and taste
The church's mystical repast.

Avoid profaneness; come not here:
Nothing but holy, pure, and clear,
Or that which groaneth to be so,
May at his peril further go.

III. THE ALTAR.

A BROKEN ALTAR, Lord, thy servant rears,
Made of a heart, and cemented with tears:
Whose parts are as thy hand did frame;
No workman's tool hath touch'd the same.

A HEART alone
Is such a stone,
As nothing but
Thy power doth cut.
Wherefore each part
Of my hard heart
Meets in this frame,
To praise thy name:

That, if I chance to hold my peace,
These stones to praise thee may not cease.
O let thy blessed SACRIFICE be mine,
And sanctify this ALTAR to be thine.

IV. THE SACRIFICE.

Oh all ye, who pass by, whose eyes and mind
To worldly things are sharp, but to me blind;
To me, who took eyes that I might you find:
Was ever grief like mine?

The Princes of my people make a head
Against their Maker: they do wish me dead,
Who cannot wish, except I give them bread:
Was ever grief like mine?

Without me each one, who doth now me brave,
Had to this day been an Egyptian slave.
They use that power against me, which I gave:
Was ever grief like mine?

Mine own Apostle, who the bag did bear,
Though he had all I had, did not forbear
To sell me also, and to put me there:
Was ever grief like mine?

For thirty pence he did my death devise,
Who at three hundred did the ointment prize,
Not half so sweet as my sweet sacrifice:
Was ever grief like mine?

Therefore my soul melts, and my heart's dear treasu
Drops blood (the only beads) my words to measure
O let this cup pass, if it be thy pleasure:
Was ever grief like mine?

These drops being temper'd with a sinner's tears,
A balsam are for both the Hemispheres,
Curing all wounds, but mine; all, but my fears.
Was ever grief like mine?

Yet my Disciples sleep: I cannot gain
One hour of watching; but their drowsy brain
Comforts not me, and doth my doctrine stain:
Was ever grief like mine?

Arise, arise, they come. Look how they run!
Alas! what haste they make to be undone!
How with their lanterns do they seek the sun!
Was ever grief like mine?

With clubs and staves they seek me, as a thief,
Who am the way of truth, the true relief,
Most true to those who are my greatest grief:
Was ever grief like mine?

Judas, dost thou betray me with a kiss?
Canst thou find hell about my lips? and miss
Of life, just at the gates of life and bliss?
Was ever grief like mine?

See, they lay hold on me, not with the hands
Of faith, but fury; yet at their commands
I suffer binding, who have loosed their bands:
Was ever grief like mine?

All my Disciples fly; fear puts a bar
Betwixt my friends and me. They leave the star,
That brought the wise men of the East from far:
Was ever grief like mine?

Then from one ruler to another bound
They lead me: urging, that it was not sound
What I taught: Comments would the text confound.
Was ever grief like mine?

The Priests and Rulers all false witness seek
'Gainst him, who seeks not life, but is the meek
And ready Paschal Lamb of this great week:
Was ever grief like mine?

Then they accuse me of great blasphemy,
That I did thrust into the Deity,
Who never thought that any robbery:
Was ever grief like mine?

Some said, that I the Temple to the floor
In three days razed, and raised as before.
Why, he that built the world can do much more:
Was ever grief like mine?

Then they condemn me all with that same breath,
Which I do give them daily, unto death.
Thus Adam my first breathing rendereth:
Was ever grief like mine?

They bind, and lead me unto Herod: he
Sends me to Pilate. This makes them agree;
But yet their friendship is my enmity.
Was ever grief like mine?

Herod and all his bands do set me light,
Who teach all hands to war, fingers to fight,
And only am the Lord of hosts and might.
Was ever grief like mine?

Herod in judgment sits, while I do stand;
Examines me with a censorious hand:
I him obey, who all things else command:
Was ever grief like mine?

The Jews accuse me with despitefulness;
And vying malice with my gentleness,
Pick quarrels with their only happiness:
Was ever grief like mine?

I answer nothing, but with patience prove
If stony hearts will melt with gentle love.
But who does hawk at eagles with a dove?
Was ever grief like mine?

My silence rather doth augment their cry;
My dove doth back into my bosom fly,
Because the raging waters still are high:
Was ever grief like mine?

Hark how they cry aloud still, Crucify:
It is not fit he live a day, they cry,
Who cannot live less than eternally:
Was ever grief like mine?

Pilate a stranger holdeth off; but they,
Mine own dear people, cry, Away, away,
With noises confused frighting the day:
Was ever grief like mine?

Yet still they shout, and cry, and stop their ears,
Putting my life among their sins and fears,
And therefore wish my blood on them and theirs:
Was ever grief like mine?

See how spite cankers things. These words aright
Used, and wish'd, are the whole world's light:
But honey is their gall, brightness their night:
Was ever grief like mine?

They choose a murderer, and all agree
In him to do themselves a courtesy;
For it was their own cause who killed me:
Was ever grief like mine?

And a seditious murderer he was:
But I the Prince of Peace; peace that doth pass
All understanding, more than heaven doth glass:
Was ever grief like mine?

Why, Cæsar is their only King, not I:
He clave the stony rock, when they were dry;
But surely not their hearts, as I well try:
Was ever grief like mine?

Ah, how they scourge me! yet my tenderness
Doubles each lash: and yet their bitterness
Winds up my grief to a mysteriousness:
Was ever grief like mine?

They buffet me, and box me as they list,
Who grasp the earth and Heaven with my fist,
And never yet, whom I would punish, miss'd:
Was ever grief like mine?

Behold, they spit on me in scornful wise;
Who by my spittle gave the blind man eyes,
Leaving his blindness to mine enemies:
Was ever grief like mine?

My face they cover, though it be divine.
As Moses' face was veiled, so is mine,
Lest on their double-dark souls either shine:
Was ever grief like mine?

Servants and abjects flout me; they are witty:
Now prophesy who strikes thee, is their ditty.
So they in me deny themselves all pity:
Was ever grief like mine?

And now I am deliver'd unto death,
Which each one calls for so with utmost breath,
That he before me well-nigh suffereth:
Was ever grief like mine?

Weep not, dear friends, since I for both have wept,
When all my tears were blood, the while you slept:
Your tears for your own fortunes should be kept:
Was ever grief like mine?

The soldiers lead me to the common hall;
There they deride me, they abuse me all:
Yet for twelve heavenly legions I could call:
Was ever grief like mine?

Then with a scarlet robe they me array;
Which shews my blood to be the only way,
And cordial left to repair man's decay:
Was ever grief like mine?

Then on my head a crown of thorns I wear;
For these are all the grapes Sion doth bear,
Though I my vine planted and water'd there:
Was ever grief like mine?

So sits the earth's great curse in Adam's fall
Upon my head; so I remove it all
From the earth unto my brows, and bear the thrall:
Was ever grief like mine?

Then with the reed they gave to me before,
They strike my head, the rock from whence all store
Of heavenly blessings issue evermore:
Was ever grief like mine?

They bow their knees to me, and cry, Hail, king:
Whatever scoffs or scornfulness can bring,
I am the floor, the sink, where they it fling:
Was ever grief like mine?

Yet since man's sceptres are as frail as reeds,
And thorny all their crowns, bloody their weeds;
I, who am Truth, turn into truth their deeds:
Was ever grief like mine?

The soldiers also spit upon that face
Which Angels did desire to have the grace,
And prophets, once to see, but found no place:
Was ever grief like mine?

Thus trimmed forth they bring me to the rout,
Who Crucify him, cry with one strong shout.
God holds his peace at man, and man cries out:
Was ever grief like mine?

They lead me in once more, and putting then
Mine own clothes on, they lead me out again.
Whom devils fly, thus is he toss'd of men:
Was ever grief like mine?

And now weary of sport, glad to engross
All spite in one, counting my life their loss,
They carry me to my most bitter cross:
Was ever grief like mine?

My cross I bear myself, until I faint:
Then Simon bears it for me by constraint,
The decreed burden of each mortal Saint:
Was ever grief like mine?

O all ye who pass by, behold and see:
Man stole the fruit, but I must climb the tree;
The tree of life to all, but only me:
Was ever grief like mine?

Lo, here I hang, charged with a world of sin,
The greater world o' the two; for that came in
By words, but this by sorrow I must win:
Was ever grief like mine?

Such sorrow, as if sinful man could feel,
Or feel his part, he would not cease to kneel,
Till all were melted, though he were all steel.
Was ever grief like mine?

But, O my God, my God! why leavest thou me,
The Son, in whom thou dost delight to be?
My God, my God ———
Was ever grief like mine?

Shame tears my soul, my body many a wound;
Sharp nails pierce this, but sharper that confound;
Reproaches, which are free, while I am bound:
Was ever grief like mine?

Now heal thyself, Physician; now come down.
Alas! I did so, when I left my crown
And father's smile for you, to feel his frown:
Was ever grief like mine?

In healing not myself, there doth consist
All that salvation, which ye now resist;
Your safety in my sickness doth subsist:
Was ever grief like mine?

Betwixt two thieves I spend my utmost breath,
As he that for some robbery suffereth.
Alas! what have I stolen from you? death:
Was ever grief like mine?

A king my title is, prefix'd on high;
Yet by my subjects I'm condemn'd to die
A servile death in servile company:
Was ever grief like mine?

They gave me vinegar mingled with gall,
But more with malice: yet, when they did call,
With Manna, Angels' food, I fed them all:
Was ever grief like mine?

They part my garments, and by lot dispose
My coat, the type of love, which once cured those
Who sought for help, never malicious foes:
Was ever grief like mine?

Nay, after death their spite shall further go;
For they will pierce my side, I full well know;
That as sin came, so Sacraments might flow:
Was ever grief like mine?

But now I die; now all is finished.
My woe, man's weal: and now I bow my head:
Only let others say, when I am dead,
Never was grief like mine.

V. THE THANKSGIVING.

Oh King of grief! (a title strange, yet true,
To thee of all kings only due)
Oh King of wounds! how shall I grieve for thee,
Who in all grief preventest me?
Shall I weep blood? why, thou hast wept such store,
That all thy body was one door.
Shall I be scourged, flouted, boxed, sold?
'Tis but to tell the tale is told.
My God, my God, why dost thou part from me?
Was such a grief as cannot be.
Shall I then sing, skipping, thy doleful story,
And side with thy triumphant glory?
Shall thy strokes be my stroking? thorns, my flower?
Thy rod, my posy? cross, my bower?
But how then shall I imitate thee, and
Copy thy fair, though bloody hand?
Surely I will revenge me on thy love,
And try who shall victorious prove.
If thou dost give me wealth; I will restore
All back unto thee by the poor.
If thou dost give me honour; men shall see,
The honour doth belong to thee.
I will not marry; or, if she be mine,
She and her children shall be thine.

My bosom-friend, if he blaspheme thy name,
I will tear thence his love and fame.
One half of me being gone, the rest I give
Unto some Chapel, die or live.
As for thy passion—But of that anon,
When with the other I have done.
For thy predestination, I'll contrive,
That three years hence, if I survive,
I'll build a spital, or mend common ways,
But mend my own without delays.
Then I will use the works of thy creation,
As if I used them but for fashion.
The world and I will quarrel; and the year
Shall not perceive, that I am here.
My music shall find thee, and every string
Shall have his attribute to sing;
That altogether may accord in thee,
And prove one God, one harmony.
If thou shalt give me wit, it shall appear,
If thou hast given it me, 'tis here.
Nay, I will read thy book, and never move
Till I have found therein thy love;
Thy art of love, which I'll turn back on thee
O my dear Saviour, Victory!
Then for thy passion—I will do for that—
Alas, my God, I know not what.

VI. THE REPRISAL.

I HAVE consider'd it, and find
There is no dealing with thy mighty passion
For though I die for thee, I am behind;
My sins deserve the condemnation.

O make me innocent, that I
May give a disentangled state and free;
And yet thy wounds still my attempts defy,
For by thy death I die for thee.

Ah! was it not enough that thou
By thy eternal glory didst outgo me?
Couldst thou not grief's sad conquests me allow,
But in all victories overthrow me?

Yet by confession will I come
to the conquest. Though I can do nought
Against thee, in thee I will overcome
The man, who once against thee fought.

VII. THE AGONY.

Philosophers have measured mountains,
thom'd the depths of seas, of states, and kings,
alk'd with a staff to heaven, and traced fountains:
But there are two vast, spacious things,
e which to measure it doth more behove:
t few there are that sound them; Sin and Love.

Who would know Sin, let him repair
ito mount Olivet; there shall he see
man, so wrung with pains, that all his hair,
His skin, his garments bloody be.
a is that press and vice, which forceth pain
hunt his cruel food through every vein.

Who knows not Love, let him assay,
ad taste that juice, which on the cross a pike

Did set abroach; then let him say
If ever he did taste the like.
Love is that liquor sweet and most divine,
Which my God feels as blood; but I, as wine.

VIII. THE SINNER.

Lord, how I am all ague, when I seek
What I have treasured in my memory!
Since, if my soul make even with the week,
Each seventh note by right is due to thee.
I find there quarries of piled vanities,
But shreds of holiness, that dare not venture
To show their face, since 'cross to thy decrees:
There the circumference earth is, heaven the centre.
In so much dregs the quintessence is small:
The spirit and good extract of my heart
Comes to about the many hundredth part.
Yet, Lord, restore thy image, hear my call: [groan,
And though my hard heart scarce to thee can
Remember that thou once didst write in stone.

IX. GOOD FRIDAY.

O my chief good,
How shall I measure out thy blood?
How shall I count what thee befell,
And each grief tell?

Shall I thy woes
Number according to thy foes?
Or, since one star show'd thy first breath,
Shall all thy death?

Or shall each leaf,
Which falls in Autumn, score a grief?
Or cannot leaves, but fruit, be sign
Of the true vine?

Then let each hour
Of my whole life one grief devour;
That thy distress through all may run,
And be my sun.

Or rather let
My several sins their sorrows get;
That, as each beast his cure doth know,
Each sin may so.

SINCE blood is fittest, Lord, to write
Thy sorrows in, and bloody fight;
My heart hath store; write there, where in
One box doth lie both ink and sin:

That when sin spies so many foes,
Thy whips, thy nails, thy wounds, thy woes,
All come to lodge there, sin may say,
No room for me, and fly away.

Sin being gone, oh fill the place,
And keep possession with thy grace;
Lest sin take courage and return,
And all the writings blot or burn.

X. REDEMPTION.

HAVING been tenant long to a rich Lord,
Not thriving, I resolved to be bold,
And make a suit unto him, to afford
A new small-rented lease, and cancel the old.

In Heaven at his manor I him sought:
They told me there, that he was lately gone
About some land, which he had dearly bought
Long since on earth, to take possession.

I straight return'd, and knowing his great birth,
Sought him accordingly in great resorts;
In cities, theatres, gardens, parks, and courts:
At length I heard a ragged noise and mirth
Of thieves and murderers: there I him espied,
Who straight, Your suit is granted, said, and died.

XI. SEPULCHRE.

O BLESSED body! whither art thou thrown?
No lodging for thee, but a cold hard stone?
So many hearts on earth, and yet not one
Receive thee?

Sure there is room within our hearts good store;
For they can lodge transgressions by the score:
Thousands of toys dwell there, yet out of door
They leave thee.

But that which shews them large, shews them unfit.
Whatever sin did this pure rock commit,
Which holds thee now? Who hath indited it
Of murder?

Where our hard hearts have took up stones to brain
thee,
And missing this, most falsely did arraign thee;
Only these stones in quiet entertain thee,
And order.

And as of old, the law by heavenly art
Was writ in stone; so thou, which also art
The letter of the word, find'st no fit heart
To hold thee.

Yet do we still persist as we began,
And so should perish, but that nothing can,
Though it be cold, hard, foul, from loving man
Withhold thee.

XII. EASTER.

Rise heart; thy Lord is risen. Sing his praise
Without delays,
Who takes thee by the hand, that thou likewise
With him mayst rise:
That, as his death calcined thee to dust,
His life may make thee gold, and much more just.

Awake, my lute, and struggle for thy part
With all thy art.
The cross taught all wood to resound his name
Who bore the same.
His stretched sinews taught all strings, what key
Is best to celebrate this most high day.

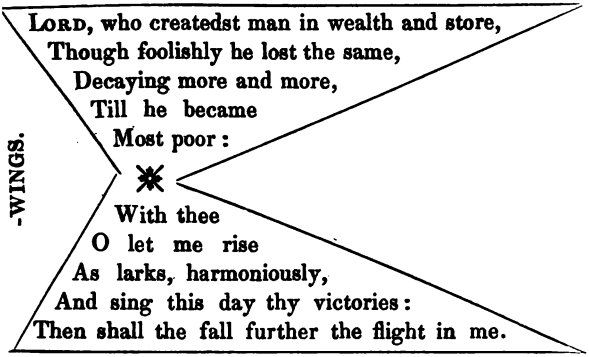
Consort both heart and lute, and twist a song
Pleasant and long:
Or since all music is but three parts vied,
And multiplied;
O let thy blessed Spirit bear a part,
And make up our defects with his sweet art.

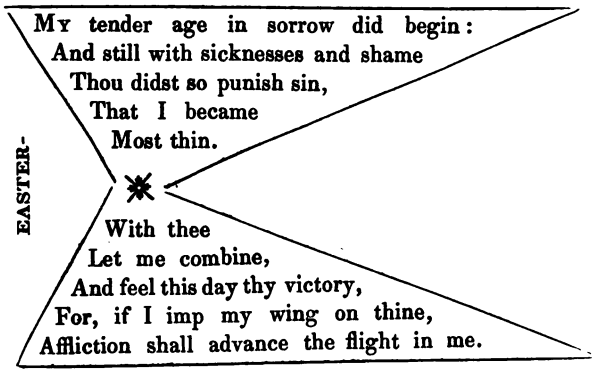
I got me flowers to strew thy way;
I got me boughs off many a tree:
But thou wast up by break of day,
And brought'st thy sweets along with thee.

The Sun arising in the East,
Though he give light, and the East perfume;
If they should offer to contest
With thy arising, they presume.

Can there be any day but this,
Though many suns to shine endeavour?
We count three hundred, but we miss:
There is but one, and that one ever.

XIII.


-WINGS.
Lord, who createdst man in wealth and store,
Though foolishly he lost the same,
Decaying more and more,
Till he became
Most poor:
With thee
O let me rise
As larks, harmoniously,
And sing this day thy victories:
Then shall the fall further the flight in me.


EASTER-
My tender age in sorrow did begin:
And still with sicknesses and shame
Thou didst so punish sin,
That I became
Most thin.
With thee
Let me combine,
And feel this day thy victory,
For, if I imp my wing on thine,
Affliction shall advance the flight in me.

XIV. HOLY BAPTISM.

As he that sees a dark and shady grove,
Stays not, but looks beyond it on the sky;
So when I view my sins, mine eyes remove
More backward still, and to that water fly,

Which is above the heavens, whose spring and vent
Is in my dear Redeemer's pierced side.
O blessed streams! either ye do prevent
And stop our sins from growing thick and wide,

Or else give tears to drown them, as they grow.
In you Redemption measures all my time,
And spreads the plaster equal to the crime:
You taught the book of life my name, that so,

Whatever future sins should me miscall,
Your first acquaintance might discredit all.

XV. HOLY BAPTISM.

Since, Lord, to thee
A narrow way and little gate
Is all the passage, on my infancy
Thou didst lay hold, and antedate
My faith in me.

O let me still
Write thee great God, and me a child:

Let me be soft and supple to thy will,
Small to myself, to others mild,
Behither ill.

Although by stealth
My flesh get on; yet let her sister
My soul bid nothing, but preserve her wealth:
The growth of flesh is but a blister;
Childhood is health.

XVI. NATURE.

Full of rebellion, I would die,
Or fight, or travel, or deny
That thou hast ought to do with me.
O tame my heart;
It is thy highest art
To captivate strong holds to thee.

If thou shalt let this venom lurk,
And in suggestions fume and work,
My soul will turn to bubbles straight,
And thence by kind
Vanish into a wind,
Making thy workmanship deceit.

O smooth my rugged heart, and there
Engrave thy reverend law and fear;
Or make a new one, since the old
Is sapless grown,
And a much fitter stone
To hide my dust, than thee to hold.

XVII. SIN.

LORD, with what care hast thou begirt us round!
Parents first season us: then schoolmasters
Deliver us to laws; they send us bound
To rules of reason, holy messengers,

Pulpits and sundays, sorrow dogging sin,
Afflictions sorted, anguish of all sizes,
Fine nets and stratagems to catch us in,
Bibles laid open, millions of surprises,

Blessings beforehand, ties of gratefulness,
The sound of glory ringing in our ears:
Without, our shame; within, our consciences;
Angels and grace, eternal hopes and fears.

Yet all these fences and their whole array
One cunning bosom-sin blows quite away.

XVIII. AFFLICTION.

WHEN first thou didst entice to thee my heart,
I thought the service brave:
So many joys I writ down for my part,
Besides what I might have
Out of my stock of natural delights,
Augmented with thy gracious benefits.

I looked on thy furniture so fine,
And made it fine to me;
Thy glorious household-stuff did me entwine,
And 'tice me unto thee.
Such stars I counted mine: both heaven and earth
Paid me my wages in a world of mirth.

What pleasures could I want, whose King I served,
Where joys my fellows were?
Thus argued into hopes, my thoughts reserved
No place for grief or fear;
Therefore my sudden soul caught at the place,
And made her youth and fierceness seek thy face:

At first thou gavest me milk and sweetnesses;
I had my wish and way:
My days were strew'd with flowers and happiness;
There was no month but May.
But with my years sorrow did twist and grow,
And made a party unawares for woe.

My flesh began unto my soul in pain,
Sicknesses clave my bones,
Consuming agues dwell in every vein,
And tune my breath to groans:
Sorrow was all my soul; I scarce believed,
Till grief did tell me roundly, that I lived.

When I got health, thou took'st away my life,
And more; for my friends die:
My mirth and edge was lost; a blunted knife
Was of more use than I.
Thus thin and lean without a fence or friend,
I was blown through with every storm and wind.

Whereas my birth and spirit rather took
The way that takes the town;
Thou didst betray me to a lingering book,
And wrap me in a gown.
I was entangled in the world of strife,
Before I had the power to change my life.

Yet, for I threaten'd oft the siege to raise,
Not simpering all mine age,
Thou often didst with Academic praise
Melt and dissolve my rage.
I took thy sweeten'd pill, till I came near;
I could not go away, nor persevere.

Yet lest perchance I should too happy be
In my unhappiness,
Turning my purge to food, thou throwest me
Into more sicknesses.
Thus doth thy power cross-bias me, not making
Thine own gift good, yet me from my ways taking.

Now I am here, what thou wilt do with me
None of my books will show:
I read, and sigh, and wish I were a tree;
For sure then I should grow
To fruit or shade: at least some bird would trust
Her household to me, and I should be just.

Yet, though thou troublest me, I must be meek;
In weakness must be stout.
Well, I will change the service, and go seek
Some other master out.
Ah, my dear God! though I am clean forgot,
Let me not love thee, if I love thee not.

XIX. REPENTANCE.

LORD, I confess my sin is great;
Great is my sin. Oh! gently treat
ith thy quick flower, thy momentany bloom;
Whose life still pressing
Is one undressing,
A steady aiming at a tomb.

Man's age is two hours' work, or three;
Each day doth round about us see.
ius are we to delights: but we are all
To sorrows old,
If life be told
From what life feeleth, Adam's fall.

O let thy height of mercy then
Compassionate short-breathed men,
ut me not off for my most foul transgression:
I do confess
My foolishness;
My God, accept of my confession.

Sweeten at length this bitter bowl,
Which thou hast pour'd into my soul;
hy wormwood turn to health, winds to fair weather:
For if thou stay,
I and this day,
As we did rise, we die together.

When thou for sin rebukest man,
Forthwith he waxeth woe and wan:
Bitterness fills our bowels; all our hearts
Pine, and decay,
And drop away,
And carry with them the other parts.

But thou wilt sin and grief destroy;
That so the broken bones may joy,
And tune together in a well-set song,
Full of his praises
Who dead men raises.
Fractures well cured make us more strong.

XX. FAITH.

Lord, how couldst thou so much appease
Thy wrath for sin, as when man's sight was dim,
And could see little, to regard his ease,
And bring by Faith all things to him?

Hungry I was, and had no meat:
I did conceit a most delicious feast;
I had it straight, and did as truly eat,
As ever did a welcome guest.

There is a rare outlandish root,
Which when I could not get, I thought it here:
That apprehension cured so well my foot,
That I can walk to heaven well near.

I owed thousands and much more:
I did believe that I did nothing owe,
And lived accordingly; my creditor
Believes so too, and lets me go.

Faith makes me anything, or all
That I believe is in the sacred story:
And when sin placeth me in Adam's fall,
Faith sets me higher in his glory.

If I go lower in the book,
What can be lower than the common manger?
Faith puts me there with him, who sweetly took
Our flesh and frailty, death and danger.

If bliss had lien in art or strength,
None but the wise and strong had gain'd it:
Where now by Faith all arms are of a length;
One size doth all conditions fit.

A peasant may believe as much
As a great Clerk, and reach the highest stature.
Thus dost thou make proud knowledge bend and crouch,
While grace fills up uneven nature.

When creatures had no real light
Inherent in them, thou didst make the sun,
Impute a lustre, and allow them bright:
And in this shew, what Christ hath done.

That which before was darken'd clean
With bushy groves, pricking the looker's eye,
Vanish'd away, when Faith did change the scene:
And then appear'd a glorious sky.

What though my body run to dust?
Faith cleaves unto it, counting every grain,
With an exact and most particular trust,
Reserving all for flesh again.

XXI. PRAYER.

Prayer, the Church's banquet, Angel's age,
God's breath in man returning to his birth,
The soul in paraphrase, heart in pilgrimage,
The Christian plummet sounding heaven and earth;

Engine against the Almighty, sinner's tower,
Reversed thunder, Christ-side-piercing spear,
The six days' world-transposing in an hour,
A kind of tune, which all things hear and fear;

Softness, and peace, and joy, and love, and bliss,
Exalted Manna, gladness of the best,
Heaven in ordinary, man well drest,
The milky way, the bird of Paradise,

Church-bells beyond the stars heard, the soul's blood,
The land of spices, something understood.

XXII. HOLY COMMUNION.

Nor in rich furniture, or fine array,
Nor in a wedge of gold,
Thou, who from me wast sold,

To me dost now thyself convey;
or so thou shouldst without me still have been,
Leaving within me sin:

But by the way of nourishment and strength,
Thou creep'st into my breast;
Making thy way my rest,
And thy small quantities my length;
Which spread their forces into every part,
Meeting sin's force and art.

Yet can these not get over to my soul,
Leaping the wall that parts
Our souls and fleshly hearts;
But as the out-works, they may control
My rebel-flesh, and, carrying thy name,
Affright both sin and shame.

Only thy grace, which with these elements comes,
Knoweth the ready way,
And hath the privy key,
Opening the soul's most subtil rooms:
While those to spirits refined, at door attend
Despatches from their friend.

Give me my captive soul, or take
My body also thither.
Another lift like this will make
Them both to be together.

Before that sin turn'd flesh to stone,
And all our lump to leaven;
A fervent sigh might well have blown
Our innocent earth to heaven.

For sure when Adam did not know
To sin, or sin to smother;
He might to heaven from Paradise go,
As from one room to another.

Thou hast restored us to this ease
By this thy heavenly blood,
Which I can go to, when I please,
And leave the earth to their food.

XXIII. ANTIPHON.

Cho. Let all the world in every corner sing,
My God and King.

Vers. The heavens are not too high,
His praise may thither fly:
The earth is not too low,
His praises there may grow.

Cho. Let all the world in every corner sing,
My God and King.

Vers. The church with psalms must shout,
No door can keep them out:
But above all, the heart
Must bear the longest part.

Cho. Let all the world in every corner sing,
My God and King.

XXIV. LOVE.

1.

IMMORTAL Love, author of this great frame,
Sprung from that beauty which can never fade;
How hath man parcel'd out thy glorious name,
And thrown it on that dust which thou hast made,

While mortal love doth all the title gain!
Which siding with invention, they together
Bear all the sway, possessing heart and brain,
(Thy workmanship) and give thee share in neither.

Wit fancies beauty, beauty raiseth wit:
The world is theirs; they two play out the game,
Thou standing by: and though thy glorious name
Wrought our deliverance from the infernal pit,

Who sings thy praise? only a scarf or glove
Doth warm our hands, and make them write of love.

2.

IMMORTAL Heat, O let thy greater flame
Attract the lesser to it: let those fires
Which shall consume the world, first make it tame,
And kindle in our hearts such true desires,

As may consume our lusts, and make thee way.
Then shall our hearts pant thee; then shall our brain
All her inventions on thine Altar lay,
And there in hymns send back thy fire again:

Our eyes shall see thee, which before saw dust;
Dust blown by wit, till that they both were blind:
Thou shalt recover all thy goods in kind,
Who wert disseized by usurping lust:

All knees shall bow to thee; all wits shall rise,
And praise him who did make and mend our eyes.

XXV. THE TEMPER.

How should I praise thee, Lord! how should my rhymes
Gladly engrave thy love in steel,
If what my soul doth feel sometimes,
My soul might ever feel!

Although there were some forty heavens, or more,
Sometimes I peer above them all;
Sometimes I hardly reach a score,
Sometimes to hell I fall.

O rack me not to such a vast extent;
Those distances belong to thee:
The world's too little for thy tent,
A grave too big for me.

Wilt thou meet arms with man, that thou dost stretch
A crumb of dust from heaven to hell?
Will great God measure with a wretch?
Shall he thy stature spell?

O let me, when thy roof my soul hath hid,
O let me roost and nestle there:
Then of a sinner thou art rid,
And I of hope and fear.

Yet take thy way; for sure thy way is best:
Stretch or contract me thy poor debtor:
This is but tuning of my breast,
To make the music better.

Whether I fly with angels, fall with dust,
Thy hands made both, and I am there.
Thy power and love, my love and trust,
Make one place every where.

XXVI. THE TEMPER.

It cannot be. Where is that mighty joy,
Which just now took up all my heart?
Lord! if thou must needs use thy dart,
Save that, and me; or sin for both destroy.

The grosser world stands to thy word and art;
But thy diviner world of grace
Thou suddenly dost raise and raze,
And every day a new Creator art.

O fix thy chair of grace, that all my powers
May also fix their reverence:
For when thou dost depart from hence,
They grow unruly, and sit in thy bowers.

Scatter, or bind them all to bend to thee:
Though elements change, and heaven move;
Let not thy higher Court remove,
But keep a standing Majesty in me.

XXVII. JORDAN.

Who says that fictions only and false hair
Become a verse? Is there in truth no beauty?
Is all good structure in a winding stair?
May no lines pass, except they do their duty
Not to a true, but painted chair?

Is it not verse, except enchanted groves
And sudden arbours shadow coarse-spun lines?
Must purling streams refresh a lover's loves?
Must all be veil'd, while he that reads, divines,
Catching the sense at two removes?

Shepherds are honest people; let them sing:
Riddle who list, for me, and pull for Prime:
I envy no man's nightingale or spring;
Nor let them punish me with loss of rhyme,
Who plainly say, My God, my King.

XXVIII. EMPLOYMENT.

If as a flower doth spread and die,
Thou wouldst extend me to some good,
Before I were by frost's extremity
Nipt in the bud;

The sweetness and the praise were thine;
But the extension and the room,
Which in thy garland I should fill, were mine
At thy great doom.

For as thou dost impart thy grace,
The greater shall our glory be.
The measure of our joys is in this place,
The stuff with thee.

Let me not languish then, and spend
A life as barren to thy praise
As is the dust, to which that life doth tend,
But with delays.

All things are busy; only I
Neither bring honey with the bees,
Nor flowers to make that, nor the husbandry
To water these.

I am no link of thy great chain,
But all my company is a weed.
Lord, place me in thy consort; give one strain
To my poor reed.

XXIX. THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

1.

O Book! infinite sweetness! let my heart
Suck every letter, and a honey gain,
Precious for any grief in any part;
To clear the breast, to mollify all pain.

Thou art all health, health thriving, till it make
A full eternity: thou art a mass
Of strange delights, where we may wish and take.
Ladies, look here; this is the thankful glass,

That mends the looker's eyes: this is the well
That washes what it shows. Who can endear
Thy praise too much? thou art heaven's Lieger here,
Working against the states of death and hell.

Thou art joy's handsel: heaven lies flat in thee,
Subject to every mounter's bended knee.

2.

Oh that I knew how all thy lights combine,
And the configurations of their glory!
Seeing not only how each verse doth shine,
But all the constellations of the story.

This verse marks that, and both do make a motion
Unto a third, that ten leaves off doth lie:
Then as dispersed herbs do watch a potion,
These three make up some Christian's destiny.

Such are thy secrets, which my life makes good,
And comments on thee: for in every thing
Thy words do find me out, and parallels bring,
And in another make me understood.

Stars are poor books, and oftentimes do miss:
This book of stars lights to eternal bliss.

XXX. WHITSUNDAY.

Listen sweet Dove unto my song,
And spread thy golden wings in me;
Hatching my tender heart so long,
Till it get wing, and fly away with thee.

Where is that fire which once descended
On thy Apostles? thou didst then
Keep open house, richly attended,
Feasting all comers by twelve chosen men.

Such glorious gifts thou didst bestow,
That the earth did like a heaven appear:
The stars were coming down to know
If they might mend their wages, and serve here.

The sun, which once did shine alone,
Hung down his head, and wish'd for night,
When he beheld twelve suns for one
Going about the world, and giving light.

But since those pipes of gold, which brought
That cordial water to our ground,
Were cut and martyr'd by the fault
Of those who did themselves thro' their side wound;

Thou shutt'st the door, and keep'st within;
Scarce a good joy creeps through the chink:
And if the braves of conquering sin
Did not excite thee, we should wholly sink.

Lord, though we change, thou art the same;
The same sweet God of love and light:
Restore this day, for thy great name,
Unto his ancient and miraculous right.

XXXI. GRACE.

My stock lies dead, and no increase
Doth my dull husbandry improve:
O let thy graces without cease
Drop from above!

If still the sun should hide his face,
Thy house would but a dungeon prove,
Thy works night's captives: O let grace
Drop from above!

The dew doth every morning fall;
And shall the dew outstrip thy dove?
The dew, for which grass cannot call,
Drop from above.

Death is still working like a mole,
And digs my grave at each remove:
Let grace work too, and on my soul
Drop from above.

Sin is still hammering my heart
Unto a hardness, void of love:
Let suppling grace, to cross his art
Drop from above.

O come! for thou dost know the way.
Or if to me thou wilt not move,
Remove me where I need not say—
Drop from above.

XXXII. PRAISE.

To write a verse or two, is all the praise,
That I can raise:
Mend my estate in any ways,
Thou shalt have more.

I go to Church; help me to wings, and I
Will thither fly;
Or, if I mount unto the sky,
I will do more.

Man is all weakness; there is no such thing
As Prince or King:
His arm is short; yet with a sling
He may do more.

A herb distill'd, and drunk, may dwell next door,
On the same floor,
To a brave soul: Exalt the poor,
They can do more.

O raise me then! poor bees, that work all day,
Sting my delay,
Who have a work, as well as they,
And much, much more.

XXXIII. AFFLICTION.

KILL me not every day,
Thou Lord of life; since thy one death for me
Is more than all my deaths can be,
Though I in broken pay
Die over each hour of Methusalem's stay.

If all men's tears were let
Into one common sewer, sea, and brine;
What were they all, compared to thine?
Wherein if they were set,
They would discolour thy most bloody sweat.

Thou art my grief alone,
Thou Lord conceal it not: and as thou art
All my delight, so all my smart:
Thy cross took up in one,
By way of imprest, all my future moan.

XXXIV. MATINS.

I CANNOT ope mine eyes,
But thou art ready there to catch
My morning-soul and sacrifice:
Then we must needs for that day make a match.

My God, what is a heart?
Silver, or gold, or precious stone,
Or star, or rainbow, or a part
Of all these things, or all of them in one?

My God, what is a heart,
That thou shouldst it so eye, and woo,
Pouring upon it all thy art,
As if that thou hadst nothing else to do?

Indeed, man's whole estate
Amounts (and richly) to serve thee:
He did not heaven and earth create,
Yet studies them, not him by whom they be.

Teach me thy love to know;
That this new light, which now I see,
May both the work and workman show:
Then by a sunbeam I will climb to thee.

XXXV. SIN.

O THAT I could a sin once see!
We paint the devil foul, yet he
Hath some good in him, all agree.
Sin is flat opposite to the Almighty, seeing
It wants the good of virtue, and of being.

But God more care of us hath had,
If apparitions make us sad,
By sight of sin we should grow mad.
Yet as in sleep we see foul death, and live;
So devils are our sins in prospective.

XXXVI. EVENSONG.

Blest be the God of love,
Who gave me eyes, and light, and power this day,
Both to be busy, and to play.
But much more blest be God above,

Who gave me sight alone,
Which to himself he did deny:
For when he sees my ways, I die:
But I have got his son, and he hath none.

What have I brought thee home
For this thy love? have I discharged the debt,
Which this day's favour did beget?
I ran; but all I brought, was foam.

Thy diet, care, and cost
Do end in bubbles, balls of wind;
Of wind to thee whom I have crost,
But balls of wild-fire to my troubled mind.

Yet still thou goest on,
And now with darkness closest weary eyes,
Saying to man, It doth suffice:
Henceforth repose; your work is done.

Thus in thy Ebony box
Thou dost inclose us, till the day
Put our amendment in our way,
And give new wheels to our disorder'd clocks.

I muse, which shows more love,
ɜ day or night; that is the gale, this the harbour;
That is the walk, and this the arbour;
Or that the garden, this the grove.

My God, thou art all love.
Not one poor minute 'scapes thy breast,
But brings a favour from above;
ıd in this love, more than in bed, I rest.

XXXVII. CHURCH MONUMENTS.

'HILE that my soul repairs to her devotion,
ere I intomb my flesh, that it betimes
ay take acquaintance of this heap of dust;
) which the blast of death's incessant motion,
ıd with the exhalation of our crimes,
rives all at last. Therefore I gladly trust

y body to the school, that it may learn
) spell his elements, and find his birth
ritten in dusty heraldry and lines;
hich dissolution sure doth best discern,
ımparing dust with dust, and earth with earth.
ıese laugh at Jet, and Marble put for signs,

sever the good fellowship of dust,
ıd spoil the meeting. What shall point out them,
hen they shall bow, and kneel, and fall down flat
kiss those heaps, which now they have in trust?
ar flesh, while I do pray, learn here thy stem
d true descent; that when thou shalt grow fat,

And wanton in thy cravings, thou mayst know,
That flesh is but the glass, which holds the dust
That measures all our time; which also shall
Be crumbled into dust. Mark here below,
How tame these ashes are, how free from lust,
That thou mayst fit thyself against thy fall.

XXXVIII. CHURCH-MUSIC.

SWEETEST of sweets, I thank you: when displeasure
Did through my body wound my mind,
You took me thence; and in your house of pleasure
A dainty lodging me assign'd.

Now I in you without a body move,
Rising and falling with your wings:
We both together sweetly live and love,
Yet say sometimes, God help poor Kings.

Comfort, I'll die; for if you post from me,
Sure I shall do so, and much more:
But if I travel in your company,
You know the way to heaven's door.

XXXIX. CHURCH LOCK AND KEY.

I KNOW it is my sin, which locks thine ears,
And binds thy hands!
Out-crying my requests, drowning my tears;
Or else the chilness of my faint demands.

ut as cold hands are angry with the fire,
And mend it still;
› I do lay the want of my desire,
ot on my sins, or coldness, but thy will.

et hear, O God, only for his blood's sake,
Which pleads for me:
or though sins plead too, yet like stones they make
is blood's sweet current much more loud to be.

XL. THE CHURCH-FLOOR.

Mark you the floor? that square and speckled stone,
Which looks so firm and strong,
Is Patience:

And the other black and grave, wherewith each one
Is checker'd all along,
Humility:

The gentle rising, which on either hand
Leads to the quire above,
Is Confidence:

But the sweet cement, which in one sure band
Ties the whole frame, is Love
And Charity.

Hither sometimes Sin steals, and stains
The marble's neat and curious veins:
But all is cleansed when the marble weeps.
Sometimes Death, puffing at the door,

Blows all the dust about the floor:
But while he thinks to spoil the room, he sweeps.
Blest be the Architect, whose art
Could build so strong in a weak heart.

XLI. THE WINDOWS.

Lord, how can man preach thy eternal word?
He is a brittle crazy glass:
Yet in thy temple thou dost him afford
This glorious and transcendent place,
To be a window, through thy grace.

But when thou dost anneal in glass thy story,
Making thy life to shine within
The holy Preachers, then the light and glory
More reverend grows, and more doth win;
Which else shows waterish, bleak, and thin.

Doctrine and life, colours and light, in one
When they combine and mingle, bring
A strong regard and awe: but speech alone
Doth vanish like a flaring thing,
And in the ear, not conscience ring.

XLII. TRINITY-SUNDAY.

Lord, who hast form'd me out of mud,
And hast redeem'd me through thy blood,
And sanctified me to do good;

Purge all my sins done heretofore;
For I confess my heavy score,
And I will strive to sin no more.

Enrich my heart, mouth, hands in me,
With faith, with hope, with charity;
That I may run, rise, rest with thee.

XLIII. CONTENT.

Peace muttering thoughts, and do not grudge to keep
Within the walls of your own breast.
Who cannot on his own bed sweetly sleep,
Can on another's hardly rest.

Gad not abroad at every quest and call
Of an untrained hope or passion.
To court each place or fortune that doth fall,
Is wantonness in contemplation.

Mark how the fire in flints doth quiet lie,
Content and warm to itself alone:
But when it would appear to other's eye,
Without a knock it never shone.

Give me the pliant mind, whose gentle measure
Complies and suits with all estates;
Which can let loose to a crown, and yet with pleasure
Take up within a cloister's gates.

This soul doth span the world, and hang content
From either pole unto the centre:
Where in each room of the well-furnish'd tent
He lies warm, and without adventure.

The brags of life are but a nine days' wonder:
And after death the fumes that spring
From private bodies, make as big a thunder
As those which rise from a huge King.

Only thy Chronicle is lost: and yet
Better by worms be all once spent,
Than to have hellish moths still gnaw and fret
Thy name in books, which may not rent.

When all thy deeds, whose brunt thou feel'st alone,
Are chaw'd by others' pens and tongue,
And as their wit is, their digestion,
Thy nourish'd fame is weak or strong.

Then cease discoursing soul, till thine own ground;
Do not thyself or friends importune.
He that by seeking hath himself once found,
Hath ever found a happy fortune.

XLIV. THE QUIDDITY.

My God, a verse is not a crown;
No point of honour, or gay suit,
No hawk, or banquet, or renown,
Nor a good sword, nor yet a lute:

It cannot vault, or dance, or play;
It never was in France or Spain;
Nor can it entertain the day
With a great stable or domain.

It is no office, art, or news;
Nor the Exchange, or busy Hall:
But it is that, which while I use,
I am with thee, and Most take all.

XLV. HUMILITY.

saw the Virtues sitting hand in hand
i several ranks, upon an azure throne,
here all the beasts and fowls, by their command,
esented tokens of submission.
umility, who sat the lowest there
To execute their call,
hen by the beasts the presents tender'd were,
Gave them about to all.

he angry Lion did present his paw,
hich by consent was given to Mansuetude.
he fearful Hare her ears, which by their law
umility did reach to Fortitude.
he jealous Turkey brought his coral chain,
That went to Temperance.
n Justice was bestow'd the Fox's brain,
Kill'd in the way by chance.

t length the Crow, bringing the Peacock's plume,
For he would not) as they beheld the grace
f that brave gift, each one began to fume,
nd challenge it, as proper to his place,
ill they fell out; which when the beasts espied,
They leapt upon the throne;

And if the Fox had lived to rule their side,
They had deposed each one.

Humility, who held the plume, at this
Did weep so fast, that the tears trickling down
Spoil'd all the train : then saying, Here it is
For which ye wrangle, made them turn their frown
Against the beasts : so jointly bandying,
They drive them soon away;
And then amerced them, double gifts to bring
At the next Session-day.

XLVI. FRAILTY.

Lord, in my silence how do I despise
What upon trust
Is styled honour, riches, or fair eyes;
But is—fair dust!
I surname them gilded clay,
Dear earth, fine grass or hay;
In all, I think my foot doth ever tread
Upon their head.

But when I view abroad both Regiments,
The world's, and thine;
Thine clad with simpleness, and sad events;
The other fine,
Full of glory and gay weeds,
Brave language, braver deeds :
That which was dust before, doth quickly rise,
And prick mine eyes.

) brook not this, lest if what even now
My foot did tread
\ffront those joys, wherewith thou didst endow,
And long since wed
My poor soul, e'en sick of love;
It may a Babel prove,
Commodious to conquer heaven and thee
Planted in me.

XLVII. CONSTANCY.

Who is the honest man?
He that doth still and strongly good pursue,
To God, his neighbour, and himself most true:
Whom neither force nor fawning can
Unpin, or wrench from giving all their due.

Whose honesty is not
So loose or easy, that a ruffling wind
Can blow away, or glittering look it blind:
Who rides his sure and even trot,
While the world now rides by, now lags behind.

Who, when great trials come,
Nor seeks, nor shuns them; but doth calmly stay,
Till he the thing and the example weigh:
All being brought into a sum,
What place or person calls for, he doth pay.

Whom none can work or woo,
To use in any thing a trick or sleight;

For above all things he abhors deceit:
His words and works and fashion too
All of a piece, and all are clear and straight.

Who never melts or thaws
At close temptations: when the day is done,
His goodness sets not, but in dark can run:
The sun to others writeth laws,
And is their virtue; Virtue is his Sun.

Who, when he is to treat
With sick folks, women, those whom passions sway,
Allows for that, and keeps his constant way:
Whom others' faults do not defeat;
But though men fail him, yet his part doth play.

Whom nothing can procure,
When the wide world runs bias, from his will
To writhe his limbs, and share, not mend the ill.
This is the Marksman, safe and sure,
Who still is right, and prays to be so still.

XLVIII. AFFLICTION.

My heart did heave, and there came forth, O God!
By that I knew that thou wast in the grief,
To guide and govern it to my relief,
Making a sceptre of the rod:
Hadst thou not had thy part,
Sure the unruly sigh had broke my heart.

ince thy breath gave me both life and shape,
know'st my tallies; and when there's assign'd
uch breath to a sigh, what's then behind?
Or if some years with it escape,
The sigh then only is
le to bring me sooner to my bliss.

life on earth was grief, and thou art still
tant unto it, making it to be
int of honour, now to grieve in me,
And in thy members suffer ill.
They who lament one cross,
i dying daily, praise thee to thy loss.

XLIX. THE STAR.

HT spark, shot from a brighter place,
here beams surround my Saviour's face,
Canst thou be any where
So well as there?

if thou wilt from thence depart,
ke a bad lodging in my heart;
For thou canst make a debtor,
And make it better.

t with thy fire-work burn to dust
olly, and worse than folly, lust:
Then with thy light refine,
And make it shine.

So disengaged from sin and sickness,
Touch it with thy celestial quickness,
That it may hang and move
After thy love.

Then with our trinity of light,
Motion, and heat, let's take our flight
Unto the place where thou
Before didst bow.

Get me a standing there, and place
Among the beams, which crown the face
Of him, who died to part
Sin and my heart:

That so among the rest I may
Glitter, and curl, and wind as they:
That winding is their fashion
Of adoration.

Sure thou wilt joy by gaining me
To fly home like a laden bee
Unto that hive of beams
And garland-streams.

L. SUNDAY.

O DAY most calm, most bright,
The fruit of this, the next world's bud,
The indorsement of supreme delight,
Writ by a friend, and with his blood;
The couch of time; care's balm and bay;

The week were dark, but for thy light:
Thy torch doth show the way.

The other days and thou
Make up one man; whose face thou art,
Knocking at heaven with thy brow:
The working-days are the back part;
The burden of the week lies there,
Making the whole to stoop and bow,
Till thy release appear.

Man had straight forward gone
To endless death; but thou dost pull
And turn us round to look on one,
Whom, if we were not very dull,
We could not choose but look on still;
Since there is no place so alone
The which he doth not fill.

Sundays the pillars are,
On which heaven's palace arched lies:
The other days fill up the spare
And hollow room with vanities.
They are the fruitful beds and borders
In God's rich garden: that is bare
Which parts their ranks and orders.

The Sundays of man's life,
Threaded together on time's string,
Make bracelets to adorn the wife
Of the eternal glorious King.
On Sunday Heaven's gate stands ope;
Blessings are plentiful and rife,
More plentiful than hope.

This day my Saviour rose,
And did enclose this light for his:
That, as each beast his manger knows,
Man might not of his fodder miss.
Christ hath took in this piece of ground,
And made a garden there for those
Who want herbs for their wound.

The rest of our Creation
Our great Redeemer did remove
With the same shake, which at his passion
Did the earth and all things with it move.
As Samson bore the doors away,
Christ's hands, though nail'd, wrought our salvat
And did unhinge that day.

The brightness of that day
We sullied by our foul offence:
Wherefore that robe we cast away,
Having a new at his expense,
Whose drops of blood paid the full price,
That was required to make us gay,
And fit for Paradise.

Thou art a day of mirth:
And where the week days trail on ground,
Thy flight is higher, as thy birth:
O let me take thee at the bound,
Leaping with thee from seven to seven,
Till that we both, being toss'd from earth,
Fly hand in hand to heaven!

LI. AVARICE.

MONEY, thou bane of bliss, and source of woe,
Whence comest thou, that thou art so fresh and fine?
I know thy parentage is base and low:
Man found thee poor and dirty in a mine.

Surely thou didst so little contribute
To this great kingdom, which thou now hast got,
That he was fain, when thou wast destitute,
To dig thee out of thy dark cave and grot.

Then forcing thee, by fire he made thee bright:
Nay, thou hast got the face of man; for we
Have with our stamp and seal transferr'd our right:
Thou art the man, and man but dross to thee.

Man calleth thee his wealth, who made thee rich;
And while he digs out thee, falls in the ditch.

LII. ANA-{MARY / ARMY}GRAM.

How well her name an ARMY doth present,
In whom the LORD OF HOSTS did pitch his tent!

LIII. TO ALL ANGELS AND SAINTS.

Oh glorious spirits, who after all your bands
See the smooth face of God, without a frown,
Or strict commands;
Where every one is king, and hath his crown,
If not upon his head, yet in his hands:

Not out of envy or maliciousness
Do I forbear to crave your special aid.
I would address
My vows to thee most gladly, blessed Maid,
And Mother of my God, in my distress:

Thou art the holy mine, whence came the gold,
The great restorative for all decay
In young and old;
Thou art the cabinet where the jewel lay:
Chiefly to thee would I my soul unfold.

But now, alas! I dare not; for our King,
Whom we do all jointly adore and praise,
Bids no such thing:
And where his pleasure no injunction lays,
('Tis your own case) ye never move a wing.

All worship is prerogative, and a flower
Of his rich crown, from whom lies no appeal
At the last hour:
Therefore we dare not from his garland steal,
To make a posy for inferior power.

though then others court you, if ye know
hat's done on earth, we shall not fare the worse,
Who do not so;
nce we are ever ready to disburse,
any one our Master's hand can show.

LIV. EMPLOYMENT.

He that is weary, let him sit.
My soul would stir
And trade in courtesies and wit,
Quitting the fur,
To cold complexions needing it.

Man is no star, but a quick coal
Of mortal fire:
Who blows it not, nor doth control
A faint desire,
Lets his own ashes choke his soul.

When the elements did for place contest
With him, whose will
Ordain'd the highest to be best;
The earth sat still,
And by the others is opprest.

Life is a business, not good cheer;
Ever in wars.
The sun still shineth there or here,
Whereas the stars
Watch an advantage to appear.

Oh that I were an Orange-tree,
That busy plant!
Then should I ever laden be,
And never want
Some fruit for him that dresseth me.

But we are still too young or old;
The man is gone,
Before we do our wares unfold:
So we freeze on,
Until the grave increase our cold.

LV. DENIAL.

When my devotions could not pierce
Thy silent ears;
Then was my heart broken, as was my verse;
My breast was full of fears
And disorder.

My bent thoughts, like a brittle bow,
Did fly asunder:
Each took his way; some would to pleasure go,
Some to the wars and thunder
Of alarms.

As good go any where, they say,
As to benumb
Both knees and heart, in crying night and day,
Come, come, my God, O come,
But no hearing.

O thou that shouldst give dust a tongue
To cry to thee,
And then not hear it crying! all day long
My heart was in my knee,
But no hearing.

Therefore my soul lay out of sight,
Untuned, unstrung:
My feeble spirit, unable to look right,
Like a nipt blossom, hung
Discontented.

O cheer and tune my heartless breast,
Defer no time;
That so thy favours granting my request,
They and my mind may chime,
And mend my rhyme.

LVI. CHRISTMAS.

All after pleasures as I rid one day,
My horse and I, both tired, body and mind,
With full cry of affections, quite astray;
I took up in the next inn I could find.

There when I came, whom found I but my dear,
My dearest Lord, expecting till the grief
Of pleasures brought me to him, ready there
To be all passengers' most sweet relief?

O Thou, whose glorious, yet contracted light,
Wrapt in night's mantle, stole into a manger;
Since my dark soul and brutish is thy right,
To Man of all beasts be not thou a stranger:

Furnish and deck my soul, that thou mayst have
A better lodging, than a rack, or grave.

THE shepherds sing; and shall I silent be?
My God, no hymn for thee?
My soul's a shepherd too; a flock it feeds
Of thoughts, and words, and deeds.
The pasture is thy word; the streams, thy grace
Enriching all the place.
Shepherd and flock shall sing, and all my powers
Out-sing the daylight hours.
Then we will chide the sun for letting night
Take up his place and right:
We sing one common Lord; wherefore he should
Himself the candle hold.
I will go searching, till I find a sun
Shall stay, till we have done;
A willing shiner, that shall shine as gladly,
As frost-nipt suns look sadly.
Then we will sing, and shine all our own day,
And one another pay:
His beams shall cheer my breast, and both so twine,
Till even his beams sing, and my music shine.

LVII. UNGRATEFULNESS.

LORD, with what bounty and rare clemency
Hast thou redeem'd us from the grave!
If thou hadst let us run,
Gladly had man adored the sun,
And thought his god most brave;
Where now we shall be better gods than he.

Thou hast but two rare Cabinets full of treasure,
The Trinity, and Incarnation:
Thou hast unlock'd them both,
And made them jewels to betroth
The work of thy creation
Unto thyself in everlasting pleasure.

The statelier Cabinet is the Trinity,
Whose sparkling light access denies:
Therefore thou dost not show
This fully to us, till death blow
The dust into our eyes;
For by that powder thou wilt make us see.

But all thy sweets are pack'd up in the other;
Thy mercies thither flock and flow;
That, as the first affrights,
This may allure us with delights;
Because this box we know;
For we have all of us just such another.

But man is close, reserved, and dark to thee;
When thou demandest but a heart,

He cavils instantly.
In his poor cabinet of bone
Sins have their box apart,
Defrauding thee, who gavest two for one.

LVIII. SIGHS AND GROANS.

O DO not use me
After my sins! look not on my desert,
But on thy glory! then thou wilt reform,
And not refuse me: for thou only art
The mighty God, but I a silly worm:
O do not bruise me!

O do not urge me!
For what account can thy ill steward make?
I have abused thy stock, destroy'd thy woods,
Suck'd all thy magazines: my head did ache,
Till it found out how to consume thy goods:
O do not scourge me!

O do not blind me!
I have deserved that an Egyptian night
Should thicken all my powers; because my lust
Hath still sew'd fig-leaves to exclude thy light:
But I am frailty, and already dust:
O do not grind me!

O do not fill me
With the turn'd vial of thy bitter wrath!
For thou hast other vessels full of blood,

A part whereof my Saviour empted hath,
Even unto death: since he died for my good,
O do not kill me!

But O, reprieve me!
For thou hast life and death at thy command;
Thou art both Judge and Saviour, feast and rod,
Cordial and Corrosive: put not thy hand
Into the bitter box; but, O my God,
My God, relieve me.

LIX. THE WORLD.

Love built a stately house; where Fortune came:
And spinning fancies, she was heard to say,
That her fine cobwebs did support the frame,
Whereas they were supported by the same:
But Wisdom quickly swept them all away.

Then Pleasure came, who, liking not the fashion,
Began to make Balconies, Terraces,
Till she had weaken'd all by alteration:
But reverend laws, and many a proclamation
Reformed all at length with menaces.

Then enter'd Sin, and with that Sycamore, [dew,
Whose leaves first shelter'd man from drought and
Working and winding slily evermore,
The inward walls and summers cleft and tore:
But Grace shored these, and cut that as it grew.

Then Sin combined with Death in a firm band,
To raze the building to the very floor:
Which they effected, none could them withstand;
But Love and Grace took Glory by the hand,
And built a braver Palace than before.

LX. COLOSS. III. 3.

OUR LIFE IS HID WITH CHRIST IN GOD.

My words and thoughts do both express this notion,
That LIFE hath with the sun a double motion.
The first IS straight, and our diurnal friend;
The other HID, and doth obliquely bend.
One life is wrapt IN flesh, and tends to earth:
The other winds towards HIM, whose happy birth
Taught me to live here so, THAT still one eye
Should aim and shoot at that which IS on high;
Quitting with daily labour all MY pleasure,
To gain at harvest an eternal TREASURE.

LXI. VANITY.

THE fleet Astronomer can bore
And thred the spheres with his quick-piercing mind:
He views their stations, walks from door to door,
Surveys, as if he had design'd
To make a purchase there: he sees their dances,
And knoweth long before,
Both their full-ey'd aspects, and secret glances.

The nimble Diver with his side
Cuts through the working waves, that he may fetch
His dearly-earned pearl, which God did hide
On purpose from the venturous wretch;
That he might save his life, and also hers,
Who with excessive pride
Her own destruction and his danger wears.

The subtile Chymic can divest
And strip the creature naked, till he find
The callow principles within their nest:
There he imparts to them his mind,
Admitted to their bed-chamber, before
They appear trim and drest
To ordinary suitors at the door.

What hath not man sought out and found,
But his dear God? who yet his glorious law
Embosoms in us, mellowing the ground
With showers and frosts, with love and awe;
So that we need not say, Where's this command?
Poor man! thou searchest round
To find out death, but missest life at hand.

LXII. LENT.

Welcome, dear feast of Lent: who loves not thee,
He loves not Temperance, or Authority,
But is composed of passion.
The Scriptures bid us fast; the Church says, now:
Give to thy Mother what thou wouldst allow
To every Corporation.

The humble soul composed of love and fear,
Begins at home, and lays the burden there,
When doctrines disagree:
He says, in things which use hath justly got,
I am a scandal to the church, and not
The Church is so to me.

True Christians should be glad of an occasion
To use their temperance, seeking no evasion,
When good is seasonable;
Unless Authority, which should increase
The obligation in us, make it less,
And Power itself disable.

Besides the cleanness of sweet abstinence,
Quick thoughts and motions at a small expense,
A face not fearing light:
Whereas in fulness there are sluttish fumes,
Sour exhalations, and dishonest rheums,
Revenging the delight.

Then those same pendent profits, which the spring
And Easter intimate, enlarge the thing,
And goodness of the deed.
Neither ought other men's abuse of Lent
Spoil the good use; lest by that argument
We forfeit all our Creed.

'Tis true, we cannot reach Christ's fortieth day;
Yet to go part of that religious way
Is better than to rest:
We cannot reach our Saviour's purity;
Yet are we bid, "Be holy e'en as he."
In both let's do our best.

Who goeth in the way which Christ hath gone,
Is much more sure to meet with him, than one
That travelleth by-ways.
Perhaps my God, though he be far before,
May turn, and take me by the hand, and more,
May strengthen my decays.

Yet, Lord, instruct us to improve our fast
By starving sin, and taking such repast
As may our faults control:
That every man may revel at his door,
Not in his parlour; banqueting the poor,
And among those his soul.

LXIII. VIRTUE.

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky,
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night;
For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue angry and brave
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die.

Sweet spring, full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie,
My music shows ye have your closes,
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like season'd timber, never gives;
But though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

LXIV. THE PEARL.

MATT. XIII.

I know the ways of learning; both the head
And pipes that feed the press, and make it run;
What reason hath from nature borrowed,
Or of itself, like a good housewife, spun
In laws and policy; what the stars conspire,
What willing nature speaks, what forced by fire;
Both the old discoveries, and the new-found seas,
The stock and surplus, cause and history:
All these stand open, or I have the keys:
Yet I love thee.

I know the ways of honour, what maintains
The quick returns of courtesy and wit:
In vies of favours whether party gains,
When glory swells the heart, and mouldeth it
To all expressions both of hand and eye,
Which on the world a true-love-knot may tie,
And bear the bundle, wheresoe'er it goes:
How many drams of spirit there must be
To sell my life unto my friends or foes:
Yet I love thee.

I know the ways of pleasure, the sweet strains,
The lullings and the relishes of it;
The propositions of hot blood and brains;
What mirth and music mean; what love and wit
Have done these twenty hundred years, and more:

I know the projects of unbridled store:
My stuff is flesh, not brass; my senses live,
And grumble oft, that they have more in me
Than he that curbs them, being but one to five:
Yet I love thee.

I know all these, and have them in my hand:
Therefore not sealed, but with open eyes
I fly to thee, and fully understand
Both the main sale, and the commodities;
And at what rate and price I have thy love;
With all the circumstances that may move:
Yet through the labyrinths, not my groveling wit,
But thy silk-twist let down from heaven to me,
Did both conduct and teach me, how by it
To climb to thee.

LXV. AFFLICTION.

Broken in pieces all asunder,
Lord, hunt me not,
A thing forgot,
Once a poor creature, now a wonder,
A wonder tortured in the space
Betwixt this world and that of grace.

My thoughts are all a case of knives,
Wounding my heart
With scatter'd smart;
As watering-pots give flowers their lives.
Nothing their fury can control,
While they do wound and prick my soul.

All my attendants are at strife,
Quitting their place
Unto my face:
Nothing performs the task of life:
The elements are let loose to fight,
And while I live, try out their right.

Oh help, my God! let not their plot
Kill them and me,
And also thee,
Who art my life: dissolve the knot,
As the sun scatters by his light
All the rebellions of the night.

Then shall those powers, which work for grief,
Enter thy pay,
And day by day
Labour thy praise and my relief;
With care and courage building me,
Till I reach heaven, and much more, thee.

LXVI. MAN.

My God, I heard this day,
That none doth build a stately habitation,
But he that means to dwell therein.
What house more stately hath there been,
Or can be, than is Man? to whose creation
All things are in decay.

For Man is every thing,
nd more: He is a tree, yet bears no fruit;
A beast, yet is, or should be more:
Reason and speech we only bring.
arrots may thank us, if they are not mute,
They go upon the score.

Man is all symmetry,
'ull of proportions, one limb to another,
And all to all the world besides:
Each part may call the farthest, brother:
'or head with foot hath private amity,
And both with moons and tides.

Nothing hath got so far,
ut Man hath caught and kept it, as his prey.
His eyes dismount the highest star:
He is in little all the sphere.
erbs gladly cure our flesh, because that they
Find their acquaintance there.

For us the winds do blow; [flow.
re earth doth rest, heaven move, and fountains
Nothing we see, but means our good,
As our delight, or as our treasure:
ie whole is, either our cupboard of food,
Or cabinet of pleasure.

The stars have us to bed;
ght draws the curtain, which the sun withdraws:
Music and light attend our head.
All things unto our flesh are kind
their descent and being; to our mind
In their ascent and cause.

Each thing is full of duty:
Waters united are our navigation;
Distinguished, our habitation;
Below, our drink; above, our meat:
Both are our cleanliness. Hath one such beauty?
Then how are all things neat!

More servants wait on Man,
Than he'll take notice of: in every path
He treads down that which doth befriend him,
When sickness makes him pale and wan.
Oh mighty love! Man is one world, and hath
Another to attend him.

Since then, my God, thou hast
So brave a Palace built; O dwell in it,
That it may dwell with thee at last!
Till then, afford us so much wit,
That, as the world serves us, we may serve thee,
And both thy servants be.

LXVII. ANTIPHON.

Chor. PRAISED be the God of love,
Men. Here below,
Angels. And here above:
Chor. Who hath dealt his mercies so,
Ang. To his friend,
Men. And to his foe;

Chor. That both grace and glory tend
Ang. Us of old,
Men. And us in the end.

Chor. The great Shepherd of the fold
Ang. Us did make,
Men. For us was sold.

Chor. He our foes in pieces brake:
Ang. Him we touch;
Men. And him we take.
Chor. Wherefore since that he is such,
Ang. We adore,
Men. And we do crouch.

Chor. Lord, thy praises shall be more.
Men. We have none,
Ang. And we no store.
Chor. Praised be the God alone
Who hath made of two folds one.

LXVIII. UNKINDNESS.

LORD, make me coy and tender to offend:
In friendship, first I think, if that agree,
Which I intend,
Unto my friend's intent and end.
I would not use a friend, as I use Thee.

If any touch my friend, or his good name,
It is my honour and my love to free
His blasted fame
From the least spot or thought of blame.
I could not use a friend, as I use Thee.

My friend may spit upon my curious floor:
Would he have gold? I lend it instantly;
But let the poor,
And thou within them starve at door.
I cannot use a friend, as I use Thee.

When that my friend pretendeth to a place,
I quit my interest, and leave it free:
But when thy grace
Sues for my heart, I thee displace;
Nor would I use a friend, as I use Thee.

Yet can a friend what thou hast done fulfill?
O write in brass, My God upon a tree
His blood did spill,
Only to purchase my good will:
Yet use I not my foes, as I use Thee.

LXIX. LIFE.

I MADE a posy, while the day ran by:
Here will I smell my remnant out, and tie
My life within this band.
But time did beckon to the flowers, and they
By noon most cunningly did steal away,
And wither'd in my hand.

My hand was next to them, and then my heart;
I took, without more thinking, in good part
Time's gentle admonition;
Who did so sweetly death's sad taste convey,
Making my mind to smell my fatal day,
Yet sugaring the suspicion.

Farewell, dear flowers, sweetly your time ye spent,
Fit, while ye lived, for smell or ornament,
And after death for cures.
I follow straight without complaints or grief,
Since if my scent be good, I care not if
It be as short as yours.

LXX. SUBMISSION.

But that thou art my wisdom, Lord,
And both mine eyes are thine,
My mind would be extremely stirr'd
For missing my design.

Were it not better to bestow
Some place and power on me?
Then should thy praises with me grow,
And share in my degree.

But when I thus dispute and grieve,
I do resume my sight;
And pilfering what I once did give,
Disseize thee of thy right.

How know I, if thou shouldst me raise,
That I should then raise thee?
Perhaps great places and thy praise
Do not so well agree.

Wherefore unto my gift I stand;
I will no more advise:
Only do thou lend me a hand,
Since thou hast both mine eyes.

LXXI. JUSTICE.

I CANNOT skill of these thy ways:
Lord, thou didst make me, yet thou woundest me
Lord, thou dost wound me, yet thou dost relieve me
Lord, thou relievest, yet I die by thee:
Lord, thou dost kill me, yet thou dost reprieve me

But when I mark my life and praise,
Thy justice me most fitly pays:
For I do praise thee, yet I praise thee not:
My prayers mean thee, yet my prayers stray:
I would do well, yet sin the hand hath got:
My soul doth love thee, yet it loves delay.
I cannot skill of these my ways.

LXXII. CHARMS AND KNOTS.

WHO read a chapter when they rise,
Shall ne'er be troubled with ill eyes.

A poor man's rod, when thou dost ride,
Is both a weapon and a guide.

Who shuts his hand, hath lost his gold:
Who opens it, hath it twice told.

Who goes to bed, and doth not pray,
Maketh two nights to every day.

o by aspersions throw a stone
he head of others, hit their own

o looks on ground with humble eyes,
ds himself there, and seeks to rise.

en the hair is sweet through pride or lust,
powder doth forget the dust.

ce one from ten, and what remains ?
still, if sermons go for gains.

shallow waters heaven doth show :
t who drinks on, to hell may go.

LXXIII. AFFLICTION.

My God, I read this day,
at planted Paradise was not so firm
was and is thy floating Ark ; whose stay
d anchor thou art only, to confirm
And strengthen it in every age,
When waves do rise, and tempests rage.

At first we lived in pleasure ;
ine own delights thou didst to us impart :
hen we grew wanton, thou didst use displeasure
make us thine : yet that we might not part,
As we at first did board with thee,
Now thou wouldst taste our misery.

There is but joy and grief ;
either will convert us, we are thine :

Some Angels used the first; if our relief
Take up the second, then thy double line
And several baits in either kind
Furnish thy table to thy mind.

Affliction then is ours;
We are the trees, whom shaking fastens more,
While blustering winds destroy the wanton bowers,
And ruffle all their curious knots and store.
My God, so temper joy and woe,
That thy bright beams may tame thy bow.

LXXIV. MORTIFICATION.

How soon doth man decay!
When clothes are taken from a chest of sweets
To swaddle infants, whose young breath
Scarce knows the way;
Those clouts are little winding-sheets,
Which do consign and send them unto death.

When boys go first to bed,
They step into their voluntary graves;
Sleep binds them fast; only their breath
Makes them not dead.
Successive nights, like rolling waves,
Convey them quickly, who are bound for death.

When youth is frank and free,
And calls for music, while his veins do swell,
All day exchanging mirth and breath

In company;
That music summons to the knell,
Which shall befriend him at the house of death.

When man grows staid and wise,
Getting a house and home, where he may move
Within the circle of his breath,
Schooling his eyes;
That dumb inclosure maketh love
Unto the coffin, that attends his death.

When age grows low and weak,
Marking his grave, and thawing every year,
Till all do melt, and drown his breath
When he would speak;
A chair or litter shows the bier
Which shall convey him to the house of death.

Man, ere he is aware,
Hath put together a solemnity,
And drest his hearse, while he has breath
As yet to spare.
Yet, Lord, instruct us so to die
That all these dyings may be life in death.

LXXV. DECAY.

Sweet were the days, when thou didst lodge with Lot,
Struggle with Jacob, sit with Gideon,
Advise with Abraham, when thy power could not
Encounter Moses' strong complaints and moan:
Thy words were then, Let me alone.

One might have sought and found thee presently
At some fair oak, or bush, or cave, or well:
Is my God this way? No, they would reply;
He is to Sinai gone, as we heard tell:
List, ye may hear great Aaron's bell.

But now thou dost thyself immure and close
In some one corner of a feeble heart:
Where yet both Sin and Satan, thy old foes,
Do pinch and straiten thee, and use much art
To gain thy thirds and little part.

I see the world grows old, when as the heat
Of thy great love once spread, as in an urn
Doth closet up itself, and still retreat,
Cold sin still forcing it, till it return
And calling justice, all things burn.

LXXVI. MISERY.

Lord, let the Angels praise thy name.
Man is a foolish thing, a foolish thing;
Folly and Sin play all his game.
His house still burns; and yet he still doth sing,
Man is but grass,
He knows it, fill the glass.

How canst thou brook his foolishness?
Why, he'll not lose a cup of drink for thee:
Bid him but temper his excess;
Not he: he knows, where he can better be,
As he will swear,
Than to serve thee in fear.

What strange pollutions doth he wed,
d make his own? as if none knew, but he.
No man shall beat into his head
at thou within his curtains drawn canst see:
They are of cloth,
Where never yet came moth.

The best of men, turn but thy hand
or one poor minute, stumble at a pin:
They would not have their actions scann'd,
or any sorrow tell them that they sin,
Though it be small,
And measure not their fall.

They quarrel thee, and would give over
he bargain made to serve thee: but thy love
Holds them unto it, and doth cover
heir follies with the wing of thy mild Dove,
Not suffering those
Who would, to be thy foes.

My God, Man cannot praise thy name:
hou art all brightness, perfect purity:
The sun holds down his head for shame,
ead with eclipses, when we speak of thee.
How shall infection
Presume on thy perfection?

As dirty hands foul all they touch,
nd those things most, which are most pure and fine:
So our clay-hearts, e'en when we crouch
o sing thy praises, make them less divine.
Yet either this
Or none thy portion is.

One might have sought and found thee presently
At some fair oak, or bush, or cave, or well:
Is my God this way? No, they would reply;
He is to Sinai gone, as we heard tell:
List, ye may hear great Aaron's bell.

But now thou dost thyself immure and close
In some one corner of a feeble heart:
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Not he: he knows, where he can better be,
As he will swear,
Than to serve thee in fear.

LXXIX. OBEDIENCE.

My God, if writings may
Convey a lordship any way
Whither the buyer and the seller please;
Let it not thee displease,
If this poor paper do as much as they.

On it my heart doth bleed
As many lines, as there doth need
To pass itself and all it hath to thee.
To which I do agree,
And here present it as my special deed.

If that hereafter Pleasure
Cavil, and claim her part and measure,
As if this passed with a reservation,
Or some such words in fashion;
I here exclude the wrangler from thy treasure.

O let thy sacred will
All thy delight in me fulfill!
Let me not think an action mine own way,
But as thy love shall sway,
Resigning up the rudder to thy skill.

Lord, what is man to thee,
That thou shouldst mind a rotten tree?
Yet since thou canst not choose but see my actions;
So great are thy perfections,
Thou mayst as well my actions guide, as see.

Man cannot serve thee; let him go
And serve the swine: there, there is his delight:
He doth not like this virtue, no;
Give him his dirt to wallow in all night:
These Preachers make
His head to shoot and ache.

Oh foolish man! where are thine eyes?
How hast thou lost them in a crowd of cares?
Thou pull'st the rug, and wilt not rise,
No, not to purchase the whole pack of stars:
There let them shine,
Thou must go sleep, or dine.

The bird that sees a dainty bower
Made in the tree, where she was wont to sit,
Wonders and sings, but not his power
Who made the arbour: this exceeds her wit.
But Man doth know
The spring whence all things flow:

And yet as though he knew it not,
His knowledge winks, and lets his humours reign:
They make his life a constant blot,
And all the blood of God to run in vain.
Ah, wretch! what verse
Can thy strange ways rehearse?

Indeed at first Man was a treasure,
A box of jewels, shop of rarities,
A ring, whose posy was, My pleasure:
He was a garden in a Paradise:
Glory and grace
Did crown his heart and face.

But sin hath fool'd him. Now he is
A lump of flesh, without a foot or wing
To raise him to the glimpse of bliss:
A sick toss'd vessel, dashing on each thing;
Nay, his own shelf:
My God, I mean myself.

LXXVII. JORDAN.

When first my lines of heavenly joys made mention,
Such was their lustre, they did so excel,
That I sought out quaint words, and trim invention;
My thoughts began to burnish, sprout, and swell,
Curling with metaphors a plain intention,
Decking the sense, as if it were to sell.

Thousands of notions in my brain did run,
Offering their service, if I were not sped:
I often blotted what I had begun;
This was not quick enough, and that was dead.
Nothing could seem too rich to clothe the sun,
Much less those joys which trample on his head.

As flames do work and wind, when they ascend;
So did I weave myself into the sense.
But while I bustled, I might hear a friend
Whisper, How wide is all this long pretence!
There is in love a sweetness ready penn'd:
Copy out only that, and save expense.

Something there was that sow'd debate:
Wherefore thou quitt'st thy ancient claim:
And now thy Architecture meets with sin;
For all thy frame and fabric is within.

There thou art struggling with a peevish heart,
Which sometimes crosseth thee, thou sometimes it:
The fight is hard on either part.
Great God doth fight, he doth submit.
All Solomon's sea of brass and world of stone
Is not so dear to thee as one good groan.

And truly brass and stones are heavy things,
Tombs for the dead, not temples fit for thee:
But groans are quick, and full of wings,
And all their motions upward be;
And ever as they mount, like larks they sing:
The note is sad, yet music for a king.

LXXXII. HOME.

Come Lord, my head doth burn, my heart is sick,
While thou dost ever, ever stay:
Thy long deferrings wound me to the quick,
My spirit gaspeth night and day.
O show thyself to me,
Or take me up to thee!

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To see what help in the earth or sky:
But there was none; at least no help without:
The help did in thy bosom lie.
O show thyself, &c.

There lay thy son: and must he leave that nest,
That hive of sweetness, to remove
Thraldom from those, who would not at a feast
Leave one poor apple for thy love?
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He did, he came: O my Redeemer dear,
After all this canst thou be strange?
So many years baptized, and not appear;
As if thy love could fail or change?
O show thyself, &c.

Yet if thou stayest still, why must I stay?
My God, what is this world to me?
This world of woe? hence all ye clouds, away,
Away; I must get up and see.
O show thyself, &c.

What is this weary world; this meat and drink,
That chains us by the teeth so fast?
What is this woman-kind, which I can wink
Into a blackness and distaste?
O show thyself, &c.

One might have sought and found thee presently
At some fair oak, or bush, or cave, or well:
Is my God this way? No, they would reply;
He is to Sinai gone, as we heard tell:
List, ye may hear great Aaron's bell.

But now thou dost thyself immure and close
In some one corner of a feeble heart:
Where yet both Sin and Satan, thy old foes,
Do pinch and straiten thee, and use much art
To gain thy thirds and little part.

I see the world grows old, when as the heat
Of thy great love once spread, as in an urn
Doth closet up itself, and still retreat,
Cold sin still forcing it, till it return
And calling justice, all things burn.

LXXVI. MISERY.

Lord, let the Angels praise thy name.
Man is a foolish thing, a foolish thing;
Folly and Sin play all his game.
His house still burns; and yet he still doth sing,
Man is but grass,
He knows it, fill the glass.

How canst thou brook his foolishness?
Why, he'll not lose a cup of drink for thee:
Bid him but temper his excess;
Not he: he knows, where he can better be,
As he will swear,
Than to serve thee in fear.

LXXIX. OBEDIENCE.

My God, if writings may
Convey a lordship any way
ther the buyer and the seller please;
Let it not thee displease,
is poor paper do as much as they.

On it my heart doth bleed
As many lines, as there doth need
ass itself and all it hath to thee.
To which I do agree,
here present it as my special deed.

If that hereafter Pleasure
Cavil, and claim her part and measure,
f this passed with a reservation,
Or some such words in fashion;
e exclude the wrangler from thy treasure.

O let thy sacred will
All thy delight in me fulfill!
ne not think an action mine own way,
But as thy love shall sway,
gning up the rudder to thy skill.

Lord, what is man to thee,
That thou shouldst mind a rotten tree?
since thou canst not choose but see my actions;
So great are thy perfections,
ı mayst as well my actions guide, as see.

Besides, thy death and blood
Show'd a strange love to all our good:
Thy sorrows were in earnest; no faint proffer,
Or superficial offer
Of what we might not take, or be withstood.

Wherefore I all forego:
To one word only I say, No:
Where in the deed there was an intimation
Of a gift or donation,
Lord, let it now by way of purchase go.

He that will pass his land,
As I have mine, may set his hand
And heart unto this deed, when he hath read;
And make the purchase spread
To both our goods, if he to it will stand.

How happy were my part,
If some kind man would thrust his heart
Into these lines; till in heaven's court of rolls
They were by winged souls
Enter'd for both, far above their desert!

LXXX. CONSCIENCE.

Peace, prattler, do not lour:
Not a fair look, but thou dost call it foul:
Not a sweet dish, but thou dost call it sour:
Music to thee doth howl.
By listening to thy chatting fears
I have both lost mine eyes and ears.

Prattler, no more, I say:
y thoughts must work, but like a noiseless sphere.
ırmonious peace must rock them all the day:
No room for prattlers there.
If thou persisteth, I will tell thee,
That I have physic to expel thee.

And the receipt shall be
ỵ Saviour's blood: whenever at his board
do but taste it, straight it cleanseth me,
And leaves thee not a word;
No, not a tooth or nail to scratch,
And at my actions carp, or catch.

Yet if thou talkest still,
esides my physic, know there's some for thee:
ɔme wood and nails to make a staff or bill
For those that trouble me:
The bloody cross of my dear Lord
Is both my physic and my sword.

LXXXI. SION.

RD, with what glory wast thou served of old,
hen Solomon's temple stood and flourished!
Where most things were of purest gold;
The wood was all embellished
ith flowers and carvings, mystical and rare:
l show'd the builders, craved the seer's care.

ːt all this glory, all this pomp and state,
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Something there was that sow'd debate:
Wherefore thou quitt'st thy ancient claim:
And now thy Architecture meets with sin;
For all thy frame and fabric is within.

There thou art struggling with a peevish heart,
Which sometimes crosseth thee, thou sometimes it:
The fight is hard on either part.
Great God doth fight, he doth submit.
All Solomon's sea of brass and world of stone
Is not so dear to thee as one good groan.

And truly brass and stones are heavy things,
Tombs for the dead, not temples fit for thee:
But groans are quick, and full of wings,
And all their motions upward be;
And ever as they mount, like larks they sing:
The note is sad, yet music for a king.

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Away; I must get up and see.
O show thyself, &c.

What is this weary world; this meat and drink,
That chains us by the teeth so fast?
What is this woman-kind, which I can wink
Into a blackness and distaste?
O show thyself, &c.

With one small sigh thou gavest me the other day
I blasted all the joys about me:
And scowling on them as they pined away,
Now come again, said I, and flout me.
O show thyself to me,
Or take me up to thee!

Nothing but drought and dearth, but bush and brake,
Which way soe'er I look, I see.
Some may dream merrily, but when they wake,
They dress themselves and come to thee.
O show thyself, &c.

We talk of harvests; there are no such things,
But when we leave our corn and hay:
There is no fruitful year, but that which brings
The last and loved, though dreadful day.
O show thyself, &c.

Oh loose this frame, this knot of man untie,
That my free soul may use her wing,
Which now is pinion'd with mortality,
As an entangled, hamper'd thing.
O show thyself, &c.

What have I left, that I should stay and groan?
The most of me to heaven is fled:
My thoughts and joys are all pack'd up and gone,
And for their old acquaintance plead.
O show thyself, &c.

Come dearest Lord, pass not this holy season,
My flesh and bones and joints do pray:
And e'en my verse, when by the rhyme and reason

The word is, Stay, says ever, Come.
O show thyself to me,
Or take me up to thee!

LXXXIII. THE BRITISH CHURCH.

I JOY, dear Mother, when I view
Thy perfect lineaments, and hue
Both sweet and bright:
Beauty in thee takes up her place,
And dates her letters from thy face,
When she doth write.

A fine aspect in fit array,
Neither too mean, nor yet too gay,
Shows who is best:
Outlandish looks may not compare;
For all they either painted are,
Or else undrest.

She on the hills, which wantonly
Allureth all in hope to be
By her preferr'd,
Hath kiss'd so long her painted shrines,
That e'en her face by kissing shines,
For her reward.

She in the valley is so shy
Of dressing, that her hair doth lie
About her ears:

While she avoids her neighbour's pride,
She wholly goes on the other side,
And nothing wears.

But, dearest Mother, (what those miss)
The mean thy praise and glory is,
And long may be.
Blessed be God, whose love it was
To double-moat thee with his grace,
And none but thee.

LXXXIV. THE QUIP.

The merry world did on a day
With his train-bands and mates agree
To meet together, where I lay,
And all in sport to jeer at me.

First, Beauty crept into a rose;
Which when I pluckt not, Sir, said she,
Tell me, I pray, whose hands are those?
But thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Then Money came, and chinking still,
What tune is this, poor man? said he:
I heard in Music you had skill:
But thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Then came brave Glory puffing by
In silks that whistled, who but he!
He scarce allow'd me half an eye:
But thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Then came quick Wit and Conversation,
And he would needs a comfort be,
And, to be short, make an oration.
But thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Yet when the hour of thy design
To answer these fine things shall come;
Speak not at large, say, I am thine,
And then they have their answer home.

LXXXV. VANITY.

Poor silly soul, whose hope and head lies low;
Whose flat delights on earth do creep and grow:
To whom the stars shine not so fair, as eyes;
Nor solid work, as false embroideries;
Hark and beware, lest what you now do measure,
And write for sweet, prove a most sour displeasure.

O hear betimes, lest thy relenting
May come too late!
To purchase heaven for repenting
Is no hard rate.
If souls be made of earthly mould,
Let them love gold;
If born on high,
Let them unto their kindred fly:
For they can never be at rest,
Till they regain their ancient nest.
Then silly soul, take heed; for earthly joy
Is but a bubble, and makes thee a boy.

LXXXVI. THE DAWNING.

AWAKE sad heart, whom sorrow ever drowns:
Take up thine eyes, which feed on earth,
Unfold thy forehead gather'd into frowns:
Thy Saviour comes, and with him mirth:
Awake, awake;
And with a thankful heart his comforts take.
But thou dost still lament, and pine, and cry;
And feel his death, but not his victory.

Arise sad heart; if thou dost not withstand,
Christ's resurrection thine may be:
Do not by hanging down break from the hand,
Which, as it riseth, raiseth thee:
Arise, arise;
And with his burial linen dry thine eyes.
Christ left his grave-clothes, that we might, when grief
Draws tears, or blood, not want a handkerchief.

LXXXVII. JESU.

JESU is in my heart, his sacred name
Is deeply carved there: but the other week
A great affliction broke the little frame,
E'en all to pieces; which I went to seek:
And first I found the corner where was J,
After, where ES, and next where U was graved.

'hen I had got these parcels, instantly
sat me down to spell them, and perceived
ıat to my broken heart he was I EASE YOU,
And to my whole is JESU.

LXXXVIII. BUSINESS.

CANST be idle? canst thou play,
Foolish soul who sinn'd to-day?

Rivers run, and springs each one
Know their home, and get them gone:
Hast thou tears, or hast thou none?

If, poor soul, thou hast no tears,
Would thou hadst no faults or fears!
Who hath these, those ills forbears.

Winds still work: it is their plot,
Be the season cold, or hot:
Hast thou sighs, or hast thou not?

If thou hast no sighs or groans,
Would thou hadst no flesh and bones!
Lesser pains scape greater ones.

But if yet thou idle be,
Foolish soul, Who died for thee?

Who did leave his Father's throne,
To assume thy flesh and bone?
Had he life, or had he none?

If he had not lived for thee,
Thou hadst died most wretchedly;
And two deaths had been thy fee.

He so far thy good did plot,
That his own self he forgot.
Did he die, or did he not?

If he had not died for thee,
Thou hadst lived in misery.
Two lives worse than ten deaths be.

And hath any space of breath
'Twixt his sins and Saviour's death?

He that loseth gold, though dross,
Tells to all he meets, his cross:
He that sins, hath he no loss?

He that finds a silver vein,
Thinks on it, and thinks again:
Brings thy Saviour's death no gain?

Who in heart not ever kneels,
Neither sin nor Saviour feels.

LXXXIX. DIALOGUE.

SWEETEST Saviour, if my soul
Were but worth the having,
Quickly should I then control
Any thought of waving.

But when all my care and pains
Cannot give the name of gains
To thy wretch so full of stains;
What delight or hope remains?

What (child), is the balance thine?
Thine the poize and measure?
If I say thou shalt be mine,
Finger not my treasure.
What the gains in having thee
Do amount to, only he,
Who for man was sold, can see,
That transferr'd the accounts to me.

But as I can see no merit,
Leading to this favour:
So the way to fit me for it,
Is beyond my savour.
As the reason then is thine;
So the way is none of mine:
I disclaim the whole design:
Sin disclaims and I resign.

That is all, if that I could
Get without repining;
And my clay my creature would
Follow my resigning:
That as I did freely part
With my glory and desert,
Left all joys to feel all smart——
Ah! no more: thou break'st my heart.

XC. DULNESS.

Why do I languish thus, drooping and dull,
As if I were all earth?
O give me quickness, that I may with mirth
Praise thee brimful!

The wanton lover in a curious strain
Can praise his fairest fair;
And with quaint metaphors her curled hair
Curl o'er again:

Thou art my loveliness, my life, my light,
Beauty alone to me:
Thy bloody death and undeserved, makes thee
Pure red and white.

When all perfections as but one appear,
That those thy form doth show,
The very dust, where thou dost tread and go
Makes beauties here;

Where are my lines then? my approaches? views?
Where are my window-songs?
Lovers are still pretending, and e'en wrongs
Sharpen their Muse.

But I am lost in flesh, whose sugar'd lies
Still mock me, and grow bold:
Sure thou didst put a mind there, if I could
Find where it lies.

Lord, clear thy gift, that with a constant wit
I may but look towards thee:
Look only; for to love thee, who can be,
What angel, fit?

XCI. LOVE-JOY.

As on a window late I cast mine eye,
I saw a vine drop grapes with J and C
Anneal'd on every bunch. One standing by
Ask'd what it meant. I (who am never loth
To spend my judgment) said, it seem'd to me
To be the body and the letters both
Of Joy and Charity; Sir, you have not miss'd,
The man replied; It figures JESUS CHRIST.

XCII. PROVIDENCE.

O SACRED Providence, who from end to end
Strongly and sweetly movest! shall I write,
And not of thee, through whom my fingers bend
To hold my quill? shall they not do thee right?

Of all the creatures both in sea and land,
Only to Man thou hast made known thy ways,
And put the pen alone into his hand,
And made him Secretary of thy praise.

Beasts fain would sing; birds ditty to their notes;
Trees would be tuning on their native lute
To thy renown: but all their hands and throats
Are brought to Man, while they are lame and mute.

Man is the world's high Priest: he doth present
The sacrifice for all; while they below
Unto the service mutter an assent,
Such as springs use that fall, and winds that blow.

He that to praise and laud thee doth refrain,
Doth not refrain unto himself alone,
But robs a thousand who would praise thee fain;
And doth commit a world of sin in one.

The beasts say, Eat me; but, if beasts must teach,
The tongue is yours to eat, but mine to praise.
The trees say, Pull me: but the hand you stretch
Is mine to write, as it is yours to raise.

Wherefore, most sacred Spirit, I here present
For me and all my fellows praise to thee:
And just it is that I should pay the rent,
Because the benefit accrues to me.

We all acknowledge both thy power and love
To be exact, transcendent, and divine;
Who dost so strongly and so sweetly move,
While all things have their will, yet none but thine.

For either thy command, or thy permission
Lay hands on all: they are thy right and left:
The first puts on with speed and expedition;
The other curbs sin's stealing pace and theft;

Nothing escapes them both: all must appear,
And be disposed, and dress'd, and tuned by thee,
Who sweetly temper'st all. If we could hear
Thy skill and art, what music would it be!

Thou art in small things great, not small in any:
Thy even praise can neither rise, nor fall.
Thou art in all things one, in each thing many:
For thou art infinite in one, and all.

Tempests are calm to thee, they know thy hand,
And hold it fast, as children do their fathers,
Which cry and follow. Thou hast made poor sand
Check the proud sea, e'en when it swells and gathers.

Thy cupboard serves the world: the meat is set
Where all may reach: no beast but knows his feed.
Birds teach us hawking: fishes have their net:
The great prey on the less, they on some weed.

Nothing engender'd doth prevent his meat;
Flies have their table spread, ere they appear;
Some creatures have in winter what to eat;
Others do sleep, and envy not their cheer.

How finely dost thou times and seasons spin,
And make a twist checker'd with night and day!
Which as it lengthens, winds, and winds us in,
As bowls go on, but turning all the way.

Each creature hath a wisdom for his good.
The pigeons feed their tender offspring, crying,
When they are callow; but withdraw their food,
When they are fledge, that need may teach them fly-
[ing.
Bees work for man; and yet they never bruise
Their master's flower, but leave it, having done,
As fair as ever, and as fit to use:
So both the flower doth stay, and honey run.

Sheep eat the grass, and dung the ground for more:
Trees after bearing drop their leaves for soil:
Springs vent their streams, and by expense get store:
Clouds cool by heat, and baths by cooling boil.

Who hath the virtue to express the rare
And curious virtues both of herbs and stones?
Is there an herb for that? O that thy care
Would show a root, that gives expressions!

And if an herb hath power, what have the stars?
A rose, besides his beauty, is a cure.
Doubtless our plagues and plenty, peace and wars,
Are there much surer than our art is sure.

Thou hast hid metals: man may take them thence;
But at his peril: when he digs the place,
He makes a grave; as if the thing had sense,
And threaten'd man, that he should fill the space.

E'en poisons praise thee. Should a thing be lost?
Should creatures want, for want of heed, their due?
Since where are poisons, antidotes are most;
The help stands close, and keeps the fear in view.

The sea, which seems to stop the traveller,
Is by a ship the speedier passage made.
The winds, who think they rule the mariner,
Are ruled by him, and taught to serve his trade.

And as thy house is full, so I adore
Thy curious art in marshalling thy goods.
The hills with health abound, the vales with store;
The South with marble; North with furs and woods.

Hard things are glorious; easy things good cheap;
The common all men have; that which is rare,
Men therefore seek to have, and care to keep.
The healthy frosts with summer-fruits compare.

Light without wind is glass: warm without weight
Is wool and furs: cool without closeness, shade:
Speed without pains, a horse: tall without height
A servile hawk: low without loss, a spade.

All countries have enough to serve their need:
If they seek fine things, thou dost make them run
For their offence; and then dost turn their speed
To be commerce and trade from sun to sun.

Nothing wears clothes, but Man; nothing doth need
But he to wear them. Nothing useth fire,
But Man alone, to show his heavenly breed:
And only he hath fuel in desire.

When the earth was dry, thou madest a sea of wet:
When that lay gather'd, thou didst broach the moun-
When yet some places could no moisture get, [tains:
The winds grew gardeners, and the clouds good foun-
[tains.
Rain, do not hurt my flowers; but gently spend
Your honey drops: press not to smell them here;
When they are ripe, their odour will ascend,
And at your lodging with their thanks appear.

How harsh are thorns to pears! and yet they make
A better hedge, and need less reparation.
How smooth are silks, compared with a stake,
Or with a stone! yet make no good foundation.

Sometimes thou dost divide thy gifts to man,
Sometimes unite. The Indian nut alone
Is clothing, meat and trencher, drink and can,
Boat, cable, sail and needle, all in one.

Most herbs that grow in brooks, are hot and dry.
Cold fruit's warm kernels help against the wind.
The lemon's juice and rind cure mutually.
The whey of milk doth loose, the milk doth bind.

Thy creatures leap not, but express a feast,
Where all the guests sit close, and nothing wants.
Frogs marry fish and flesh; bats, bird and beast;
Sponges, nonsense and sense; mines, the earth and plants.
To show thou art not bound, as if thy lot
Were worse than ours, sometimes thou shiftest hands.
Most things move the under jaw; the Crocodile not.
Most things sleep lying, the Elephant leans or stands.

But who hath praise enough? nay, who hath any?
None can express thy works, but he that knows them;
And none can know thy works, which are so many,
And so complete, but only he that owes them.

All things that are, though they have several ways,
Yet in their being join with one advice
To honour thee: and so I give thee praise
In all my other hymns, but in this twice.

Each thing that is, although in use and name
It go for one, hath many ways in store
To honour thee; and so each hymn thy fame
Extolleth many ways, yet this one more.

XCIII. HOPE.

I GAVE to hope a watch of mine: but he
An anchor gave to me.
Then an old prayer-book I did present:
And he an optic sent.
With that I gave a phial full of tears:
But he a few green ears.
Ah, Loiterer! I'll no more, no more I'll bring:
I did expect a ring.

XCIV. SINS ROUND.

SORRY I am, my God, sorry I am,
That my offences course it in a ring.
My thoughts are working like a busy flame,
Until their cockatrice they hatch and bring:
And when they once have perfected their draughts,
My words take fire from my enflamed thoughts.

My words take fire from my enflamed thoughts,
Which spit it forth like the Sicilian hill.
They vent the wares, and pass them with their faults,
And by their breathing ventilate the ill.
But words suffice not, where are lewd intentions:
My hands do join to finish the inventions:

My hands do join to finish the inventions:
And so my sins ascend three stories high,

As Babel grew, before there were dissentions.
Yet ill deeds loiter not: for they supply
New thoughts of sinning; wherefore, to my shame
Sorry I am, my God, sorry I am.

XCV. TIME.

Meeting with Time, slack thing, said I,
Thy scythe is dull; whet it for shame.
No marvel Sir, he did reply,
If it at length deserve some blame:
But where one man would have me grind it,
Twenty for one too sharp do find it.

Perhaps some such of old did pass,
Who above all things loved this life;
To whom thy scythe a hatchet was,
Which now is but a pruning-knife.
Christ's coming hath made man thy debtor,
Since by thy cutting he grows better.

And in his blessing thou art blest:
For where thou only wert before
An executioner at best,
Thou art a gardener now, and more.
An usher to convey our souls
Beyond the utmost stars and poles.

And this is that makes life so long,
While it detains us from our God.
E'en pleasures here increase the wrong:

ıd length of days lengthen the rod.
Who wants the place, where God doth dwell,
Partakes already half of hell.

f what strange length must that needs be,
hich e'en eternity excludes!
ıus far Time heard me patiently:
ıen chafing said, This man deludes:
What do I here before his door?
He doth not crave less time, but more.

XCVI. GRATEFULNESS.

Thou that hast given so much to me,
Give one thing more, a grateful heart.
See how thy beggar works on thee
By art.

He makes thy gifts occasion more,
And says, If he in this be crost,
All thou hast given him heretofore
Is lost.

But thou didst reckon, when at first
Thy word our hearts and hands did crave,
What it would come to at the worst
To save.

Perpetual knockings at thy door,
Tears sullying thy transparent rooms,
Gift upon gift; much would have more,
And comes.

This notwithstanding, thou went'st on,
And didst allow us all our noise:
Nay thou hast made a sigh and groan
Thy joys.

Not that thou hast not still above
Much better tunes, than groans can make;
But that these country-airs thy love
Did take.

Wherefore I cry, and cry again;
And in no quiet canst thou be,
Till I a thankful heart obtain
Of thee:

Not thankful, when it pleaseth me;
As if thy blessings had spare days:
But such a heart, whose pulse may be
Thy praise.

XCVII. PEACE.

Sweet Peace, where dost thou dwell? I humbly crave,
Let me once know.
I sought thee in a secret cave,
And ask'd, if Peace were there.
A hollow wind did seem to answer, No:
Go seek elsewhere.

I did; and going did a rainbow note:
Surely, thought I,
This is the lace of Peace's coat:

I will search out the matter.
ıt while I look'd, the clouds immediately
Did break and scatter.

en went I to a garden, and did spy
A gallant flower,
The crown Imperial: Sure, said I,
Peace at the root must dwell.
ıt when I digg'd, I saw a worm devour
What show'd so well.

t length I met a reverend good old man:
Whom when for Peace
I did demand, he thus began;
There was a Prince of old
t Salem dwelt, who lived with good increase
Of flock and fold.

le sweetly lived; yet sweetness did not save
His life from foes.
But after death out of his grave
There sprang twelve stalks of wheat:
Which many wondering at, got some of those
To plant and set.

t prosper'd strangely, and did soon disperse
Through all the earth:
For they that taste it do rehearse,
That virtue lies therein;
A secret virtue, bringing peace and mirth
By flight of sin.

Take of this grain, which in my garden grows,
And grows for you;

Make bread of it: and that repose
And peace, which every where
With so much earnestness you do pursue
Is only there.

XCVIII. CONFESSION.

O WHAT a cunning guest
Is this same grief! within my heart I made
Closets; and in them many a chest;
And like a master in my trade,
In those chests, boxes; in each box, a till:
Yet grief knows all, and enters when he will.

No screw, no piercer can
Into a piece of timber work and wind,
As God's afflictions into man,
When he a torture hath design'd.
They are too subtle for the subtlest hearts;
And fall, like rheums, upon the tenderest parts.

We are the earth; and they,
Like moles within us, heave, and cast about:
And till they foot and clutch their prey,
They never cool, much less give out.
No smith can make such locks, but they have keys:
Closets are halls to them; and hearts, highways.

Only an open breast
Doth shut them out, so that they cannot enter;
Or, if they enter, cannot rest,

But quickly seek some new adventure.
Smooth open hearts no fastening have; but fiction
Doth give a hold and handle to affliction.

Wherefore my faults and sins,
Lord, I acknowledge; take thy plagues away:
For since confession pardon wins,
I challenge here the brightest day,
The clearest diamond: let them do their best,
They shall be thick and cloudy to my breast.

XCIX. GIDDINESS.

Oh, what a thing is man! how far from power,
From settled peace and rest!
He is some twenty several men at least
Each several hour.

One while he counts of heaven, as of his treasure:
But then a thought creeps in,
And calls him coward, who for fear of sin
Will lose a pleasure.

Now he will fight it out, and to the wars;
Now eat his bread in peace,
And snudge in quiet: now he scorns increase;
Now all day spares.

He builds a house, which quickly down must go,
As if a whirlwind blew
And crush'd the building: and 'tis partly true,
His mind is so.

O what a sight were Man, if his attires
Did alter with his mind;
And, like a Dolphin's skin, his clothes combined
With his desires!

Surely if each one saw another's heart,
There would be no commerce,
No sale or bargain pass: all would disperse,
And live apart.

Lord, mend or rather make us: one creation
Will not suffice our turn:
Except thou make us daily, we shall spurn
Our own salvation.

C. THE BUNCH OF GRAPES.

Joy, I did lock thee up: but some bad man
Hath let thee out again:
And now, methinks, I am where I began
Seven years ago: one vogue and vein,
One air of thoughts usurps my brain.
I did towards Canaan draw; but now I am
Brought back to the Red Sea, the sea of shame.

For as the Jews of old by God's command
Travell'd, and saw no town;
So now each Christian hath his journeys spann'd:
Their story pens and sets us down.
A single deed is small renown.
God's works are wide, and let in future times;
His ancient justice overflows our crimes.

Then have we too our guardian fires and clouds;
Our Scripture-dew drops fast:
We have our sands and serpents, tents and shrouds;
Alas! our murmurings come not last.
But where's the cluster? where's the taste
Of mine inheritance? Lord, if I must borrow,
Let me as well take up their joy, as sorrow.

But can he want the grape, who hath the wine?
I have their fruit and more.
Blessed be God, who prosper'd Noah's vine,
And made it bring forth grapes good store.
But much more him I must adore,
Who of the law's sour juice sweet wine did make,
E'en God himself, being pressed for my sake.

CI. LOVE UNKNOWN.

Dear friend, sit down, the tale is long and sad:
And in my faintings I presume your love
Will more comply, than help. A Lord I had,
And have, of whom some grounds, which may im-
I hold for two lives, and both lives in me. [prove,
To him I brought a dish of fruit one day,
And in the middle placed my heart. But he
(I sigh to say)
Look'd on a servant, who did know his eye
Better than you know me, or (which is one)
Than I myself. The servant instantly
Quitting the fruit, seized on my heart alone,
And threw it in a font, wherein did fall

A stream of blood, which issued from the side
Of a great rock: I well remember all,
And have good cause: there it was dipt and dyed,
And wash'd, and wrung: the very wringing yet
Enforceth tears. Your heart was foul, I fear.
Indeed 'tis true. I did and do commit
Many a fault more than my lease will bear;
Yet still ask'd pardon, and was not denied.
But you shall hear. After my heart was well,
And clean and fair, as I one even-tide
(I sigh to tell)
Walk'd by myself abroad, I saw a large
And spacious furnace flaming, and thereon
A boiling caldron, round about whose verge
Was in great letters set AFFLICTION.
The greatness show'd the owner. So I went
To fetch a sacrifice out of my fold,
Thinking with that, which I did thus present,
To warm his love, which I did fear grew cold.
But as my heart did tender it, the man
Who was to take it from me, slipt his hand,
And threw my heart into the scalding pan;
My heart that brought it (do you understand?)
The offerer's heart. Your heart was hard, I fear.
Indeed 'tis true. I found a callous matter
Began to spread and to expatiate there:
But with a richer drug, than scalding water,
I bathed it often, e'en with holy blood,
Which at a board, while many drank bare wine,
A friend did steal into my cup for good,
E'en taken inwardly, and most divine
To supple hardnesses. But at the length
Out of the caldron getting, soon I fled
Unto my house, where to repair the strength

Which I had lost, I hasted to my bed:
But when I thought to sleep out all these faults,
(I sigh to speak)
I found that some had stuff'd the bed with thoughts,
I would say thorns. Dear, could my heart not break,
When with my pleasures e'en my rest was gone?
Full well I understood, who had been there:
For I had given the key to none, but one:
It must be he. Your heart was dull, I fear.
Indeed a slack and sleepy state of mind
Did oft possess me, so that when I pray'd,
Though my lips went, my heart did stay behind.
But all my scores were by another paid,
Who took the debt upon him. Truly, Friend,
For ought I hear, your Master shows to you
More favour than you wot of. Mark the end.
The Font did only, what was old, renew:
The Caldron suppled, what was grown too hard:
The Thorns did quicken, what was grown too dull:
All did but strive to mend, what you had marr'd.
Wherefore be cheer'd, and praise him to the full
Each day, each hour, each moment of the week,
Who fain would have you be, new, tender, quick.

CII. MAN'S MEDLEY.

Hark, how the birds do sing,
And woods do ring.
All creatures have their joy, and man hath his.
Yet if we rightly measure,
Man's joy and pleasure
Rather hereafter, than in present, is.

To this life things of sense
Make their pretence:
In the other Angels have a right by birth:
Man ties them both alone,
And makes them one, [earth.
With the one hand touching heaven, with the other

In soul he mounts and flies,
In flesh he dies.
He wears a stuff whose thread is coarse and round,
But trimm'd with curious lace,
And should take place
After the trimming, not the stuff and ground.

Not, that he may not here
Taste of the cheer:
But as birds drink, and straight lift up their head;
So must he sip, and think
Of better drink
He may attain to, after he is dead.

But as his joys are double,
So is his trouble.
He hath two winters, other things but one:
Both frosts and thoughts do nip,
And bite his lip;
And he of all things fears two deaths alone.

Yet even the greatest griefs
May be reliefs,
Could he but take them right, and in their ways.
Happy is he, whose heart
Hath found the art
To turn his double pains to double praise.

CIII. THE STORM.

If as the winds and waters here below
Do fly and flow,
My sighs and tears as busy were above;
Sure they would move
And much affect thee, as tempestuous times
Amaze poor mortals, and object their crimes.

Stars have their storms, e'en in a high degree,
As well as we.
A throbbing conscience spurred by remorse
Hath a strange force:
It quits the earth, and mounting more and more,
Dares to assault thee, and besiege thy door.

There it stands knocking, to thy music's wrong,
And drowns the song.
Glory and honour are set by till it
An answer get.
Poets have wrong'd poor storms: such days are best;
They purge the air without, within the breast.

CIV. PARADISE.

I BLESS thee, Lord, because I GROW
Among thy trees, which in a ROW
To thee both fruit and order OW.

What open force, or hidden CHARM
Can blast my fruit, or bring me HARM,
While the inclosure is thine ARM?

Inclose me still for fear I START.
Be to me rather sharp and TART,
Than let me want thy hand and ART.

When thou dost greater judgments SPARE,
And with thy knife but prune and PARE,
E'en fruitful trees more fruitful ARE.

Such sharpness shows the sweetest FRIEND:
Such cuttings rather heal than REND:
And such beginnings touch their END.

CV. THE METHOD.

Poor heart, lament.
For since thy God refuseth still,
There is some rub, some discontent,
Which cools his will.

Thy Father could
Quickly effect, what thou dost move;
For he is Power: and sure he would;
For he is Love.

Go search this thing,
Tumble thy breast, and turn thy book:
If thou hadst lost a glove or ring,
Wouldst thou not look?

What do I see
itten above there? Yesterday
d behave me carelessly,
When I did pray.

And should God's ear
such indifferents chained be,
o do not their own motions hear?
Is God less free?

But stay! what's there?
ɜ when I would have something done,
ıd a motion to forbear,
Yet I went on.

And should God's ear,
ich needs not man, be tied to those
ıo hear not him, but quickly hear
His utter foes?

Then once more pray:
wn with thy knees, up with thy voice:
k pardon first, and God will say,
Glad heart, rejoice.

CVI. DIVINITY.

men, for fear the stars should sleep and nod,
And trip at night, have spheres supplied;
if a star were duller than a clod,
Which knows his way without a guide:

Just so the other heaven they also serve,
Divinity's transcendent sky:
Which with the edge of wit they cut and carve.
Reason triumphs, and faith lies by.

Could not that wisdom, which first broach'd the wine,
Have thicken'd it with definitions?
And jagg'd his seamless coat, had that been fine,
With curious questions and divisions?

But all the doctrine, which he taught and gave,
Was clear as heaven, from whence it came.
At least those beams of truth, which only save,
Surpass in brightness any flame.

Love God, and love your neighbour. Watch and pray.
Do as you would be done unto.
O dark instructions, e'en as dark as day!
Who can these Gordian knots undo?

But he doth bid us take his blood for wine.
Bid what he please; yet I am sure,
To take and taste what he doth there design,
Is all that saves, and not obscure.

Then burn thy Epicycles, foolish man;
Break all thy spheres, and save thy head;
Faith needs no staff of flesh, but stoutly can
To Heaven alone both go, and lead.

CVII. EPHES. IV. 30.

GRIEVE NOT THE HOLY SPIRIT, ETC.

And art thou grieved, sweet and sacred Dove,
When I am sour,
And cross thy love?
Grieved for me? the God of strength and power
Grieved for a worm, which when I tread,
I pass away and leave it dead?

Then weep, mine eyes, the God of love doth grieve:
Weep foolish heart,
And weeping live;
For death is dry as dust. Yet if ye part,
End as the night, whose sable hue
Your sins express; melt into dew.

When saucy mirth shall knock or call at door,
Cry out, Get hence,
Or cry no more.
Almighty God doth grieve, he puts on sense:
I sin not to my grief alone,
But to my God's too; he doth groan.

Oh take thy lute, and tune it to a strain,
Which may with thee
All day complain.
There can no discord but in ceasing be.
Marbles can weep; and surely strings
More bowels have, than such hard things.

Lord, I adjudge myself to tears and grief,
E'en endless tears
Without relief.
If a clear spring for me no time forbears,
But runs, although I be not dry;
I am no Crystal, what shall I?

Yet if I wail not still, since still to wail
Nature denies;
And flesh would fail,
If my deserts were masters of mine eyes:
Lord, pardon, for thy son makes good
My want of tears with store of blood.

CVIII. THE FAMILY.

What doth this noise of thoughts within my heart,
As if they had a part?
What do these loud complaints and pulling fears,
As if there were no rule or ears?

But, Lord, the house and family are thine,
Though some of them repine.
Turn out these wranglers, which defile thy seat:
For where thou dwellest all is neat.

First Peace and Silence all disputes control,
Then Order plays the soul;
And giving all things their set forms and hours,
Makes of wild woods sweet walks and bowers.

Humble Obedience near the door doth stand,
Expecting a command:
Than whom in waiting nothing seems more slow,
Nothing more quick when she doth go.

Joys oft are there, and griefs as oft as joys;
But griefs without a noise:
Yet speak they louder, than distemper'd fears:
What is so shrill as silent tears?

This is thy house, with these it doth abound:
And where these are not found,
Perhaps thou comest sometimes, and for a day;
But not to make a constant stay.

CIX. THE SIZE.

CONTENT thee, greedy heart.
Modest and moderate joys to those, that have
Title to more hereafter when they part,
Are passing brave.
Let the upper springs into the low
Descend and fall, and thou dost flow.

What though some have a fraught
Of cloves and nutmegs, and in cinnamon sail?
If thou hast wherewithal to spice a draught,
When griefs prevail,
And for the future time art heir
To the Isle of spices, Is't not fair?

To be in both worlds full
Is more than God was, who was hungry here.
Wouldst thou his laws of fasting disannul?
Enact good cheer?
Lay out thy joy, yet hope to save it?
Wouldst thou both eat thy cake, and have it?

Great joys are all at once;
But little do reserve themselves for more:
Those have their hopes; these what they have re-
And live on score: [nounce,
Those are at home; these journey still,
And meet the rest on Sion's hill.

Thy Saviour sentenced joy,
And in the flesh condemn'd it as unfit,
At least in lump: for such doth oft destroy;
Whereas a bit
Doth 'tice us on to hopes of more,
And for the present health restore.

A Christian's state and case
Is not a corpulent, but a thin and spare,
Yet active strength: whose long and bony face
Content and care
Do seem to equally divide,
Like a pretender, not a bride.

Wherefore sit down, good heart;
Grasp not at much, for fear thou losest all.
If comforts fell according to desert,
They would great frosts and snows destroy:
For we should count, Since the last joy.

Then close again the seam,
Which thou hast open'd; do not spread thy robe
In hope of great things. Call to mind thy dream,
An earthly globe,
On whose meridian was engraven,
These seas are tears, and heaven the haven.

CX. ARTILLERY.

As I one evening sat before my cell,
Methought a star did shoot into my lap.
I rose, and shook my clothes, as knowing well,
That from small fires comes oft no small mishap:
When suddenly I heard one say,
Do as thou usest, disobey,
Expel good motions from thy breast,
Which have the face of fire, but end in rest.

I, who had heard of music in the spheres,
But not of speech in stars, began to muse:
But turning to my God, whose ministers
The stars and all things are; If I refuse,
Dread Lord, said I, so oft my good;
Then I refuse not e'en with blood
To wash away my stubborn thought:
For I will do, or suffer what I ought.

But I have also stars and shooters too,
Born where thy servants both artilleries use.
My tears and prayers night and day do woo,
And work up to thee; yet thou dost refuse.

Not but I am (I must say still)
Much more obliged to do thy will,
Than thou to grant mine: but because
Thy promise now hath e'en set thee thy laws.

Then we are shooters both, and thou dost deign
To enter combat with us, and contest
With thine own clay. But I would parley fain:
Shun not my arrows, and behold my breast.
Yet if thou shunnest, I am thine:
I must be so, if I am mine.
There is no articling with thee:
I am but finite, yet thine infinitely.

CXI. CHURCH-RENTS AND SCHISMS.

Brave rose, (alas!) where art thou? in the chair,
Where thou didst lately so triumph and shine,
A worm doth sit, whose many feet and hair
Are the more foul, the more thou wert divine.
This, this hath done it, this did bite the root
And bottom of the leaves: which when the wind
Did once perceive, it blew them under foot,
Where rude unhallow'd steps do crush and grind
Their beauteous glories. Only shreds of thee,
And those all bitten, in thy chair I see.

Why doth my Mother blush? is she the rose,
And shows it so? Indeed Christ's precious blood
Gave you a colour once; which when your foes
Thought to let out, the bleeding did you good,

And made you look much fresher than before.
But when debates and fretting jealousies
Did worm and work within you more and more,
Your colour faded, and calamities
  Turned your ruddy into pale and bleak:
  Your health and beauty both began to break.

Then did your several parts unloose and start:
Which when your neighbours saw, like a north wind
They rushed in, and cast them in the dirt
Where Pagans tread. O Mother dear and kind,
Where shall I get me eyes enough to weep,
As many eyes as stars? since it is night,
And much of Asia and Europe fast asleep,
And e'en all Africk; would at least I might
  With these two poor ones lick up all the dew,
  Which falls by night, and pour it out for you!

CXII. JUSTICE.

O DREADFUL justice, what a fright and terror
  Wast thou of old,
  When sin and error
  Did show and shape thy looks to me,
  And through their glass discolour thee!
He that did but look up, was proud and bold.

The dishes of thy balance seem'd to gape,
  Like two great pits;
  The beam and scape

Did like some tottering engine show:
Thy hand above did burn and glow,
Daunting the stoutest hearts, the proudest wits.

But now that Christ's pure veil presents the sight,
I see no fears:
Thy hand is white,
Thy scales like buckets, which attend
And interchangeably descend,
Lifting to heaven from this well of tears.

For where before thou still didst call on me,
Now I still touch
And harp on thee.
God's promises have made thee mine:
Why should I justice now decline?
Against me there is none, but for me much.

CXIII. THE PILGRIMAGE.

I TRAVELL'D on, seeing the hill, where lay
My expectation.
A long it was and weary way.
The gloomy cave of Desperation
I left on the one, and on the other side
The rock of Pride.

And so I came to fancy's meadow strow'd
With many a flower:
Fain would I here have made abode,
But I was quicken'd by my hour.

So to care's copse I came, and there got through
With much ado.

That led me to the wild of passion; which
Some call the world;
A wasted place, but sometimes rich.
Here I was robb'd of all my gold,
Save one good Angel, which a friend had tied
Close to my side.

At length I got unto the gladsome hill,
Where lay my hope,
Where lay my heart; and climbing still,
When I had gain'd the brow and top,
A lake of brackish waters on the ground
Was all I found.

With that abash'd and struck with many a sting
Of swarming fears,
I fell, and cried, Alas, my King;
Can both the way and end be tears?
Yet taking heart I rose, and then perceived
I was deceived:

My hill was further: so I flung away,
Yet heard a cry
Just as I went, None goes that way
And lives: If that be all, said I,
After so foul a journey death is fair,
And but a chair.

CXIV. THE HOLD-FAST.

I THREATEN'D to observe the strict decree
Of my dear God with all my power and might:
But I was told by one, it could not be;
Yet I might trust in God to be my light.

Then will I trust, said I, in him alone.
Nay, e'en to trust in him, was also his:
We must confess, that nothing is our own.
Then I confess that he my succour is:

But to have nought is ours, not to confess
That we have nought. I stood amazed at this,
Much troubled, till I heard a friend express,
That all things were more ours by being his.
What Adam had, and forfeited for all,
Christ keepeth now, who cannot fail or fall.

CXV. COMPLAINING.

Do not beguile my heart,
Because thou art
My power and wisdom. Put me not to shame,
Because I am
Thy clay that weeps, thy dust that calls.

Thou art the Lord of glory;
The deed and story
Are both thy due: but I a silly fly,
That live or die,
According as the weather falls.

Art thou all justice, Lord?
Shows not thy word
More attributes? Am I all throat or eye,
To weep or cry?
Have I no parts but those of grief?

Let not thy wrathful power
Afflict my hour,
My inch of life: or let thy gracious power
Contract my hour,
That I may climb and find relief.

CXVI. THE DISCHARGE.

Busy enquiring heart, what wouldst thou know?
Why dost thou pry,
And turn, and leer, and with a licorous eye
Look high and low;
And in thy lookings stretch and grow?

Hast thou not made thy counts, and summ'd up all?
Did not thy heart
Give up the whole, and with the whole depart?
Let what will fall:
That which is past who can recall?

Thy life is God's, thy time to come is gone,
And is his right.
He is thy night at noon: he is at night
Thy noon alone.
The crop is his, for he hath sown.

And well it was for thee, when this befell,
That God did make
Thy business his, and in thy life partake:
For thou canst tell,
If it be his once, all is well.

Only the present is thy part and fee.
And happy thou,
If, though thou didst not beat thy future brow,
Thou couldst well see
What present things required of thee.

They ask enough; why shouldst thou further go?
Raise not the mud
Of future depths, but drink the clear and good.
Dig not for woe
In times to come; for it will grow.

Man and the present fit: if he provide,
He breaks the square.
This hour is mine: if for the next I care,
I grow too wide,
And do encroach upon death's side:

For death each hour environs and surrounds.
He that would know
And care for future chances, cannot go
Unto those grounds,
But thro' a churchyard which them bounds.

Things present shrink and die: but they that spend
Their thoughts and sense
On future grief, do not remove it thence,
But it extend,
And draw the bottom out an end.

God chains the dog till night: wilt loose the chain,
And wake thy sorrow?
Wilt thou forestall it, and now grieve to-morrow,
And then again
Grieve over freshly all thy pain?

Either grief will not come: or if it must,
Do not forecast:
And while it cometh, it is almost past.
Away distrust:
My God hath promised; he is just.

CXVII. PRAISE.

King of glory, King of peace,
I will love thee:
And that love may never cease,
I will move thee.

Thou hast granted my request,
Thou hast heard me:
Thou didst note my working breast,
Thou hast spared me.

Wherefore with my utmost art
I will sing thee,

And the cream of all my heart
I will bring thee.

Though my sins against me cried,
Thou didst clear me;
And alone, when they replied,
Thou didst hear me.

Seven whole days, not one in seven,
I will praise thee.
In my heart, though not in Heaven,
I can raise thee.

Thou grew'st soft and moist with tears,
Thou relentedst:
And when Justice call'd for fears,
Thou dissentedst.

Small it is, in this poor sort
To enrol thee:
E'en eternity is too short
To extol thee.

CXVIII. AN OFFERING.

Come, bring thy gift. If blessings were as slow
As men's returns, what would become of fools?
What hast thou there? a heart? but is it pure?
Search well and see; for hearts have many holes.
Yet one pure heart is nothing to bestow:
In Christ two natures met to be thy cure.

O that within us hearts had propagation,
Since many gifts do challenge many hearts!
Yet one, if good, may title to a number;
And single things grow fruitful by deserts.
In public judgments one may be a nation,
And fence a plague, while others sleep and slumber.

But all I fear is, lest thy heart displease,
As neither good, nor one: so oft divisions
Thy lusts have made, and not thy lusts alone;
Thy passions also have their set partitions.
These parcel out thy heart: recover these,
And thou mayst offer many gifts in one.

There is a balsam, or indeed a blood, [close
Dropping from heaven, which doth both cleanse and
All sorts of wounds; of such strange force it is.
Seek out this All-heal, and seek no repose,
Until thou find, and use it to thy good:
Then bring thy gift; and let thy hymn be this;

SINCE my sadness
Into gladness,
Lord thou dost convert,
O accept
What thou hast kept,
As thy due desert.

Had I many,
Had I any,
(For this heart is none)
All were thine
And none of mine,
Surely thine alone.

Yet thy favour
May give savour
To this poor oblation;
And it raise
To be thy praise,
And be my salvation.

CXIX. LONGING.

With sick and famish'd eyes,
With doubling knees and weary bones,
To thee my cries,
To thee my groans,
To thee my sighs, my tears ascend:
No end?

My throat, my soul is hoarse;
My heart is wither'd like a ground
Which thou dost curse.
My thoughts turn round,
And make me giddy; Lord, I fall,
Yet call.

From thee all pity flows.
Mothers are kind, because thou art,
And dost dispose
To them a part:
Their infants, them; and they suck thee
More free.

Bowels of pity, hear!
Lord of my soul, love of my mind,
Bow down thine ear!
Let not the wind
Scatter my words, and in the same
Thy name!

Look on my sorrows round!
Mark well my furnace! O what flames,
What heats abound!
What griefs, what shames!
Consider, Lord; Lord, bow thine ear,
And hear!

Lord Jesu, thou didst bow
Thy dying head upon the tree:
O be not now
More dead to me!
Lord, hear! Shall he that made the ear
Not hear?

Behold, thy dust doth stir;
It moves, it creeps, it aims at thee:
Wilt thou defer
To succour me,
Thy pile of dust, wherein each crumb
Says, Come?

To thee help appertains.
Hast thou left all things to their course,
And laid the reins
Upon the horse?
Is all lock'd? hath a sinner's plea
No key?

Indeed the world's thy book,
Where all things have their leaf assign'd:
Yet a meek look
Hath interlined.
Thy board is full, yet humble guests
Find nests.

Thou tarriest, while I die,
And fall to nothing: thou dost reign,
And rule on high,
While I remain
In bitter grief: yet am I styled
Thy child.

Lord, didst thou leave thy throne,
Not to relieve? how can it be,
That thou art grown
Thus hard to me?
Were sin alive, good cause there were
To bear.

But now both sin is dead,
And all thy promises live and bide.
That wants his head;
These speak and chide,
And in thy bosom pour my tears,
As theirs.

Lord JESU, hear my heart,
Which hath been broken now so long,
That every part
Hath got a tongue!
Thy beggars grow; rid them away
To-day.

My love, my sweetness, hear!
By these thy feet, at which my heart
Lies all the year,
Pluck out thy dart,
And heal my troubled breast which cries,
Which dies.

CXX. THE BAG.

Away despair; my gracious Lord doth hear,
Though winds and waves assault my keel,
He doth preserve it: he doth steer,
E'en when the boat seems most to reel.
Storms are the triumph of his art:
Well may he close his eyes, but not his heart.

Hast thou not heard, that my Lord Jesus died?
Then let me tell thee a strange story.
The God of power, as he did ride
In his majestic robes of glory,
Resolved to light; and so one day
He did descend, undressing all the way.

The stars his tire of light and rings obtain'd,
The cloud his bow, the fire his spear,
The sky his azure mantle gain'd.
And when they ask'd, what he would wear;
He smiled, and said as he did go,
He had new clothes a making here below.

When he was come, as travellers are wont,
He did repair unto an inn.

Both then and after, many a brunt
He did endure to cancel sin:
And having given the rest before,
Here he gave up his life to pay our score.

But as he was returning, there came one
That ran upon him with a spear.
He who came hither all alone,
Bringing nor man, nor arms, nor fear,
Received the blow upon his side,
And straight he turn'd, and to his brethren cried,

If ye have anything to send or write,
(I have no bag, but here is room)
Unto my father's hands and sight
(Believe me) it shall safely come.
That I shall mind, what you impart;
Look, you may put it very near my heart.

Or if hereafter any of my friends
Will use me in this kind, the door
Shall still be open; what he sends
I will present, and somewhat more,
Not to his hurt. Sighs will convey
Anything to me. Hark despair, away.

CXXI. THE JEWS.

Poor nation, whose sweet sap, and juice
Our cyons have purloin'd, and left you dry:
Whose streams we got by the Apostles' sluice,
And use in baptism, while ye pine and die:

Who by not keeping once, became a debtor;
And now by keeping lose the letter:

Oh that my prayers! mine, alas!
Oh that some Angel might a trumpet sound:
At which the Church falling upon her face
Should cry so loud, until the trump were drown'd,
And by that cry of her dear Lord obtain,
That your sweet sap might come again!

CXXII. THE COLLAR.

I STRUCK the board, and cried, No more;
I will abroad.
What? shall I ever sigh and pine?
My lines and life are free; free as the road,
Loose as the wind, as large as store.
Shall I be still in suit?
Have I no harvest but a thorn
To let me blood, and not restore
What I have lost with cordial fruit?
Sure there was wine,
Before my sighs did dry it: there was corn,
Before my tears did drown it.
Is the year only lost to me?
Have I no bays to crown it?
No flowers, no garlands gay? all blasted?
All wasted?
Not so, my heart: but there is fruit,
And thou hast hands.
Recover all thy sigh-blown age

On double pleasures: leave thy cold dispute
Of what is fit, and not forsake thy cage,
Thy rope of sands,
Which petty thoughts have made, and made to thee
Good cable, to enforce and draw,
And be thy law,
While thou didst wink and wouldst not see.
Away; take heed:
I will abroad.
Call in thy death's-head there: tie up thy fears.
He that forbears
To suit and serve his need,
Deserves his load.
But as I raved and grew more fierce and wild
At every word,
Methought I heard one calling, Child:
And I replied, My Lord.

CXXIII. THE GLIMPSE.

Whither away delight?
Thou camest but now; wilt thou so soon depart,
And give me up to night?
For many weeks of lingering pain and smart
But one half hour of comfort for my heart?

Methinks delight should have
More skill in music, and keep better time.
Wert thou a wind or wave,
They quickly go and come with lesser crime:
Flowers look about, and die not in their prime.

Thy short abode and stay
Feeds not, but adds to the desire of meat.
Lime begg'd of old (they say)
A neighbour spring to cool his inward heat;
Which by the spring's access grew much more great.

In hope of thee my heart
Pick'd here and there a crumb, and would not die;
But constant to his part,
When as my fears foretold this, did reply,
A slender thread a gentle guest will tie.

Yet if the heart that wept
Must let thee go, return when it doth knock.
Although thy heap be kept
For future times, the droppings of the stock
May oft break forth, and never break the lock.

If I have more to spin,
The wheel shall go, so that thy stay be short.
Thou know'st how grief and sin
Disturb the work. O make me not their sport,
Who by thy coming may be made a court!

CXXIV. ASSURANCE.

O SPITEFUL bitter thought!
Bitterly spiteful thought! Couldst thou invent
So high a torture? Is such poison bought?
Doubtless, but in the way of punishment,
When wit contrives to meet with thee,
No such rank poison can there be.

Thou said'st but even now,
That all was not so fair, as I conceived,
Betwixt my God and me; that I allow
And coin large hopes; but, that I was deceived:
Either the league was broke, or near it;
And, that I had great cause to fear it.

And what to this? What more
Could poison, if it had a tongue, express?
What is thy aim? Wouldst thou unlock the door
To cold despairs, and gnawing pensiveness?
Wouldst thou raise devils? I see, I know,
I writ thy purpose long ago.

But I will to my Father,
Who heard thee say it. O most gracious Lord,
If all the hope and comfort that I gather,
Were from myself, I had not half a word,
Not half a letter to oppose
What is objected by my foes.

But thou art my desert:
And in this league, which now my foes invade,
Thou art not only to perform thy part,
But also mine; as when the league was made,
Thou didst at once thyself indite,
And hold my hand, while I did write.

Wherefore if thou canst fail,
Then can thy truth and I: but while rocks stand,
And rivers stir, thou canst not shrink or quail:
Yea, when both rocks and all things shall disband,
Then shalt thou be my rock and tower,
And make their ruin praise thy power.

Now foolish thought go on,
Spin out thy thread, and make thereof a coat
To hide thy shame: for thou hast cast a bone,
Which bounds on thee, and will not down thy throat.
What for itself love once began,
Now love and truth will end in man.

CXXV. THE CALL.

Come, my Way, my Truth, my Life:
Such a Way, as gives us breath:
Such a Truth, as ends all strife:
Such a Life, as killeth death.

Come, my Light, my Feast, my Strength:
Such a Light, as shows a feast:
Such a Feast, as mends in length:
Such a Strength, as makes his guest.

Come, my Joy, my Love, my Heart:
Such a Joy, as none can move:
Such a Love, as none can part:
Such a Heart, as joys in love.

CXXVI. CLASPING OF HANDS.

Lord, thou art mine, and I am thine,
If mine I am: and thine much more,
Than I or ought, or can be mine.
Yet to be thine, doth me restore;

So that again I now am mine,
And with advantage mine the more.
Since this being mine, brings with it thine,
And thou with me dost thee restore.
If I without thee would be mine,
I neither should be mine nor thine.

Lord, I am thine, and thou art mine:
So mine thou art, that something more
I may presume thee mine, than thine.
For thou didst suffer to restore
Not thee, but me, and to be mine:
And with advantage mine the more,
Since thou in death wast none of thine,
Yet then as mine didst me restore.
O be mine still! still make me thine;
Or rather make no Thine and Mine!

CXXVII. PRAISE.

Lord, I will mean and speak thy praise,
Thy praise alone.
My busy heart shall spin it all my days:
And when it stops for want of store,
Then will I wring it with a sigh or groan,
That thou mayst yet have more.

When thou dost favour any action,
It runs, it flies:
All things concur to give it a perfection.
That which had but two legs before,
When thou dost bless, hath twelve: one wheel doth rise
To twenty then, or more.

But when thou dost on business blow,
It hangs, it clogs:
Not all the teams of Albion in a row
Can hale or draw it out of door.
Legs are but stumps, and Pharaoh's wheels but logs,
And struggling hinders more.

Thousands of things do thee employ
In ruling all
This spacious globe: Angels must have their joy,
Devils their rod, the sea his shore,
The winds their stint: and yet when I did call,
Thou heard'st my call, and more.

I have not lost one single tear:
But when mine eyes
Did weep to heaven, they found a bottle there
(As we have boxes for the poor)
Ready to take them in; yet of a size
That would contain much more.

But after thou hadst slipt a drop
From thy right eye
(Which there did hang like streamers near the top
Of some fair church, to show the sore
And bloody battle which thou once didst try)
The glass was full and more.

Wherefore I sing. Yet since my heart,
Though press'd, runs thin;
O that I might some other hearts convert,
And so take up at use good store:
That to thy chests there might be coming in
Both all my praise, and more!

CXXVIII. JOSEPH'S COAT.

Wounded I sing, tormented I endite,
  Thrown down I fall into a bed, and rest:
Sorrow hath changed its note: such is his will
Who changeth all things, as him pleaseth best.
  For well he knows, if but one grief and smart
Among my many had his full career,
Sure it would carry with it e'en my heart,
And both would run until they found a bier
  To fetch the body; both being due to grief.
But he hath spoil'd the race; and given to anguish
One of Joy's coats, 'ticing it with relief
To linger in me, and together languish.
  I live to show his power, who once did bring
  My joys to weep, and now my griefs to sing.

CXXIX. THE PULLEY.

When God at first made man,
Having a glass of blessing standing by;
Let us (said he) pour on him all we can:
Let the world's riches, which dispersed lie,
  Contract into a span.

So strength first made a way;
Then beauty flow'd, then wisdom, honour, pleasure:
When almost all was out, God made a stay,
Perceiving that alone, of all his treasure,
  Rest in the bottom lay.

For if I should (said he)
Bestow this jewel also on my creature,
He would adore my gifts instead of me,
And rest in Nature, not the God of Nature:
So both should losers be.

Yet let him keep the rest,
But keep them with repining restlessness:
Let him be rich and weary, that at least,
If goodness lead him not, yet weariness
May toss him to my breast.

CXXX. THE PRIESTHOOD.

Blest order, which in power dost so excel,
That with the one hand thou liftest to the sky,
And with the other throwest down to hell
In thy just censures; fain would I draw nigh;
Fain put thee on, exchanging my lay-sword
For that of the holy word.

But thou art fire, sacred and hallow'd fire;
And I but earth and clay: should I presume
To wear thy habit, the severe attire
My slender compositions might consume.
I am both foul and brittle, much unfit
To deal in holy Writ.

Yet have I often seen, by cunning hand
And force of fire, what curious things are made
Of wretched earth. Where once I scorn'd to stand,

That earth is fitted by the fire and trade
Of skilful artists, for the boards of those
Who make the bravest shows.

But since those great ones, be they ne'er so great,
Come from the earth, from whence those vessels come;
So that at once both feeder, dish, and meat,
Have one beginning and one final sum:
I do not greatly wonder at the sight,
If earth in earth delight.

But the holy men of God such vessels are,
As serve him up, who all the world commands.
When God vouchsafeth to become our fare,
Their hands convey him, who conveys their hands:
O what pure things, most pure must those things be,
Who bring my God to me!

Wherefore I dare not, I, put forth my hand
To hold the Ark, although it seem to shake
Through the old sins and new doctrines of our land.
Only, since God doth often vessels make
Of lowly matter for high uses meet,
I throw me at his feet.

There will I lie, until my Maker seek
For some mean stuff whereon to shew his skill:
Then is my time. The distance of the meek
Doth flatter power. Lest good come short of ill
In praising might, the poor do by submission
What pride by opposition.

CXXXI. THE SEARCH.

WHITHER, O, whither art thou fled,
My Lord, my Love?
My searches are my daily bread;
Yet never prove.

My knees pierce the earth, mine eyes the sky:
And yet the sphere
And centre both to me deny
That thou art there.

Yet can I mark how herbs below
Grow green and gay;
As if to meet thee they did know,
While I decay.

Yet can I mark how stars above
Simper and shine,
As having keys unto thy love,
While poor I pine.

I sent a sigh to seek thee out,
Deep drawn in pain,
Wing'd like an arrow: but my scout
Returns in vain.

I turn'd another (having store)
Into a groan,
Because the search was dumb before:
But all was one.

Lord, dost thou some new fabric mould
Which favour wins,
And keeps thee present, leaving the old
Unto their sins?

Where is my God? what hidden place
Conceals thee still?
What covert dare eclipse thy face?
Is it thy will?

O let not that of any thing:
Let rather brass,
Or steel, or mountains be thy ring,
And I will pass.

Thy will such an intrenching is,
As passeth thought:
To it all strength, all subtilties
Are things of nought.

Thy will such a strange distance is,
As that to it
East and West touch, the poles do kiss,
And parallels meet.

Since then my grief must be as large
As is thy space,
Thy distance from me; see my charge,
Lord, see my case.

O take these bars, these lengths, away:
Turn, and restore me:
Be not Almighty, let me say,
Against, but for me.

When thou dost turn, and wilt be near;
What edge so keen,
What point so piercing can appear
To come between?

For as thy absence doth excel
All distance known:
So doth thy nearness bear the bell,
Making two one.

CXXXII. GRIEF.

O WHO will give me tears? Come all ye springs,
Dwell in my head and eyes: come, clouds, and rain:
My grief hath need of all the watery things,
That nature hath produced. Let every vein
Suck up a river to supply mine eyes,
My weary weeping eyes too dry for me,
Unless they get new conduits, new supplies,
To bear them out, and with my state agree.
What are two shallow fords, two little spouts
Of a less world? the greater is but small,
A narrow cupboard for my griefs and doubts,
Which want provision in the midst of all.
Verses, ye are too fine a thing, too wise
For my rough sorrows: cease, be dumb and mute,
Give up your feet and running to mine eyes,
And keep your measures for some lover's lute,
Whose grief allows him music and a rhyme:
For mine excludes both measure, tune, and time.
Alas, my God!

CXXXIII. THE CROSS.

WHAT is this strange and uncouth thing
To make me sigh, and seek, and faint, and die,
Until I had some place, where I might sing,
And serve thee; and not only I,
But all my wealth, and family might combine
To set thy honour up, as our design.

And then when after much delay,
Much wrestling, many a combat, this dear end,
So much desired, is given, to take away
My power to serve thee: to unbend
All my abilities, my designs confound,
And lay my threatenings bleeding on the ground.

One ague dwelleth in my bones,
Another in my soul (the memory
What I would do for thee, if once my groans
Could be allow'd for harmony)
I am in all a weak disabled thing,
Save in the sight thereof, where strength doth sting.

Besides, things sort not to my will,
E'en when my will doth study thy renown:
Thou turnest the edge of all things on me still,
Taking me up to throw me down:
So that, e'en when my hopes seem to be sped,
I am to grief alive, to them as dead.

To have my aim, and yet to be
Farther from it than when I bent my bow;

To make my hopes my torture, and the fee
Of all my woes another woe,
Is in the midst of delicates to need,
And e'en in Paradise to be a weed.

Ah, my dear Father, ease my smart!
These contrarieties crush me: these cross actions
Do wind a rope about, and cut my heart:
And yet since these thy contradictions
Are properly a cross felt by thy Son,
With but four words, my words, Thy will be done.

CXXXIV. THE FLOWER.

How fresh, O Lord, how sweet and clean
Are thy returns! e'en as the flowers in spring;
To which, besides their own demean,
The late-past frosts tributes of pleasure bring.
Grief melts away
Like snow in May,
As if there were no such cold thing.

Who would have thought my shrivel'd heart
Could have recover'd greenness? It was gone
Quite under ground; as flowers depart
To see their mother-root, when they have blown;
Where they together
All the hard weather,
Dead to the world, keep house unknown.

These are thy wonders, Lord of power,
Killing and quickening, bringing down to hell
And up to heaven in an hour;
Making a chiming of a passing-bell.
We say amiss,
This or that is:
Thy word is all, if we could spell.

O that I once past changing were,
Fast in thy Paradise, where no flower can wither!
Many a spring I shoot up fair,
Offering at heaven, growing and groaning thither:
Nor doth my flower
Want a spring-shower,
My sins and I joining together.

But while I grow in a straight line,
Still upwards bent, as if heaven were mine own,
Thy anger comes, and I decline:
What frost to that? what pole is not the zone
Where all things burn,
When thou dost turn,
And the least frown of thine is shown?

And now in age I bud again,
After so many deaths I live and write;
I once more smell the dew and rain,
And relish versing: O my only light,
It cannot be
That I am he,
On whom thy tempests fell all night.

These are thy wonders, Lord of love,
To make us see we are but flowers that glide:

He who craves all the mind,
And all the soul, and strength, and time,
If the words only rhyme,
Justly complains, that somewhat is behind
To make his verse, or write a hymn in kind.

Whereas if the heart be moved,
Although the verse be somewhat scant,
God doth supply the want.
As when the heart says (sighing to be approved)
O, could I love! and stops; God writeth, Loved.

CXXXVIII. THE ANSWER.

My comforts drop and melt away like snow:
I shake my head, and all the thoughts and ends,
Which my fierce youth did bandy, fall and flow
Like leaves about me, or like summer friends,
Flies of estates and sunshine. But to all,
Who think me eager, hot, and undertaking,
But in my prosecutions slack and small;
As a young exhalation, newly waking,
Scorns his first bed of dirt, and means the sky;
But cooling by the way, grows pursy and slow,
And settling to a cloud, doth live and die
In that dark state of tears: to all, that so
Show me, and set me, I have one reply,
Which they that know the rest, know more than I.

CXXXIX. A DIALOGUE-ANTHEM.

CHRISTIAN, DEATH.

Chr. Alas, poor death! where is thy glory?
Where is thy famous force, thy ancient sting?

Dea. Alas, poor mortal, void of story,
Go spell and read how I have kill'd thy king.

Chr. Poor death! and who was hurt thereby?
Thy curse being laid on him makes thee accurst.

Dea. Let losers talk, yet thou shalt die;
These arms shall crush thee. *Chr.* Spare not, do thy worst.
I shall be one day better than before:
Thou so much worse, that thou shalt be no more.

CXL. THE WATER-COURSE.

Thou who dost dwell and linger here below,
Since the condition of this world is frail,
Where of all plants afflictions soonest grow;
If troubles overtake thee, do not wail:
For who can look for less, that lovet { Life. / Strife.

But rather turn the pipe, and water's course
To serve thy sins, and furnish thee with store
Of sovereign tears, springing from true remorse:
That so in pureness thou mayst him adore
Who gives to man, as he sees fit, { Salvation. / Damnation.

CXLI. SELF-CONDEMNATION.

Thou who condemnest Jewish hate,
For choosing Barabbas a murderer
Before the Lord of glory;
Look back upon thine own estate,
Call home thine eye (that busy wanderer)
That choice may be thy story.

He that doth love, and love amiss
This world's delights before true Christian joy,
Hath made a Jewish choice:
The world an ancient murderer is;
Thousands of souls it hath and doth destroy
With her enchanting voice.

He that hath made a sorry wedding
Between his soul and gold, and hath preferr'd
False gain before the true,
Hath done what he condemns in reading:
For he hath sold for money his dear Lord,
And is a Judas-Jew.

Thus we prevent the last great day,
And judge ourselves. That light which sin and passion
Did before dim and choke,
When once those snuffs are ta'en away,
Shines bright and clear, e'en unto condemnation,
Without excuse or cloak.

CXLII. BITTER-SWEET.

Ah, my dear angry Lord,
Since thou dost love, yet strike;
Cast down, yet help afford;
Sure I will do the like.

I will complain, yet praise;
I will bewail, approve:
And all my sour-sweet days
I will lament, and love.

CXLIII. THE GLANCE.

When first thy sweet and gracious eye
Vouchsafed e'en in the midst of youth and night
To look upon me, who before did lie
Weltering in sin;
I felt a sugar'd strange delight,
Passing all cordials made by any art,
Bedew, embalm, and overrun my heart,
And take it in.

Since that time many a bitter storm
My soul hath felt, e'en able to destroy,
Had the malicious and ill-meaning harm
His swing and sway:
But still thy sweet original joy,
Sprung from thine eye, did work within my soul,
And surging griefs, when they grew bold, control,
And got the day.

If thy first glance so powerful be,
A mirth but open'd, and seal'd up again;
What wonders shall we feel, when we shall see
Thy full-eyed love!
When thou shalt look us out of pain,
And one aspect of thine spend in delight
More than a thousand suns disburse in light,
In Heaven above.

CXLIV. THE TWENTY-THIRD PSALM.

The God of love my shepherd is,
And he that doth me feed:
While he is mine, and I am his,
What can I want or need?

He leads me to the tender grass,
Where I both feed and rest;
Then to the streams that gently pass:
In both I have the best.

Or if I stray, he doth convert,
And bring my mind in frame:

And all this not for my desert,
But for his holy name.

Yea, in death's shady black abode
Well may I walk, not fear:
For thou art with me, and thy rod
To guide, thy staff to bear.

Nay, thou dost make me sit and dine,
E'en in my enemies' sight;
My head with oil, my cup with wine
Runs over day and night.

Surely thy sweet and wondrous love
Shall measure all my days;
And as it never shall remove,
So neither shall my praise.

CXLV. MARY MAGDALEN.

When blessed Mary wiped her Saviour's feet,
(Whose precepts she had trampled on before)
And wore them for a jewel on her head,
Showing his steps should be the street,
Wherein she thenceforth evermore
With pensive humbleness would live and tread:

She being stain'd herself, why did she strive
To make him clean, who could not be defiled?
Why kept she not her tears for her own faults,

And not his feet? Though we could dive
In tears like seas, our sins are piled
Deeper than they, in words, and works, and thoughts.

Dear soul, she knew who did vouchsafe and deign
To bear her filth; and that her sins did dash
E'en God himself: wherefore she was not loath,
As she had brought wherewith to stain,
So to bring in wherewith to wash:
And yet in washing one, she washed both.

CXLVI. AARON.

Holiness on the head,
Light and perfections on the breast,
Harmonious bells below, raising the dead
To lead them unto life and rest.
Thus are true Aarons drest.

Profaneness in my head,
Defects and darkness in my breast,
A noise of passions ringing me for dead
Unto a place where is no rest:
Poor priest thus am I drest.

Only another head
I have, another heart and breast,
Another music, making live, not dead,
Without whom I could have no rest:
In him I am well drest.

Christ is my only head,
My alone only heart and breast,
My only music, striking me e'en dead;
That to the old man I may rest,
And be in him new drest.

So holy in my head,
Perfect and light in my dear breast,
My doctrine tuned by Christ, (who is not dead,
But lives in me while I do rest)
Come, people; Aaron's drest.

CXLVII. THE ODOUR.

2 COR. II.

How sweetly doth My Master sound! My Master!
As ambergris leaves a rich scent
Unto the taster:
So do these words a sweet content,
An oriental fragrancy, My Master.

With these all day I do perfume my mind,
My mind e'en thrust into them both;
That I might find
What cordials make this curious broth,
This broth of smells, that feeds and fats my mind.

My Master, shall I speak? O that to thee
My Servant were a little so,
As flesh may be;
That these two words might creep and grow
To some degree of spiciness to thee!

Then should the Pomander, which was before
A speaking sweet, mend by reflection,
And tell me more:
For pardon of my imperfection
Would warm and work it sweeter than before,

For when My Master, which alone is sweet,
And e'en in my unworthiness pleasing,
Shall call and meet,
My servant, as thee not displeasing,
That call is but the breathing of the sweet.

This breathing would with gains by sweetening me
(As sweet things traffic when they meet)
Return to thee.
And so this new commerce and sweet
Should all my life employ, and busy me.

CXLVIII. THE FOIL.

If we could see below
The sphere of virtue, and each shining grace,
As plainly as that above doth show;
This were the better sky, the brighter place.

God hath made stars the foil
To set off virtues; griefs to set off sinning:
Yet in this wretched world we toil,
As if grief were not foul, nor virtue winning.

CXLIX. THE FORERUNNERS.

THE harbingers are come. See, see their mark;
White is their colour, and behold my head.
But must they have my brain? must they dispark
Those sparkling notions, which therein were bred?
Must dulness turn me to a clod?
Yet have they left me, Thou art still my God.

Good men ye be, to leave me my best room,
E'en all my heart, and what is lodged there:
I pass not, I, what of the rest become,
So, Thou art still my God, be out of fear.
He will be pleased with that ditty;
And if I please him, I write fine and witty.

Farewell sweet phrases, lovely metaphors:
But will ye leave me thus? when ye before
Of stews and brothels only knew the doors,
Then did I wash you with my tears, and more,
Brought you to Church well drest and clad:
My God must have my best, e'en all I had.

Lovely enchanting language, sugarcane,
Honey of roses, whither wilt thou fly?
Hath some fond lover 'ticed thee to thy bane?
And wilt thou leave the Church, and love a sty?
Fy, thou wilt soil thy broider'd coat,
And hurt thyself, and him that sings the note.

Let foolish lovers, if they will love dung,
With canvass, not with arras clothe their shame:

Let folly speak in her own native tongue.
True beauty dwells on high: ours is a flame
But borrow'd thence to light us thither.
Beauty and beauteous words should go together.

Yet if you go, I pass not; take your way:
For, Thou art still my God, is all that ye
Perhaps with more embellishment can say.
Go, birds of spring: let winter have his fee;
Let a bleak paleness chalk the door,
So all within be livelier than before.

CL. THE ROSE.

Press me not to take more pleasure
In this world of sugar'd lies,
And to use a larger measure
Than my strict, yet welcome size.

First, there is no pleasure here:
Colour'd griefs indeed there are,
Blushing woes, that look as clear,
As if they could beauty spare.

Or if such deceits there be,
Such delights I meant to say;
There are no such things to me,
Who have pass'd my right away.

But I will not much oppose
Unto what you now advise:
Only take this gentle rose,
And therein my answer lies.

What is fairer than a rose?
What is sweeter? yet it purgeth.
Purgings enmity disclose,
Enmity forbearance urgeth.

If then all that worldlings prize
Be contracted to a rose;
Sweetly there indeed it lies,
But it biteth in the close.

So this flower doth judge and sentence
Worldly joys to be a scourge:
For they all produce repentance,
And repentance is a purge.

But I health, not physic choose:
Only though I you oppose,
Say that fairly I refuse,
For my answer is a rose.

CLI. DISCIPLINE.

Throw away thy rod,
Throw away thy wrath:
O my God,
Take the gentle path.

For my heart's desire
Unto thine is bent:
I aspire
To a full consent.

Not a word or look
I affect to own,
But by book,
And thy book alone.

Though I fail, I weep:
Though I halt in pace,
Yet I creep
To the throne of grace.

Then let wrath remove;
Love will do the deed:
For with love
Stony hearts will bleed.

Love is swift of foot;
Love's a man of war,
And can shoot,
And can hit from far.

Who can 'scape his bow?
That which wrought on thee,
Brought thee low,
Needs must work on me.

Throw away thy rod;
Though man frailties hath,
Thou art God:
Throw away thy wrath.

CLII. THE INVITATION.

Come ye hither all, whose taste
Is your waste;
Save your cost, and mend your fare.
God is here prepared and dress'd,
And the feast,
God, in whom all dainties are.

Come ye hither all, whom wine
Doth define,
Naming you not to your good:
Weep what ye have drunk amiss,
And drink this,
Which before ye drink is blood.

Come ye hither all, whom pain
Doth arraign,
Bringing all your sins to sight:
Taste and fear not: God is here
In this cheer,
And on sin doth cast the fright.

Come ye hither all, whom joy
Doth destroy,
While ye graze without your bounds:
Here is joy that drowneth quite
Your delight,
As a flood the lower grounds.

Come ye hither all, whose love
Is your dove,

And exalts you to the sky:
Here is love, which, having breath
E'en in death,
After death can never die.

Lord I have invited all,
And I shall
Still invite, still call to thee:
For it seems but just and right
In my sight,
Where is all, there all should be.

CLIII. THE BANQUET.

Welcome sweet and sacred cheer,
Welcome dear;
With me, in me, live and dwell:
For thy neatness passeth sight,
Thy delight
Passeth tongue to taste or tell.

O what sweetness from the bowl
Fills my soul,
Such as is, and makes divine!
Is some star (fled from the sphere)
Melted there,
As we sugar melt in wine?

Or hath sweetness in the bread
Made a head
To subdue the smell of sin,
Flowers, and gums, and powders giving
All their living,
Lest the enemy should win?

Doubtless neither star nor flower
Hath the power
Such a sweetness to impart:
Only God, who gives perfumes,
Flesh assumes,
And with it perfumes my heart.

But as Pomanders and wood
Still are good,
Yet being bruised are better scented;
God, to show how far his love
Could improve,
Here, as broken, is presented.

When I had forgot my birth,
And on earth
In delights of earth was drown'd;
God took blood, and needs would be
Spilt with me,
And so found me on the ground.

Having raised me to look up,
In a cup
Sweetly he doth meet my taste.
But I still being low and short,
Far from court,
Wine becomes a wing at last.

For with it alone I fly
To the sky:
Where I wipe mine eyes, and see
What I seek, for what I sue;
Him I view
Who hath done so much for me.

Let the wonder of this pity
Be my ditty,
And take up my lines and life:
Hearken under pain of death,
Hands and breath,
Strive in this, and love the strife.

CLIV. THE POSY.

Let wits contest,
And with their words and posies windows fill:
Less than the least
Of all thy mercies, is my posy still.

This on my ring,
This by my picture, in my book I write;
Whether I sing,
Or say, or dictate, this is my delight.

Invention rest;
Comparisons go play; wit use thy will:
Less than the least
Of all God's mercies, is my posy still.

CLV. A PARODY.

Soul's joy, when thou art gone,
And I alone,
Which cannot be,
Because thou dost abide with me,
And I depend on thee;

Yet when thou dost suppress
The cheerfulness
Of thy abode,
And in my powers not stir abroad,
But leave me to my load:

O what a damp and shade
Doth me invade!
No stormy night
Can so afflict or so affright
As thy eclipsed light.

Ah Lord! do not withdraw,
Lest want of awe
Make sin appear;
And when thou dost but shine less clear,
Say that thou art not here.

And then what life I have,
While sin doth rave,
And falsely boast,
That I may seek, but thou art lost;
Thou and alone thou know'st.

O what a deadly cold
Doth me infold!
I half believe,
That Sin says true: but while I grieve,
Thou comest and dost relieve.

CLVI. THE ELIXIR.

TEACH me, my God and King,
In all things thee to see,
And what I do in any thing,
To do it as for thee:

Not rudely, as a beast,
To run into an action;
But still to make thee prepossest,
And give it his perfection.

A man that looks on glass,
On it may stay his eye;
Or if he pleaseth, through it pass,
And then the heaven espy.

All may of thee partake:
Nothing can be so mean,
Which with his tincture (for thy sake)
Will not grow bright and clean.

A servant with this clause
Makes drudgery divine:
Who sweeps a room, as for thy laws,
Makes that and the action fine.

This is the famous stone
That turneth all to gold:
For that which God doth touch and own
Cannot for less be told.

CLVII. A WREATH.

A WREATHED garland of deserved praise,
Of praise deserved, unto thee I give,
I give to thee, who knowest all my ways,
My crooked winding ways, wherein I live,
Wherein I die, not live; for life is straight,
Straight as a line, and ever tends to thee,
To thee, who art more far above deceit,
Than deceit seems above simplicity.
Give me simplicity, that I may live,
So live and like, that I may know thy ways,
Know them and practise them: then shall I give
For this poor wreath, give thee a crown of praise.

CLVIII. DEATH.

DEATH, thou wast once an uncouth hideous thing,
Nothing but bones,
The sad effect of sadder groans:
Thy mouth was open, but thou couldst not sing.

For we consider'd thee as at some six
Or ten years hence,
After the loss of life and sense,
Flesh being turn'd to dust, and bones to sticks.

We look'd on this side of thee, shooting short;
Where we did find

The shells of fledge souls left behind,
Dry dust, which sheds no tears, but may extort.

But since our Saviour's death did put some blood
Into thy face;
Thou art grown fair and full of grace,
Much in request, much sought for, as a good.

For we do now behold thee gay and glad,
As at doomsday;
When souls shall wear their new array,
And all thy bones with beauty shall be clad.

Therefore we can go die as sleep, and trust
Half that we have
Unto an honest faithful grave;
Making our pillows either down, or dust.

CLIX. DOOMSDAY.

Come away,
Make no delay.
Summon all the dust to rise,
Till it stir, and rub the eyes;
While this member jogs the other,
Each one whispering, Live you, brother?

Come away,
Make this the day.
Dust, alas, no music feels,
But thy trumpet: then it kneels,
As peculiar notes and strains
Cure Tarantula's raging pains.

Come away,
O make no stay!
Let the graves make their confession,
Lest at length they plead possession:
Flesh's stubbornness may have
Read that lesson to the grave.

Come away,
Thy flock doth stray.
Some to winds their body lend,
And in them may drown a friend:
Some in noisome vapours grow
To a plague and public woe.

Come away,
Help our decay.
Man is out of order hurl'd,
Parcell'd out to all the world.
Lord, thy broken consort raise,
And the music shall be praise.

CLX. JUDGMENT.

Almighty Judge, how shall poor wretches brook
Thy dreadful look,
Able a heart of iron to appal,
When thou shalt call
For every man's peculiar book?

What others mean to do, I know not well;
Yet I hear tell,

That some will turn thee to some leaves therein
So void of sin,
That they in merit shall excel.

But I resolve, when thou shalt call for mine,
That to decline,
And thrust a Testament into thy hand:
Let that be scann'd.
There thou shalt find my faults are thine.

CLXI. HEAVEN.

O WHO will show me those delights on high?
ECHO. I.
Thou Echo, thou art mortal, all men know.
ECHO. No.
Wert thou not born among the trees and leaves?
ECHO. Leaves.
And are there any leaves, that still abide?
ECHO. Bide.
What leaves are they? impart the matter wholly.
ECHO. Holy.
Are holy leaves the Echo then of bliss?
ECHO. Yes.
Then tell me, what is that supreme delight?
ECHO. Light.
Light to the mind: what shall the will enjoy?
ECHO. Joy.
But are there cares and business with the pleasure?
ECHO. Leisure.
Light, joy, and leisure; but shall they persever?
ECHO. Ever.

CLXII. LOVE.

LOVE bade me welcome : yet my soul drew back,
Guilty of dust and sin.
But quick-eyed Love, observing me grow slack
From my first entrance in,
Drew nearer to me, sweetly questioning,
If I lack'd any thing.

A guest, I answer'd, worthy to be here :
Love said, you shall be he.
I the unkind, ungrateful ? Ah my dear,
I cannot look on thee.
Love took my hand, and smiling did reply,
Who made the eyes but I ?

Truth Lord, but I have marr'd them : let my shame
Go where it doth deserve.
And know you not, says Love, who bore the blame ?
My dear, then I will serve.
You must sit down, says Love, and taste my meat :
So I did sit and eat.

FINIS.

GLORY BE TO GOD ON HIGH, AND ON EARTH PEACE,
GOOD WILL TOWARDS MEN.

II. THE CHURCH MILITANT.

Almighty Lord, who from thy glorious throne
Seest and rulest all things e'en as one:
The smallest ant or atom knows thy power,
Known also to each minute of an hour:
Much more do Common-weals acknowledge thee,
And wrap their policies in thy decree,
Complying with thy counsels, doing nought
Which doth not meet with an eternal thought.
But above all, thy Church and Spouse doth prove
Not the decrees of power, but bands of love.
Early didst thou arise to plant this vine,
Which might the more endear it to be thine.
Spices come from the East; so did thy Spouse,
Trim as the light, sweet as the laden boughs
Of Noah's shady vine, chaste as the dove,
Prepared and fitted to receive thy love.
The course was westward, that the sun might light
As well our understanding as our sight.
Where the Ark did rest, there Abraham began
To bring the other Ark from Canaan.
Moses pursued this: but King Solomon
Finish'd and fix'd the old religion.
When it grew loose, the Jews did hope in vain
By nailing Christ to fasten it again.
But to the Gentiles he bore cross and all,
Rending with earthquakes the partition-wall.

Only whereas the Ark in glory shone,
Now with the cross, as with a staff, alone,
Religion, like a pilgrim, westward bent,
Knocking at all doors, ever as she went.
Yet as the sun, though forward be his flight,
Listens behind him, and allows some light,
Till all depart: so went the Church her way,
Letting, while one foot stept, the other stay
Among the eastern nations for a time,
Till both removed to the western clime.
To Egypt first she came, where they did prove
Wonders of anger once, but now of love.
The ten Commandments there did flourish more
Than the ten bitter plagues had done before.
Holy Macarius and great Anthony
Made Pharaoh Moses, changing the history.
Goshen was darkness, Egypt full of lights,
Nilus for monsters brought forth Israelites.
Such power hath mighty Baptism to produce,
For things misshapen, things of highest use.
How dear to me, O God, thy counsels are!
Who may with thee compare?
Religion thence fled into Greece, where arts
Gave her the highest place in all men's hearts.
Learning was posed, Philosophy was set,
Sophisters taken in a fisher's net.
Plato and Aristotle were at a loss,
And wheel'd about again to spell Christ's-Cross.
Prayers chased syllogisms into their den,
And Ergo was transform'd into Amen.
Though Greece took horse as soon as Egypt did,
And Rome as both; yet Egypt faster rid,
And spent her period and prefixed time
Before the other. Greece being past her prime,

Religion went to Rome, subduing those,
Who, that they might subdue, made all their foes.
The Warrior his dear scars no more resounds,
But seems to yield Christ hath the greater wounds;
Wounds willingly endured to work his bliss,
Who by an ambush lost his Paradise.
The great heart stoops, and taketh from the dust
A sad repentance, not the spoils of lust:
Quitting his spear, lest it should pierce again
Him in his members, who for him was slain.
The Shepherd's hook grew to a sceptre here,
Giving new names and numbers to the year.
But the Empire dwelt in Greece, to comfort them,
Who were cut short in Alexander's stem.
In both of these Prowess and Arts did tame
And tune men's hearts against the Gospel came:
Which using, and not fearing skill in the one,
Or strength in the other, did erect her throne.
Many a rent and struggling the empire knew,
(As dying things are wont,) until it flew
At length to Germany, still westward bending,
And there the Church's festival attending:
That as before Empire and Arts made way,
(For no less Harbingers would serve than they)
So they might still, and point us out the place,
Where first the Church should raise her downcast face.
Strength levels grounds, Art makes a garden there;
Then showers Religion, and makes all to bear.
Spain in the Empire shared with Germany,
But England in the higher victory;
Giving the Church a crown to keep her state,
And not go less than she had done of late.
Constantine's British line meant this of old,

And did this mystery wrap up and fold
Within a sheet of paper, which was rent
From time's great Chronicle, and hither sent.
Thus both the Church and Sun together ran
Unto the farthest old meridian.
How dear to me, O God, thy counsels are!
Who may with thee compare?
Much about one and the same time and place,
Both where and when the Church began her race,
Sin did set out of Eastern Babylon,
And travell'd westward also: journeying on
He chid the Church away, where'er he came,
Breaking her peace, and tainting her good name.
At first he got to Egypt, and did sow
Gardens of gods, which every year did grow,
Fresh and fine deities. They were at great cost,
Who for a god clearly a sallet lost.
Ah, what a thing is man devoid of grace,
Adoring garlic with an humble face,
Begging his food of that which he may eat,
Starving the while he worshippeth his meat!
Who makes a root his god, how low is he,
If God and man be sever'd infinitely!
What wretchedness can give him any room,
Whose house is foul, while he adores his broom?
None will believe this now, though money be
In us the same transplanted foolery.
Thus Sin in Egypt sneaked for a while;
His highest was an ox or crocodile, [pass,
And such poor game. Thence he to Greece doth
And being craftier much than Goodness was,
He left behind him garrisons of sins,
To make good that which every day he wins.
Here Sin took heart, and for a garden-bed

Rich shrines and oracles he purchased :
He grew a gallant, and would needs foretell
As well what should befall, as what befell.
Nay, he became a poet, and would serve
His pills of sublimate in that conserve.
The world came both with hands and purses full
To this great lottery, and all would pull.
But all was glorious cheating, brave deceit,
Where some poor truths were shuffled for a bait
To credit him, and to discredit those,
Who after him should braver truths disclose.
From Greece he went to Rome : and as before
He was a God, now he's an Emperor.
Nero and others lodged him bravely there,
Put him in trust to rule the Roman sphere.
Glory was his chief instrument of old :
Pleasure succeeded straight, when that grew cold :
Which soon was blown to such a mighty flame,
That though our Saviour did destroy the game,
Disparking oracles, and all their treasure,
Setting affliction to encounter pleasure ;
Yet did a rogue with hope of carnal joy,
Cheat the most subtle nations. Who so coy,
So trim, as Greece and Egypt ? yet their hearts
Are given over, for their curious arts,
To such Mahometan stupidities,
As the old Heathen would deem prodigies.
How dear to me, O God, thy counsels are !
Who may with thee compare ?
Only the West and Rome do keep them free
From this contagious infidelity.
And this is all the Rock, whereof they boast,
As Rome will one day find unto her cost.
Sin being not able to extirpate quite
The Churches here, bravely resolved one night

To be a Churchman too, and wear a Mitre:
The old debauched ruffian would turn writer.
I saw him in his study, where he sate
Busy in controversies sprung of late.
A gown and pen became him wondrous well:
His grave aspect had more of heaven than hell:
Only there was a handsome picture by,
To which he lent a corner of his eye.
As Sin in Greece a Prophet was before,
And in old Rome a mighty Emperor;
So now being Priest he plainly did profess
To make a jest of Christ's three offices:
The rather since his scatter'd jugglings were
United now in one both time and sphere.
From Egypt he took petty deities,
From Greece oracular infallibilities,
And from old Rome the liberty of pleasure,
By free dispensings of the Church's treasure.
Then in memorial of his ancient throne,
He did surname his palace, Babylon.
Yet that he might the better gain all nations,
And make that name good by their transmigrations;
From all these places, but at divers times,
He took fine vizards to conceal his crimes:
From Egypt Anchorism and retiredness,
Learning from Greece, from old Rome stateliness;
And blending these, he carried all men's eyes,
While Truth sat by, counting his victories:
Whereby he grew apace and scorn'd to use
Such force as once did captivate the Jews;
But did bewitch, and finally work each nation
Into a voluntary transmigration.
All post to Rome: Princes submit their necks
Either to his public foot or private tricks.
It did not fit his gravity to stir,

Nor his long journey, nor his gout and fur :
Therefore he sent out able ministers,
Statesmen within, without doors cloisterers;
Who without spear, or sword, or other drum,
Than what was in their tongue, did overcome;
And having conquer'd, did so strangely rule,
That the whole world did seem but the Pope's mule.
As new and old Rome did one Empire twist;
So both together are one Antichrist;
Yet with two faces, as their Janus was,
Being in this their old crack'd looking-glass.
How dear to me, O God, thy counsels are!
Who may with thee compare?
Thus Sin triumphs in Western Babylon;
Yet not as Sin, but as Religion.
Of his two thrones he made the latter best,
And to defray his journey from the East.
Old and new Babylon are to hell and night,
As is the moon and sun to heaven and light.
When the one did set, the other did take place,
Confronting equally the law and grace.
They are hell's land marks, Satan's double crest:
They are Sin's nipples, feeding the east and west.
But as in vice the copy still exceeds
The pattern, but not so in virtuous deeds;
So though Sin made his latter seat the better,
The latter Church is to the first a debtor.
The second Temple could not reach the first:
And the late reformation never durst
Compare with ancient times and purer years;
But in the Jews and us deserveth tears.
Nay, it shall every year decrease and fade;
Till such a darkness do the world invade
At Christ's last coming, as his first did find:
Yet must there such proportions be assign'd

To these diminishings, as is between
The spacious world and Jewry to be seen.
Religion stands on tiptoe in our land,
Ready to pass to the American strand.
When height of malice, and prodigious lusts,
Impudent sinning, witchcrafts, and distrusts,
(The marks of future bane,) shall fill our cup
Unto the brim, and make our measure up;
When Seine shall swallow Tiber, and the Thames
By letting in them both, pollutes her streams:
When Italy of us shall have her will,
And all her calendar of sins fulfill;
Whereby one may foretell, what sins next year
Shall both in France and England domineer:
Then shall Religion to America flee:
They have their times of Gospel, e'en as we.
My God, thou dost prepare for them a way,
By carrying first their gold from them away:
For gold and grace did never yet agree:
Religion always sides with poverty.
We think we rob them, but we think amiss:
We are more poor, and they more rich by this.
Thou wilt revenge their quarrel, making grace
To pay our debts, and leave our ancient place
To go to them, while that, which now their nation
But lends to us, shall be our desolation.
Yet as the Church shall thither westward fly,
So Sin shall trace and dog her instantly:
They have their period also and set times
Both for their virtuous actions and their crimes.
And where of old the Empire and the Arts
Usher'd the Gospel ever in men's hearts,
Spain hath done one; when Arts perform the other,
TheChurch shall come,and Sin theChurch shall smo-
That when they have accomplished the round, [ther:

And met in the east their first and ancient sound,
Judgment may meet them both, and search them
Thus do both lights, as well in Church as Sun, [round.
Light one another, and together run.
Thus also Sin and Darkness follow still
The Church and Sun with all their power and skill.
But as the sun still goes both west and east:
So also did the Church by going west
Still eastward go; because it drew more near
To time and place, where judgment shall appear.
How dear to me, O God, thy counsels are!
Who may with thee compare?

L'ENVOY.

KING of glory, King of peace,
With the one make war to cease;
With the other bless thy sheep,
Thee to love, in thee to sleep.
Let not Sin devour thy fold,
Bragging that thy blood is cold;
That thy death is also dead,
While his conquests daily spread;
That thy flesh hath lost his food,
And thy Cross is common wood.
Choke him, let him say no more,
But reserve his breath in store,
Till thy conquest and his fall
Make his sighs to use it all;
And then bargain with the wind
To discharge what is behind.

BLESSED BE GOD ALONE,
THRICE BLESSED THREE IN ONE.

III. MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

I. A SONNET.

SENT BY GEORGE HERBERT TO HIS MOTHER AS A NEW YEAR'S GIFT FROM CAMBRIDGE.

My God, where is that ancient heat towards thee,
Wherewith whole shoals of Martyrs once did burn,
Besides their other flames? Doth poetry
Wear Venus' livery? only serve her turn?
Why are not Sonnets made of thee? and layes
Upon thine altar burnt? Cannot thy love
Heighten a spirit to sound out thy praise
As well as any she? Cannot thy Dove
Outstrip their Cupid easily in flight?
Or, since thy ways are deep, and still the same,
Will not a verse run smooth that bears thy name!
Why doth that fire, which by thy power and might
Each breast does feel, no braver fuel choose
Than that, which one day, worms may chance refuse.
Sure Lord, there is enough in thee to dry
Oceans of ink; for, as the Deluge did
Cover the Earth, so doth thy Majesty:
Each cloud distils thy praise, and doth forbid
Poets to turn it to another use.
Roses and lilies speak thee; and to make
A pair of cheeks of them, is thy abuse.

Why should I women's eyes for crystal take?
Such poor invention burns in their low mind
Whose fire is wild, and doth not upward go
To praise, and on thee, Lord, some ink bestow.
Open the bones, and you shall nothing find
In the best face but filth; when Lord, in thee
The beauty lies, in the discovery.

II. INSCRIPTION

IN THE PARSONAGE, BEMERTON.

TO MY SUCCESSOR.

If thou chance for to find
A new House to thy mind
And built without thy Cost:
Be good to the Poor,
As God gives thee store,
And then my Labour's not lost.

III. ON LORD DANVERS.

Sacred marble, safely keep
His dust, who under thee must sleep,
Untill the years again restore
Their dead, and time shall be no more
Mean while, if he (which all things wears)
Does ruin thee, or if thy tears
Are shed for him; dissolve thy frame,
Thou art requited: for his fame,
His virtue, and his worth shall be
Another monument to thee.

IV. A PARADOX,*

(FROM A MS. COLLECTION FORMERLY DR. RAWLINSON'S, IN THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY, OXFORD.)

THAT THE SICK ARE IN A BETTER CASE, THEN THE WHOLE.

You who admire yourselves because
You neither groan nor weep,
And think it contrary to Nature's laws
To want one ounce of sleep,
Your strong belief
Acquits yourselves, and gives the sick all grief.

Your state to ours is contrary,
That makes you think us poor,
So Black-moors think us foul, and wee
Are quit with them, and more,
Nothing can see,
And judge of things but mediocrity.

The sick are in themselves a state
Which health hath nought to do.
How know you that our tears proceed from woe,
And not from better fate?
Since that mirth hath
Her waters also and desired bath.

---

* See a poem (No. xli.) in the Synagogue at the end of the volume.

How know you that the sighs we send
From want of breath proceed,
Not from excess ? and therefore we do spend
That which we do not need;
So trembling may
As well shew inward warbling, as decay.

Cease then to judge calamities
By outward form and shew,
But view yourselves, and inward turn your eyes,
Then you shall fully know
That your estate
Is, of the two, the far more desperate.

You always fear to feel those smarts
Which we but sometimes prove,
Each little comfort much affects our hearts,
None but gross joys you move:
Why then confess
Your fears in number more, your joys are less.

Then for yourselves not us embrace
Plaints to bad fortune due,
For though you visit us, and plaint or case,
We doubt much whether you
Come to our bed
To comfort us, or to be comforted.

IV. PARENTALIA.

AUCTORE G. HERBERT.*

MEMORIÆ MATRIS SACRUM.

1.

Ah Mater, quo te deplorem fonte? Dolores
Quæ guttæ poterunt enumerare meos?
Sicca meis lacrymis Thamesis vicina videtur,
Virtutumque choro siccior ipse tuo.
In flumen mœrore nigrum si funderer ardens,
Laudibus haud fierem sepia justa tuis.
Tantùm istæc scribo gratus, ne tu mihi tantùm
Mater: et ista Dolor nunc tibi Metra parit.

2.

Cornelliæ sanctæ, graves Semproniæ,
Et quicquid uspiam est severæ fœminæ,
Conferte lacrymas: Illa, quæ vos miscuit
Vestrasque laudes, poscit et mixtas genas.
Namque hanc ruinam salva Gravitas defleat,
Pudorque constet vel solutis crinibus;
Quandoque vultûs sola majestas, Dolor.

---

* Printed at the end of Dr. Donne's Sermon of Commemoration of the Lady Danvers, late wife of Sir John Danvers, preached at Chelsea, July 1, 1627, together with other commemorations of her by her son G. Herbert. Lond. 1627, 18mo.—See Barnabas Oley's Life of Herbert, p. civ. and Walton's Life, p. xviii. prefixed to Herbert's Remains.

Decus mulierum periit : et metuunt viri
Utrumque sexum dote ne mulctaverit.
Non illa soles terere comptu lubricos,
Struices superbas atque turritum caput
Molita, reliquum deinde garriens diem,
(Nam post Babelem linguæ adest confusio,)
Quin post modestam, qualis integras decet,
Substructionem capitis et nimbum brevem,
Animam recentem rite curavit sacris
Adorta numen acri et igneâ prece.
Dein familiam lustrat, et res prandii,
Horti, colique distributim pensitat.
Suum cuïque tempus et locus datur.
Inde exiguntur pensa crudo vespere.
Ratione certâ vita constat et domus,
Prudentèr inito quot-diebus calculo.
Totâ renident ædе decus et suavitas
Animo renidentes priùs. Sin rarior
Magnatis appulsu extulit se occasio,
Surrexit unà et illa, seseque extulit :
Occasione certat imò et obtinet.
Proh ? quantus imber, quanta labri comitas,
Lepos severus, Pallas mixta Gratiis ;
Loquitur numellas, compedes, et retia :
Aut si negotio hora sumenda est, rei
Per angiportus et mæandros labitur,
Ipsos Catones provocans oraculis.
Tum quanta tabulis artifex ? quæ scriptio ?
Bellum putamen, nucleus bellissimus
Sententiæ cum voce mirè convenit.
Volant per orbem literæ notissimæ :
O blanda dextra, neutiquam istoc pulveris,
Quò nunc recumbis, scriptio merita est tua,

Pactoli arena tibi tumulus est unicus.
Adde his trientem Musices, quæ molliens
Mulcensque dotes cæteras, visa est quasi
Cælestis harmoniæ breve præludium.
Quam mira tandem Sublevatrix pauperum?
Languentium baculus, teges jacentium,
Commune cordis palpitantis balsamum:
Benedictiones publicæ cingunt caput,
Cælique referunt et præoccupant modum.
Fatisco, referens tanta quæ numerant mei
Solùm dolores,—et dolores, stellulæ!
At tu qui ineptè hæc dicta censes filio,
Nato parentis auferens Encomium,
Abito trunce cum tuis pudoribus.
Ergo ipse solùm mutus atque excors ero
Strepente mundo tinnulis præconiis?
Mihine matris urna clausa est unico,
Herbæ exoletæ, ros-marinus aridus?
Matrine linguam refero, solùm ut mordeam?
Abito barde! Quàm piè istìc sum impudens?
Tu verò mater perpetìm laudabere
Nato dolenti: literæ hoc debent tibi
Quêis me educasti; sponte chartas illinunt
Fructum laborum consecutæ maximum
Laudando Matrem, cum repugnant inscii.

3.

Cur splendes, O Phœbe? ecquid demittere matrem
Ad nos cum radio tam rutilante potes?
At superat caput illa tuum, quantum ipsa cadaver
Mens superat; corpus solùm Elementa tenent.

Scilicet id splendes : hæc est tibi causa micandi
Et lucro apponis gaudia sancta tuo.
Verùm heus si nequeas cœlo demittere matrem,
Sitque omnis motûs nescia, tanta quies,
Fac radios saltèm ingemines, ut dextera tortos
Implicet, et matrem, matre manente, petam.

4.

Quid nugor calamo favens ?
Mater perpetuis uvida gaudiis,
Horto pro tenui colit
Edenem Boreæ flatibus invium.
Quin cœli mihi sunt mei,
Materni decus, et debita nominis,
Dumque his invigilo frequens
Stellarum socius, pellibus exuor.
Quare Sphæram egomet meam
Connixus, digitis impiger urgeo :
Te, Mater, celebrans diû,
Noctû te celebrans luminis æmulo.
Per te nascor in hunc globum,
Exemploque tuo nascor in alterum :
Bis tu mater eras mihi,
Ut currat paribus gloria tibiis.

5.

Horti, deliciæ Dominæ, marcescite tandem ;
Ornâstis capulum, nec superesse licet.
Ecce decus vestrum spinis horrescit, acutâ
Cultricem revocans anxietate manum :

Terram et funus olent flores : Dominæque cadaver
Contiguas stirpes afflat, eæque rosas.
In terram violæ capite inclinantur opaco,
Quæque domus Dominæ sit, gravitate docent.
Quare haud vos hortos, sed cæmeteria dico,
Dum torus absentem quisque reponit heram.
Eugè, perite omnes ; nec posthàc exeat ulla
Quæsitum Dominam gemma vel herba suam.
Cuncta ad radices redeant, tumulosque paternos ;
(Nempe sepulcra Satis numen inempta dedit)
Occidite ; aut sanè tantispèr vivite, donec
Vespere ros mœstis funus honestet aquis.

6.

Galene frustrà es, cur miserum premens
Tot quæstionum fluctibus obruis,
Arterias tractans micantes
Corporeæ fluidæque molis
Aegroto mentis ? quam neque pixides
Nec tarda possunt pharmaca consequi,
Utrumque si præderis Indum,
Ultrà animus spatiatur exlex.
Impos medendi, occidere si potes,
Nec sic parentem ducar ad optimam :
Ni sanctè, uti mater, recedam,
Morte magis viduabor illâ.
Quin cerne ut erres inscie, brachium
Tentando sanum : si calet, æstuans,
Ardore scribendi calescit,
Mater inest saliente venâ.
Si totus infler, si tumeam crepax,
Ne membra culpes, causa animo latet

Qui parturit laudes parentis :
Nec gravidis medicina tuta est.
Irregularis nunc habitus mihi est :
Non exigatur crasis ad alterum.
Quod tu febrem censes, salubre est
Atque animo medicatur unum.

7.

Pallida materni Genii atque exanguis imago,
In nebulas similesque tui res gaudia numquid
Mutata ? et pro matre mihi phantasma dolosum
Uberaque aerea hiscentem fallentia natum ?
Væ nubi pluviâ gravidæ, non lacte, measque
Ridenti lacrymas quibus unis concolor unda est.
Quin fugias ? mea non fuerat tam nubila Juno,
Tam segnis facies auroræ nescia vernæ,
Tam languens genitrix cineri supposta fugaci :
Verum augusta parens, sanctum os cæloque locandum
Quale paludosos jamjam lictura recessus
Prætulit Astræa, aut solio Themis alma vetusto
Pensilis, atque acri dirimens examine lites.
Hunc vultum ostendas, et tecum nobile spectrum
Quod superest vitæ, insumam : Solisque jugales
Ipse tuæ solùm adnectam, sine murmure, thensæ.
Nec querar ingratos, studiis dum tabidus insto,
Effluxisse dies,* suffocatamve Minervam,
Aut spes productas, barbataque somnia vertam
In vicium mundo sterili, cui cedo cometas

* The old edition has *suffocat amne Minervam*, which is evidently corrupt and unmeaning. The emendation will at once be admitted by the scholar.

Ipse suos, tanquam digno, pallentiaque astra.
Est mihi bis quinis laqueata domuncula tignis
Rure; brevisque hortus, cujus cum vellere florum
Luctatur spacium, qualem tamen eligit æqui
Judicii dominus, flores ut junctiùs halent
Stipati, rudibusque volis impervius hortus
Sit quasi fasciculus crescens, et nidus odorum.
Hìc ego tuque erimus, variæ suffitibus herbæ
Quotidiè pasti: tantùm verum indue vultum
Affectusque mei similem; nec languida misce
Ora meæ memori menti: ne dispare cultu
Pugnaces, teneros florum turbemus odores,
Atque inter reliquos horti crescentia fœtus
Nostra etiam paribus marcescant gaudia fatis.

8.

Parvam piamque dum lubentèr semitam
Grandi reæque præfero.
Carpsit malignum sidus hanc modestiam
Vinumque felle miscuit.
Hinc fremere totus et minari gestio
Ipsis severus orbibus,
Tandem prehensâ comiter lacernulâ
Susurrat aure quispiam,
Hæc fuerat olim potio Domini tui.
Gusto proboque Dolium.

9.

Hoc, Genitrix, scriptum proles tibi sedula mittit.
Siste parum cantus, dum legis ista, tuos.
Nôsse sui quid agant, quædam est quoque musica sanctis,

Quæque olim fuerat cura, manere potest.
Nos miserè flemus, solesque obducimus almos
Occiduis, tanquam duplice nube, genis.
Interea classem magnis Rex instruit ausis :
Nos autem flemus : res ea sola tuis.
Ecce solutura est, ventos causata morantes :
Sin pluviam : fletus suppeditâsset aquas.
Tillius incumbit Dano : Gallusque marinis :
Nos flendo : hæc nostrûm tessera sola ducum.
Sic ævum exigitur tardum, dum præpetis anni
Mille rotæ nimiis impediuntur aquis.
Plura tibi missurus eram (nam quæ mihi laurus,
Quod nectar, nisi cum te celebrare diem ?)
Sed partem in scriptis etiam dum lacryma poscit,
Diluit oppositas candidus humor aquas.

10.

Nempe hucusque notos tenebricosos,
Et mœstum nimio madore Cœlum,
Tellurisque Britannicæ salivam
Injustè satis arguit viator.
At te commoriente, Magna Mater,
Rectè, quem trahit, aerem repellit
Cum probro madidum, reumque difflat.
Nam te nunc Ager, Urbs, et Aula plorant :
Te nunc Anglia, Scotiæque binæ,
Quin te Cambria pervetusta deflet,
Deducens lacrymas prioris ævi
Ne seræ meritis tuis venirent.
Non est angulus uspiam serenus,
Nec cingit mare, nunc inundat omnes.

11.

Dum librata suis hæret radicibus ilex
Nescia Vulturnis cedere, firma manet.
Post ubi crudelem sentit divisa securem,
Quò placet oblato, mortua fertur, hero :
Arbor et ipse inversa vocor : dumque insitus almæ
Assideo Matri, robore vinco cedros.
Nunc sorti pateo, expositus sine matre procellis,
Lubricus, et superans mobilitate salum.
Tu radix, tu petra mihi firmissima, Mater
Ceu Polypus, chelis saxa prehendo tenax :
Non tibi nunc soli filum abrupere sorores
Dissutus videor funere et ipse tuo.
Unde vagans passim rectè vocer alter Ulysses,
Alteraque hæc tua mors, Ilias esto mihi.

12.

Facesse Stoica plebs, obambulans cautes.
Exuta strato carnis, ossibus constans,
Iisque siccis, adeo ut os Molossorum
Haud glubat inde tres teruncios escæ.
Dolere prohibes ? aut dolere me gentis
Adeò inficetæ, plumbeæ, Meduseæ,
Ad saxa speciem retrahentis humanam,
Tantoque nequioris optimâ Pyrrhâ.
At forte matrem perdere haud soles demens :
Quin nec potes ; cui præbuit Tigris partum.
Proinde parco belluis, nec irascor.

13.

EPITAPHIUM.

Hic sita fœminei laus et victoria sexus:
Virgo pudens, uxor fida, severa parens:
Magnatumque inopumque æquum certamen et ardor:
Nobilitate illos, hos pietate rapit.
Sic excelsa humilisque simul loca dissita junxit,
Quicquid habet tellus, quicquid et astra, fruens

14.

Ψυχῆς ἀσθενὲς ἔρκος, ἀμαυρὸν πνεύματος ἄγγος·
Τῷδε παρὰ τύμβῳ δίζεο, φίλε, μόνον.
Νῦ δ' αὐτῦ τάφος ἐς' ἀστήρ· φέγγος γὰρ ἐκείνυ
Φεγγώδη μόνον, ὡς ἔικος, ἔπαυλιν ἔχει.
Νῦν ὁράας ὅτι κάλλος ἀπείριτον ὠπὸς ἀπαυγῦς
Οὐ σαθρὸν, οὐδὲ μελῶν ἔπλετο, ἀλλὰ νοός.
Ὃς διὰ σωματίου πρότερον καὶ νῦν δι' Ὀλύμπυ
Ἀστράπτων, θυρίδων ὡς δία, νεῖμε σέλας.

15.

Μῆτερ, γυναικῶν ἄγλη, ἀνθρώπων ἔρις,
Ὀδυρμα Δαιμόνων, Θεοῦ γεώργιον,
Πῶς νῦν ἀφίπτασαι, γόυ καὶ κινδύνου
Ἡμᾶς λιποῦσα κυκλόθεν μεταιχμίυς.
Μενοῦνγε σοφίην, εἰ δ' ἀπηλλάχθαι χρεών,
Ζωῆς ξυνεργὸν σὴνδε διαθεῖναι τέκνοις

Ἔχρην φυγοῦσα, τὴν τ' ἐπιστήμην βίου.
Μενοῦν τὸ γλαφυρὸν, καὶ μελίῤῥοον τρόπων,
Λόγων τε φίλτρον, ὥστ' ἰσπεξελθεῖν λεών.
Νῦν δ' ὤχου ἐνθενδ' ὡς στρατὸς νικηφόρος
Φέρων τὸ πᾶν, κἄγων· ἢ ὡς Ἀπαρκτίας
Κήπου συνωθῶν ἀνθινὴν ἐυωδίαν,
Μιάν τ' ἄταρπον συμπορεύεσθαι δράσας.
Ἐγὼ δὲ ῥινὶ ξυμβαλὼν ἰχνηλατῶ
Εἴπου τύχοιμι τῆςδ' ἀρίστης ἀτραποῦ,
Θανεῖν συνειδὼς κρεῖττον, ἢ ἄλλως βιοῦν.

16.

Χαλεπὸν δοκεῖ δακρῦσαι.
Χαλεπὸν μὲν οὐ δακρῦσαι·
Χαλεπώτερον δὲ πάντων
Δακρύοντας ἀμπαύεσθαι.
Γενέτειραν οὐ τις ἄνδρων
Διδύμαις κόραις τοιαύτην
Ἐποδύρεται πρεπόντως.
Τάλας; εἴθε γ' Ἄργος εἶην
Πολυόμματος, πολύτλας,
Ἵνα μητρὸς ἐυθενούσης
Ἀρετὰς διακριθείσας
Ἰδίαις κόραισι κλαύσω.

17.

Αἰάζω γενέτειραν, ἐπαιάζουσι καὶ ἄλλοι,
Οἵτι ἐμὴν ἰδίας φύλης γράψαντες ἀρωγὸν,
Προυνομίῳ δ' ἀρετῆς κοινὴν γενέτειραν ἐλόντες.

Οὐκ ἔνι θαῦμα τόσον σφετερίζειν· οὔδε γὰρ ὕδωρ,
Οὐ φέγγος, κοινὸν τ' ἀγαθὸν, μίαν εἰς θύραν εἴργειν
Ἡ θέμις, ἡ δυνατόν. σεμνώματος ἔπλετο στάθμη,
Δημόσιον τ' ἴνδαλμα καλοῦ, θεῖόν τε κατόπτρον.
Αἰάζω γενέτειραν, ἐπαιάζουσι γυναῖκες,
Οὐκ ἔτι βαλλομένης χάρισιν βεβολημέναι ἦτορ,
Αὗταρ ἄχει μεγάλῳ κεντούμεναι: εὖτε γὰρ αὗται
Τῆς περὶ συλλαλέουσιν, ἑοῦ ποικίλματος ἄρδην
Λήσμονες, ἡ βελόνη σφαλερῷ κῆρ τράυματι νύττει
Ἔργου ἁμαρτηκυῖα, νέον πέπλον αἵματι στικτὸν
Μητέρι τικταίνουσα, γόῳ καὶ πένθεσι σύγχρουν.
Αἰάζω γενέτειραν, ἐπαιάζουσιν ὀπώραι,
Οὐκ ἔτι δεσποίνης γλυκερᾷ μελεδῶνι τραφεῖσαι·
Ἧς βίος ἠελίοιο δίκην, ἀκτῖνας ἱέντος
Πραεῖς εἰαρινούς τε χαραῖς ἐπικίδνατι κῆπον·
Αὗταρ ὀδ' αὖ θάνατος κυρίης ὡς ἦλιος αὖος
Σειρίου ἠττηθεὶς βελήμασι, πάντα μαραίνει.
Ζῶ δ' αὐτὸς βραχύ τι πνείων, ὥς' ἔμπαλιν αὐτῆς
Αἶνον ὁμοῦ ζώειν καὶ πνεύματος ἄλλο γενέσθαι
Πνεῦμα, βίου πάροδον μούνοις ἐπέεσσι μετρῆσαν.

18.

Κύματ' ἐπαφριοῶντα Θαμήσεος, ἄϊκε σελήνης
Φωτὸς ἀπαυρομένης, ὄγκου ἐφεῖσθε πλέον.
Νῦν θέμις ὀρφναίῃ μεγάλης ἐπὶ γείτονος αἴσῃ,
Οὐλυμπόνδε βιοῦν ὕμμιν ἀνισταμένοις.
Ἀλλὰ μενεῖτ', οὐ γὰρ τάραχος ποτὶ μητέρα βαίνῃ,
Καὶ πρέπον ὧδε παρὰ δακρυόεσσι ῥέειν.

19.

Excussos manibus calamos, falcemque resumptam
Rure, sibi dixit Musa fuisse probro.
Aggreditur Matrem (conductis carmine Parcis)
Funereque hoc cultum vindicat ægra suum.
Non potui non ire acri stimulante flagello:
Quin matris superans carmina poscit honos.
Eja, agedum scribo: vicisti Musa; sed audi,
Stulta semel scribo, perpetuò ut sileam.

V. GEORGII HERBERTI
ANGLI MUSÆ RESPONSORIÆ,
AD ANDREÆ MELVINI SCOTI
ANTI-TAMI-CAMI-CATEGORIAM.

PRO SUPPLICI

EVANGELICORUM MINISTRORUM IN ANGLIA, AD SERENISSIMUM REGEM CONTRA LARVATAM GEMINÆ ACADEMIÆ GORGONEM APOLOGIA;

SIVE

ANTI-TAMI-CAMI-CATEGORIA,

AUCTORE ANDREA MELVINO.

RESPONSUM, NON DICTUM.

Insolens, audax, facinus nefandum,
Scilicet, (poscit ratio ut decori,
Poscit ex omni officio ut sibi mens
Conscia recti)

Anxiam Christi vigilémque curam,
Quæ pias terris animas relictis
Sublevans deducit in astra, nigróque
Invidet Orco,

De sacri casta ratione cultûs,
De sacro-sancti officii decoro
Supplicem ritu veteri libellum
Porgere regi,

Simplici mente atque animo integello,
Spiritu recto, et studiis modestis,
Numinis sancti veniam, et benigni
Regis honorem

Ritè præfantem : scelus expiandum
Scilicet taurorum, ovium, suúmque
Millibus centum, voluisse nudo
Tangere verbo

Præsulum fastus ; monuisse ritus
Impios, deridiculos, ineptos
Lege, ceu labes, maculásque lectâ ex
Gente fugandos.

Júsque-jurandum ingemuisse jura
Exigi contra omnia ; tum misellis
Mentibus tristem laqueum injici per
Fásque, nefásque.

Turbida illimi crucis in lavacro
Signa consignem ? magico rotatu
Verba devolvam ? sacra vox sacratâ im-
murmuret undâ

Strigis in morem ? rationis usu ad-
-fabor infantem vacuum ? canoras
Ingeram nugas minùs audienti
Dicta puello ?

Parvulo impôstis manibus sacrabo
Gratiæ fœdus ? digitóne sponsæ
Annulus sponsi impositus sacrabit
Connubiale

Fœdus æternæ bonitatis ? Undâ
Num salutari mulier sacerdos
Tinget in vitam, Sephorámque reddet
Lustrica mater ? 44

Pilei quadrum capiti rotundo
Ritè quadrabit ? Pharium camillo
Supparum Christi, et decus Antichristi
Pontificale ? 48

Pastor examen gregis exigendum
Curet invitus, celebrare cœnam
Promptus arcanam, memorando Jesu
Vulnera dira ? 52

Cantibus certent Berecynthia æra
Musicûm fractis ? reboéntve rauco
Templa mugitu ? Illecebris supremi ah
Rector Olympi 56

Captus humanis ? libitúmque nobis,
Scilicet, regi id superûm allubescet ?
Somniúmque ægri cerebri profanum est
Dictio sacra ? 60

Haud secus lustri lupa Vaticani
Romuli fœcem bibit, et bibendam
Porrigit poc'lo, populisque et ipsis
Regibus aureo. 64

Non ità æterni Witakerus acer
Luminis vindex, patriæque lumen
Dixit, aut sensit ; neque celsa summi
Penna Renoldi, 68

Certa sublimes aperire calles,
Sueta cœlestes iterare cursus,
Læta misceri niveis beatæ
Civibus aulæ;

Nec Tami, aut Cami accola saniore
Mente, qui cœlum sapit in frequenti
Hermathenæo, et celebri Lyceo
Culta juventus,

Cujus affulget genio Jovæ lux,
Cui nitens Sol justitiæ renidet,
Quem jubar Christi radiantis alto
Spectat Olympo.

Bucerum laudem? memorémque magnum
Martyrem? gemmas geminas renati
Aurei sæcli, duo dura sacri
Fulmina belli?

Alterum Camus liquido recursu,
Alterum Tamus trepidante lymphâ
Audiit, multum stupuítque magno
Ore sonantem.

Anne mulcentem Rhodanum, et Lemanum
Prædicem Bezam viridi in senecta?
Octies cujus trepidavit ætas
Claudere denos

Solis anfractus reditúsque, et ultra
Quinque percurrens spatiosa in annos
Longiùs florem viridantis ævi
Prorogat et ver.

Oris erumpit scatebra perenni
Amnis exundans, gravidíque rores
Gratia fœcunda animos apertis
Auribus implent.

Major hic omni invidia, et superstes
Millibus mille, et Sadecle, et omnium
Maximo Calvino, aliísque veri
Testibus æquis;

Voce olorina liquidas ad undas
Nunc canit laudes Genitoris almi
Carmen, et Nato canit, eliquante
Numinis aurá,

Sensa de castu sacra puriore,
Dicta de cultu potiore sancta,
Arma quæ in castris jugulent severi
Tramitis hostes.

Cana cantanti juga ninguidarum
Alpium applaudunt, resonántque valles;
Jura concentu nemorum sonoro,
Et pater Ister

Consonant longè; pater et bicornis
Rhenus assensum ingeminat, Garumna,
Sequana, atque Arar, Liger: insularum et
Undipotentum

Magna pars intenta Britannicarum
Voce conspirat liquida: solúmque,
Et salum, et cœlum, æmula præcinentis
More, modóque

Concinunt Bezæ numeris, modísque
Et polo plaudunt; referúntque leges
Lege quas sanxit pius ardor, et rex
Scoto-britannus.

Sicut edictum in tabulis ahenis
Servat æternum pia cura regis
Qui mare, et terras, variísque mundum
Temperat horis:

Cujus æqualis soboles parenti
Gentis electæ pater, atque custos;
Par et ambobus, veniens utrinque
Spiritus almus;

Quippe Tres-unus Deus; unus actus,
Una natura est tribus; una virtus
Una Majestas, Deitas et una,
Gloria et una.

Una vis immensa, perennis una
Vita, lux una, et sapientia una,
Una mens, una et ratio, una vox, et
Una voluntas

Lenis, indulgens, facilis, benigna;
Dura, et inclemens, rigida, et severa;
Semper æterna, omnipotens, et æqua,
Semper et alma:

Lucidum cujus speculum est, reflectens
Aureum vultûs jubar, et verendum,
Virginis proles, sata cœlo, et alti in-
terpres Olympi:

Qui Patris mentémque, animúmque sancti
Filius pandit face noctilucâ,
Sive doctrinæ documenta, seu com-
pendia Vitæ,

Publicæ, privæ, sacra scita regni
Regis ad nutum referens, domûsque
Ad voluntatem Domini instituta
Singula librans,

Luce quam Phœbus melior refundit,
Lege, quam legum- tulit ipse -lator,
Cujus exacti officii suprema est
Norma voluntas.

Cæca mens humana, hominum voluntas
Prava, et affectus rabidi: indigétque
Luce mens, normâ officii voluntas,
Lege libido,

Quisquis hanc surda negat aure, quà se
Fundit ubertim liquidas sub auras,
Ille ter prudens, sapiénsque, et omni ex
Parte beatus.

Ergò vos Cami proceres, Tamique,
Quos viâ flexit malesuadas error,
Denuo rectum, duce Rege Regum, in-
sistite callem.

Vos metus tangit si hominum nec ullus,
At Deum fandi memorem et nefandi
Vindicem sperate, et amœna solis
Tartara diris;

Quæ manent sontes animas, trucésque
Præsulum fastus, malè quas perurit
Pervigil zelus vigilum, et gregis cu-
stodia pernox.

Veste bis tinctâ Tyrio superbos
Murice, et pastos dape pinguiore
Regia quondam aut Saliari inuncta a-
bdomine cœna.

Qualis Ursini, Damasíque fastus
Turgidus, luxúque ferox, feróque
Ambitu pugnax, sacram et ædem, et urbem
Cæde nefandâ

Civium incestavit, et ominosum
Traxit exemplum veniens in ævum,
Præsulum quod nobilium indecorus
Provocat ordo.

Quid fames auri sacra? quid cupido
Ambitu diro fera non propagat
Posteris culpæ? mala damna quanta
Plurima fundit?

PRO DISCIPLINA ECCLESIÆ NOSTRÆ, EPIGRAMMATA APOLOGETICA

I. AUGUSTISSIMO POTENTISSIMOQUE

MONARCHÆ JACOBO, D. G., MAGNÆ BRITANNIÆ, FRANCIÆ, ET HIBERNIÆ REGI, FIDEI DEFENSORI, ETC.

GEO. HERBERTUS.

Ecce recedentis fœcundo in littore Nili
Sol generat populum luce fovente novum.
Antè tui, Cæsar, quàm fulserat aura favoris,
Nostræ etiam Musæ vile fuere lutum:
Nunc adeò per te vivunt, ut repere possint,
Síntque ausæ thalamum solis adire tui.

II. ILLUSTRIS CELSISSIMOQUE CAROLO.

WALLIÆ, ET JUVENTUTIS PRINCIPI.

Quam chartam tibi porrigo recentem,
Humanæ decus atque apex juventæ,
Obtutu placido benignus affles,
Nam[que] aspectibus è tuis vel unus
Mordaces tineas, nigrásque blattas,
Quas livor mihi parturit, retundet,

Ceu, quas culta timet seges, pruinas
Nascentes radii fugant, vel acres
Tantùm dulcia leniunt catarrhos.
Sic ô te (juvenem, senémve) credat
Mors semper juvenem, senem Britanni.

III. REVERENDISSIMO IN CHRISTO PATRI, AC DOMINO, EPISCOPO VINTONIENSI, ETC.

[LAVNCELOT ANDREWES.]

SANCTE Pater, cœli custos, quo doctius uno
Terra nihil, nec quo sanctius astra vident;
Cùm mea futilibus numeris se verba viderent
Claudi, penè tuâs præteriêre fores.
Sed properè, dextréque reduxit euntia sensus,
Ista docens soli scripta quadrare tibi.

IV. AD REGEM EPIGRAMMATA DUO.

1. INSTITUTI EPIGRAMMATICI RATIO.

CUM millena tuam pulsare negotia mentem
Constet, et ex illa pendeat orbis ope;
Nè te productis videar lassare camœnis,
Pro solido, Cæsar, carmine frusta dabo.
Cùm tu contundens Catharos, vultúque librísque,
Grata mihi mensæ sunt analecta tuæ.

2. AD MELVINUM.

NON mea fert ætas, ut te, veterane, lacessam;
Non ut te superem: res tamen ipsa feret.

Ætatis numerum supplebit causa minorem;
Sic tu nunc juvenis factus, egóque senex.
Aspice, dum perstas, ut te tua deserat ætas;
Et mea sint canis scripta referta tuis.
Ecce tamen quàm suavis ero! cùm, fine duelli,
Clauserit extremas pugna peracta vices,
Tum tibi, si placeat, fugientia tempora reddam;
Sufficiet votis ista juventa meis.

3. IN MONSTRUM VOCABULI ANTI-TAMI-CAMI-CATEGORIA.

AD EUNDEM.

O QUAM bellus homo es! lepido quàm nomine fingis
Istas Anti-Tami-Cami-Categorias!
Sic Catharis nova sola placent; res, verba novantur:
Quæ sapiunt ævum, ceu cariosa jacent.
Quin liceat nobis aliquas procudere voces:
Non tibi fingendi sola taberna patet.
Cùm sacra perturbet vester furor omnia, scriptum
Hoc erit, Anti-furi-Puri-Categoria.
Pollubra vel cùm olim damnâris Regia in ara,
Est Anti-pelvi-Melvi-Categoria.

4. PARTITIO ANTI-TAMI-CAMI-CATEGORIÆ.

TRES video partes, quò re distinctiùs utar,
Anticategoriæ, Scoto-Britanne, tuæ:
Ritibus* una sacris opponitur;† altera sanctos

---

* Ab initio ad vers. 65. † Inde ad vers. 128.

Prædicat auctores ;* tertia plena Deo est.
Postremis ambabus idem sentimus uterque ;
Ipse pios laudo ; numen et ipse colo.
Non nisi prima suas patiuntur prælia lites.
O bene quòd dubium possideamus agrum !

5. IN METRI GENUS.

Cur, ubi tot ludat numeris antiqua poesis,
Sola tibi Sappho, feminâque una placet ?
Cur tibi tam facilè non arrisêre poetæ
Heroum grandi carmina fulta pede ?
Cur non lugentes elegi ? non acer Iambus ?
Commotos animos rectiùs ista decent.
Scilicet hoc vobis proprium, qui puriùs itis,
Et populi spurcas creditis esse vias ;
Vos ducibus missis, missis doctoribus, omnes
Femineum blanda fallitis arte genus :
Nunc etiam teneras quò versus gratior aures
Mulceat, imbelles complacuêre modi.

6. DE LARVATA GORGONE.†

Gorgona cur diram, larvásque obtrudis inanes,
Cùm propè sit nobis musa, Medusa procul ?
Si, quia felices olim dixêre poetæ
Pallada gorgoneam, sic tua verba placent.
Vel potiùs liceat distinguere. Túque tuíque
Sumite gorgoneam, nostráque Pallas erit.

---

* Inde 176. † In titulo.

7. DE PRÆSULUM FASTU.*

Præsulibus nostris fastus, Melvine, tumentes
Sæpius aspergis. Siste, pudore vacas.
An quod semotum populo laquearibus altis
Eminet, id tumidum protinus esse feres?
Ergò etiam solem dicas, ignave, superbum,
Qui tam sublimi conspicit orbe viam:
Ille tamen, quamvis altus, tua crimina ridens
Assiduo vilem lumine cingit humum.
Sic laudandus erit nactus sublimia præsul,
Qui dulci miseros irradiabit ope.

8. DE GEMINA ACADEMIA.†

Quis hîc superbit, oro? túne, an præsules?
Quos dente nigro corripis?
Tu duplicem solus camœnarum thronum
Virtute percellis tuâ;
Et unus impar æstimatur viribus,
Utrumque sternis calcitro:
Omnésque stulti audimus, aut hypocritæ,
Te perspicaci, atque integro.
An rectiùs nos, si vices vertas, probi,
Te contumaci, et livido?
Quisquis tuetur perspicillis Belgicis
Qua parte tractari solent,
Res ampliantur, sin per adversam videt,
Minora fiunt omnia:
Tu qui superbos cæteros existimas

* Ver. 21. † In titulo.

(Superbius cùm te nihil)
Vertas specillum : nam, prout se res habent,
Vitro minùs rectè uteris.

9. DE S. BAPTISMI RITU.*

Cum tener ad sacros infans sistatur aquales,
Quòd puer ignorat, verba profana putas ?
Annon sic mercamur agros ? quibus ecce Redemptor
Comparat æterni regna beata Dei.
Scilicet emptorem si res aut parcior ætas
Impediant, apices legis amicus obit.
Forsitan et prohibes infans portetur ad undas,
Et per se templi limen adire velis :
Sin, Melvine, pedes alienos postulet infans,
Cur sic displiceat vox aliena tibi ?
Rectiùs innocuis lactentibus omnia præstes,
Quæ ratio per se, si sit adulta, facit.
Quid vetat ut pueri vagitus suppleat alter.
Cùm nequeat claras ipse litare preces ?
Sævus es eripiens parvis vadimonia cœli :
Et tibi sit nemo præs, ubi poscis opem.

10. DE SIGNACULO CRUCIS.†

Cur tanta sufflas probra in innocuam crucem ?
Non plùs maligni dæmones Christi cruce
Unquam fugari, quàm tui socii solent.
Apostolorum culpa non levis fuit
Vitâsse Christi spiritum efflantis crucem.

---

* Ver. 34. † Ver. 29.

Et Christianus quisque piscis dicitur
Tertulliano, propter undæ pollubrum,
Quo tingimur parvi. Ecquis autem brachiis
Natare sine clarissima potest cruce?
Sed non moramur: namque vestra crux erit,
Vobis faventibúsve, vel negantibus.

11. DE JURAMENTO ECCLESIÆ.*

Articulis sacris quidam subscribere jussus,
Ah! cheiragra vetat, quò minùs, inquit, agam.
O verè dictum, et bellè! cùm torqueat omnes
Ordinis osores articulare malum.

12. DE PURIFICATIONE POST PUERPERIUM.†

Enixas pueros matres se sistere templis
Displicet, et laudis tura litare Deo.
Fortè quidem, cùm per vestras ecclesia turbas
Fluctibus internis exagitata natet,
Vos sine maternis hymnis infantia vidit,
Vitáque neglectas est satìs ulta preces.
Sed nos, cum nequeat parvorum lingua parentem
Non laudare Deum, credimus esse nefas.
Quotidiana suas poscant si fercula grates,
Nostra caro sanctæ nescia laudis erit?
Adde piis animis quævis occasio lucro est,
Quæ possint humili fundere corde preces.
Sic ubi jam mulier decerpti conscia pomi

---

* Ver. 25. † Ver. 22.

Ingemat ob partus, ceu maledicta, suos,
Apositè quem commotum subfugerat olim,
Nunc redit ad mitem, ceu benedicta, Deum.

13. DE ANTICHRISTI DECORE PONTIFICALI.*

Non quia Pontificum sunt olim afflata veneno,
Omnia sunt temere projicienda foras.
Tollantur si cuncta malus quæ polluit usus,
Non remanent nobis corpora, non animæ.

14. DE SUPERPELLICEO.†

Quid sacræ tandem meruêre vestes ?
Quas malus livor jaculis lacessit
Polluens castam chlamydis colorem
Dentibus atris ?
Quicquid ex urna meliore ductum
Luce prælustri, vel honore pollet,
Mens sub insigni specie coloris
Concipit albi.
Scilicet talem liquet esse solem ;
Angeli vultu radiante candent ;
Incolæ cœli melioris albâ
Veste triumphant.
E creaturis sine mentis usu‡
Conditis binas homini sequendas
Spiritus proponit, et est utrique
Candor amicus.

---

* Ver. 48. † Ver. 49.
‡ Ovis, et Columba. Columal. 6. 7. c. 2. et 8. c. 8.

Ergò ringantur pietatis hostes,
Filii noctis, populus malignus,
Dum suum nomen tenet, et triumphat
Albion albo.

15. DE PILEO QUADRATO.*

Quæ dicteria fuderat Britannus
Superpellicei tremendus hostis,
Isthæc pileus audiit propinquus,
Et partem capitis petit supremam;
Non sic effugit angulus vel unus
Quo dictis minùs acribus notetur.
Verùm heus! si reputes, tibi tuísque
Longè pileus anteit galerum,
Ut fervor cerebri refrigeretur,
Qui vestras edit intimè medullas.
Sed qui tam malè pileos habetis,
Quos ecclesia comprobat, verendum
Nè tandem caput ejus impetatis.

16. IN CATHARUM.

ur Latiam linguam reris nimis esse profanam?
Quam præmissa probant secula, nostra probant?
ur teretem Græcam damnas, atque Hellada totam,
Qua tamen occisi fœdera scripta Dei?
ilicet Hebræam cantas, et perstrepis unam:
Hæc facit ad nasum sola loquela tuum.

---

* Ver. 45.

17. DE EPISCOPIS.*

Quos charos habuit Christus Apostolos,
Testatósque suo tradiderat gregi;
Ut cum mors rabidis unguibus imminens
Doctrinæ fluvios clauderet aureæ,
Mites acciperent lampada præsules,
Servaréntque sacrum clavibus ordinem;
Hos nunc barbaries impia vellicat
Indulgens propriis ambitionibus,
Et quos ipsa nequit scandere vertices
Hos ad se trahere, et mergere gestiens.
O cœcum populum! si bona res siet
Præsul, cur renuis? sin mala, pauculos
Quàm cunctos fieri præstat episcopos.

18. DE IISDEM, AD MELVINUM.†

Præsulibus dirum te Musa coarguit hostem,
An quia textores, artificésque probas?

19. DE TEXTORE CATHARO.

Cum piscatores Textor legit esse vocatos,
Ut sanctum Domini persequerentur opus;
Ille quóque invadit Divinam Flaminis artem,
Subtegmen reti dignius esse putans,
Et nunc perlongas Scripturæ stamine telas‡
Torquet, et in textu doctor utróque cluet.

---

* Ver. 129. † Ver. 184. ‡ Ver. 59.

20. DE MAGICIS ROTATIBUS.*

Quos tu rotatus, quale murmur auscultas
In ritibus nostris? Ego audio nullum.
Agè, provocemus úsque ad angelos ipsos,
Aurésque superas: arbitri ipsi sint litis,
Utrum tenore sacra nostra sint necne
Æquabili facta. Ecquid ergo te tanta
Calumniandi concitavit urtica,
Ut, quæ Papicolis propria, assuas nobis,
Falsúmque potiùs, quàm crepes [vero?] versu?
Tu perstrepis tamen; útque turgeat carmen
Tuum tibi, poeta belle non mystes
Magicos rotatus, et perhorridas striges,†
Dicteriis mordacibus notans, clamas
Non convenire precibus ista Divinis.
O sævus hostis! quàm ferociter pugnas!
Nihilne respondebimus tibi? Fatemur.

21. AD FRATRES.

O SÆCLUM lepidum! circumstant undique Fratres,
Papicolísque sui sunt, catharísque sui.
Sic nunc plena boni sunt omnia fratris, amore
Cùm nil fraterno rarius esse queat.

22. DE LABE, MACULISQUE.‡

LABECULAS, maculâsque nobis objicis,
Quid? hoccine est mirum? Viatores sumus.

---

* Vers. 30. 32. † Ver. 33. ‡ Ver. 23.

Quò sanguis est Christi, nisi ut maculas lavet,
Quas spargit animæ corporis propius lutum?
Vos ergo puri! O nomen appositissimum
Quo vulgus ornat vos! At audias parum;
Astronomus olim (ut fama) dum maculas diu,
Quas luna habet, tuetur, in foveam cadit,
Totúsque cœnum Cynthiæ ignoscit notis.
Ecclesia est mihi luna; perge in fabulâ.

23. DE MUSICA SACRA.*

Cur efficaci, Deucalion, manu,
Post restitutos fluctibus obices,
Mutas in humanam figuram
Saxa supervacuásque cautes?
Quin redde formas, O bone, pristinas,
Et nos reducas ad lapides avos:
Nam saxa mirantur canentes,
Saxa lyras, citharásque callent.
Rupes tenaces, et silices ferunt
Potentiori carmine percitas
Saltus per incultos, lacúsque
Orphea mellifluum secutas.
Et saxa diris hispida montibus
Amphionis testitudine nobili
Percussa dum currunt ad urbem,
Mœnia contribuêre Thebis.
Tantùm repertum est trux hominum genus,
Qui templa sacris expoliant choris,
Non erubescentes vel ipsas
Duritiâ superare cautes.

* Ver. 54.

O plena centum musica gratiis,
Præclariorum spirituum cibus,
Quò me vocas tandem, tuúmque
Ut celebrem decus insusurras ?
Tu Diva miro pollice spiritum
Cæno profani corporis exuens
Ter millies cælo reponis :
Astra rogant, Novus hic quis hospes ?
Ardore Moses concitus entheo,
Mersis revertens lætus ab hostibus
Exuscitat plebem sacratos
Ad Dominum properare cantus.
Quid hocce ? Psalmos audión' ? O dapes !
O succulenti balsama spiritus !
Ramenta cæli, guttulæque
Deciduæ melioris orbis !
Quos David, ipsæ deliciæ Dei,
Ingens piorum gloria Principum,
Sionis excelsas ad arces
Cum citharis, lituisque miscet.
Miratur æquor finitimum sonos,
Et ipse Jordan sistit aquas stupens ;
Præ quo Tibris vultum recondit,
Eridanúsque pudore fusus.
Tun' obdis aures, grex nove, barbaras,
Et nullus audis ? Cantibus obstrepens,
Ut, quò fatiges verberésque
Pulpita, plus spatii lucreris ?
At cui videri prodigium potest
Mentes, quietis tympana publicæ,
Discordiis plenas sonoris
Harmoniam tolerare nullam !

24. DE EADEM.*

Cantus sacros, profane, mugitus vocas?
Mugire multò mavelim quàm rudere.

25. DE RITUUM USU.†

Cum primùm ratibus suis
Nostram Cæsar ad insulam
Olim appelleret, intuens
Omnes indigenas loci
Viventes sine vestibus,
O victoria, clamitat,
Certa, ac perfacilis mihi!
Non alio Cathari modo
Dum sponsam Domini piis
Orbam ritibus expetunt,
Atque ad barbariem patrum
Vellent omnia regredi,
Illam tegminis insciam
Prorsùs dæmoni, et hostibus
Exponunt superabilem.
Atqui vos secus, O boni,
Sentire, ac sapere addecet,
Si vestros animos regant
Scripturæ canones sacræ:
Námque hæc, jure, cüipiam
Vestem non adimi suam,
Sed nudis et egentibus
Non suam tribui jubet.

---

* Ver. 35. † Ver. 21.

26. DE ANNULO CONJUGALI.

Sed nec conjugii signum, Melvine, probabis?
Nec vel tantillum pignus habebit amor?
Nulla tibi si signa placent, è nubibus arcum
Eripe cœlesti qui moderatur aquæ.
Illa quidem à nostro non multùm abludit imago,
Annulus et plenus tempore forsan erit.
Sin nebulis parcas, et nostro parcito signo,
Cui non absimilis sensus inesse solet.
Scilicet, ut quos ante suas cum conjuge tedas
Merserat in lustris perniciosa Venus,
Annulus hos revocet, sistátque libidinis undas
Legitimi signum connubiale tori.

27. DE MUNDIS ET MUNDANIS.

Ex prælio undæ ignísque (si physicis fides)
Tranquillus aer nascitur:
Sic ex profano Cosmico et Catharo potest
Christianus extundi bonus.

28. DE ORATIONE DOMINICA.*

Quam Christus immortalis innocuo gregi
Voce suâ dederat,
Quis crederet mortalibus
Orationem rejici septemplicem,
Quæ miseris clypeo

* Ver. 31.

Ajacis est præstantior ?
Hæc verba, superos advolaturus thronos
Christus, ut auxilii
Nos haud inanes linqueret,
(Cùm dignius nil posset aut melius dare)
Pignora chara sui
Fruenda nobis tradidit.
Quis sic amicum excipiet, ut Cathari Deum,
Qui renovare sacri
Audent amoris symbolum ?
Tu verò quisquis es, cave nè, dum neges
Improbe verba Dei,
Te deneget Verbum Deus.

29. IN CATHARUM QUENDAM.

Cum templis effare, madent sudaria, mappæ,
Trux caper alarum, suppara, læna, sagum.
Quin populo, clemens, aliquid largire caloris :
Nunc sudas solus ; cætera turba riget.

30. DE LUPA LUSTRI VATICANI.*

Calumniarum nec pudor quis nec modus ?
Nec Vaticanæ desines unquam Lupæ ?
Metus inanes ! Nos pari prætervehi
Illam charybdim cautione novimus
Vestramque Scyllam, æquis parati spiculis
Britannicam in vulpem, inque Romanam lupam.
Dicti fidem firmabimus anagrammate.

* Ver. 61.

ROMA DABIT ORAM, MARO, RAMO, ARMO, MORA, ET AMOR.

Roma, tuum nomen quam non pertransiit Oram,
Cùm Latium ferrent sæcula prisca jugum ?
Non deerat vel fama tibi, vel carmina famæ,
Unde Maro laudes duxit ad astra tuas.
At nunc exsucco similis tua gloria Ramo
A veteri trunco et nobilitate cadit.
Laus antiqua et honor perierunt, te velut Armo
Jam deturbârunt tempora longa suo.
Quin tibi jam desperatæ Mora nulla medetur ;
Qua Fabio quondam sub duce nata salus.
Hinc te olim gentes miratæ odêre vicissim ;
Et cum sublatâ laude recedit Amor.

31. DE IMPOSITIONE MANUUM.

Nec dextra te fugit almi amoris emblema ?
Atqui manus imponere integras præstat,
Quàm (more vestro) imponere inscio vulgo.
Quanto impositio melior est imposturâ !

32. SUPPLICUM MINISTRORUM RAPTUS ΚΩΜΩΔΟΥΜΕΝΟΣ.

Ambitio Cathari quínque constat actibus.
I. Primò, unus aut alter parum ritus placet.
Jam repit impietas volatura illico.
II. Mox displicent omnes. Ubi hoc permanserit
III. Paulò, secretis mussitans in angulis

Quærit recessus. Incalescit fabula,
IV. Erumpit inde, et continere nescius
V. Sylvas pererrat. Fibulis dein omnibus
Præ spiritu ruptis, quò eas resarciat
Amstellodamum corripit se. Plaudite.

33. DE AUCTORUM ENUMERATIONE.

Quò magis invidiam nobis et crimina confles,
Pertrahis in partes nomina magna tuas;
Martyra, Calvinum, Bezam, doctúmque Bucerum,
Qui tamen in nostros fortiter ire negant.
Whitaker, erranti quem præfers carmine, miles
Assiduus nostræ papilionis erat.
Nos quoque possemus longas conscribere turmas,
Si numero starent prælia, non animis.
Primus adest nobis, Pharisæis omnibus hostis,
Christus Apostolici cinctus amore gregis.
Tu geminas belli portas, O Petre, repandis,
Dum gladium stringens Paulus ad arma vocat.
Indè patres pergunt quadrati, et tota vetustas.
Nempe novatores quis veteranus amat?
Jam Constantinus multo se milite miscet;
Invisámque tuis erigit hasta crucem.
Hipponensis adest properans, et torquet in hostes
Lampada, quâ studiis invigilare solet.
Téque Deum alternis cantans Ambrosius iram,
Immemor antiqui mellis, eundo coquit.
Hæc etiam ad pugnam præsens, quâ vivimus, ætas
Innumeram nostris partibus addit opem.
Quos inter plenúsque Deo, genióque Jacobus
Defendit veram mente manúque fidem.
Interea ad sacrum stimulat sacra musica bellum,

Qua sine vos miseri lentiùs itis ope.
Militat et nobis, quem vos contemnitis, ordo,
Ordine discerni maxima bella solent.
O vos invalidos! Audi quem talibus armis
Eventum Naso vidit et admonuit;
"Una dies Catharos ad bellum miserat omnes:
Ad bellum missos perdidit una dies."

34. DE AURI SACRA FAME.*

Claudis avaritiâ satyram; statuísque sacrorum
Esse recidendas, Æace noster, opes.
Cætera condonabo tibi, scombrísque remittam:
Sacrilegum carmen, censeo, flamma voret.

35. AD SCOTIAM PROTREPTICON AD PACEM.

Scotia, quæ frigente jaces porrecta sub Arcto,
Cur adeo immodicâ relligione cales?
Anne tuas flammas ipsa Antiperistasis auget,
Ut nive torpentes incaluêre manus?
Aut ut pruna gelu summo mordaciùs urit,
Sic acuunt zelum frigora tanta tuum?
Quin nocuas extingue faces, precor: unda propinqua est,
Et tibi vicinas porrigit æquor aquas;
Aut potiùs Christi sanguis demissus ab alto,
Vicinúsque magis nobiliórque fluit:
Nè, si flamma novis adolescat mota flabellis,
Ante diem vestro mundus ab igne ruat.

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* Ver. 201.

36. AD SEDUCTOS INNOCENTES.

Innocuæ mentes, quibus inter flumina mundi
Ducitur illimi candida vita fide,
Absit ut ingenuum pungant mea verba pudorem;
Perstringunt vestros carmina sola duces.
O utinam aut illorum oculi (quod comprecor unum)
Vobis, aut illis pectora vestra forent.

37. AD MELVINUM.

Atqui te precor unicè per ipsam,
Quæ scripsit numeros, manum; per omnes
Musarum calices, per et beatos
Sarcasmos quibus artifex triumphas;
Quin per Presbyteros tuos; per urbem
Quam curto nequeo referre versu;
Per charas tibi, nobilésque dextras,
Quas subscriptio neutiquam inquinavit;
Per quicquid tibi suaviter probatur;
Nè me carminibus nimis dicacem,
Aut sævum reputes. Amica nostra est
Atque edentula Musa, nec veneno
Splenis perlita contumeliosi.
Nam si te cuperem secare versu,
Totámque evomerem potenter iram
Quam aut ecclesia despicata vobis,
Aut læsæ mihi suggerunt Athenæ,
(Et quem non stimularet hæc simultas)
Jam te funditus igneis camœnis,
Et Musa crepitante subruissem:
Omnis linea sepiam recusans

Plumbo ducta fuisset æstuanti,
Centum stigmatibus tuos inurens
Profanos fremitus bonásque sannas:
Plùs charta hæc mea delibuta dictis
Hæsisset tibi, quàm suprema vestis
Olim accreverit Herculi furenti:
Quin hoc carmine lexicon probrorum
Extruxissem, ubi, cum moneret usus,
Haurirent tibi tota plaustra Musæ.
Nunc hæc omnia sustuli, tonantes
Affectus sociis tuis remittens.
Non te carmine* turbidum vocavi,
Non deridiculumve, sive† ineptum,
Non ‡striges, §magiámve, vel rotatus,
Non‖ fastus tibi ¶turgidos repono;
**Errores, †† maculas, ‡‡superbiámque,
§§Labes, ||||somniáque, ¶¶ ambitúsque diros,
Tinnitus |||||| Berecynthios omittens
Nil horum regero tibi merenti.
Quin te laudibus orno: quippe dico,
Cæsar sobrius ad rei Latinæ
Unus dicitur advenire cladem:
Et tu solus ad Angliæ procellas
(Cùm plerúmque tuâ sodalitate
Nil sit crassius, impolitiúsve)
Accedis benè doctus, et poëta.

38. AD EUNDEM.

NCIPIS irridens; stomachans in carmine pergis;
Desinis exclamans: tota figura, vale.

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* Vers. 29. † 21. ‡ 33. § 30. ‖ 21.
¶ 193. ** 178. †† 23. ‡‡ 129. §§ 23.
|| 59. ¶¶ 262. |||| 53.

39. AD SEREN. REGEM.

Ecce pererratas, regum doctissime, nugas,
Quas gens inconsulta, suis vexata procellis,
Libandas nobis, absorbendásque propinat!
O cæcos animi fratres! quis vestra fatigat
Corda furor, spissáque afflat caligine sensus?
Cernite, quàm formosa suas ecclesia pennas
Explicat, et radiis ipsum pertingit Olympum!
Vicini populi passim mírantur, et æquos
Mentibus attonitis cupiunt addiscere ritus:
Angelicæ turmæ nostris se cætibus addunt:
Ipse etiam Christus cœlo speculatus ab alto
Intuitúque uno stringens habitacula mundi,
Sola mihi plenos, ait, exhibet Anglia cultus.
Scilicet has olim divisas æquore terras
Seposuit divina sibi, cùm conderet orbem,
Progenies gemmámque suâ quasi pyxide clausit.
O qui Defensor Fidei meritissimus audis,
Responde æternùm titulo; quóque ordine felix
Cœpisti, pergas simili res texere filo.
Obrue ferventes, ruptis conatibus, hostes:
Quásque habet aut patulas, aut cæco tramite, moles
Hæresis, evertas. Quid enim te fallere possit?
Tu venas laticésque omnes, quos sacra recludit
Pagina, gustâsti, multóque interprete gaudes:
Tu synodósque, patresque, et quod dedit alta vetustas
Haud per te moritura, scholámque introspicis omnem.
Nec transire licet quo mentis acumine findis
Viscera naturæ, commistúsque omnibus astris
Ante tuum tempus cœlum gratissimus ambis.
Hac ope munitus securior excipis undas,

Quas Latii, Catharíque movent, atque inter utrasque
Pastor agis proprios, medio tutissimus, agnos.
Perge, decus regum; sic, augustissime, plures
Sint tibi vel stellis laudes, et laudibus anni:
Sic pulsare tuas, exclusis luctibus, ausint
Gaudia sola fores: sic quicquid somnia mentis
Intus agunt, habeat certum meditatio finem;
Sic positis nugis, quibus irretita libido
Innumeros mergit vitiatâ mente poëtas,
Sola Jacobæum decantent carmina nomen.

40. AD DEUM.

Quem tu, summe Deus, semel
Scribentem placido rore beaveris,
Illum non labor irritus
Exercet miserum; non dolor unguium
Morsus increpat anxios;
Non mæret calamus; non queritur caput:
Sed fœcunda poëseως
Vis, et vena sacris regnat in artubus
Qualis nescius aggerum
Exundat fluvio Nilus amabili.
O dulcissime spiritus,
Sanctos qui gemitus mentibus inseris
A te turture defluos,
Quòd scribo, et placeo, si placeo, tuum est.

VII. INVENTA BELLICA.

E MSTO. AUTOG.

Oh Mortis longæva fames, venterque perennis!
Quem non Emathius torrens, non sanguine pinguis
Daunia, non satiat bis ter millesima cædis
Progenies, mundique ætas abdomine tanto
Ingluvieque minor. Quercus habitare feruntur
Prisci, crescentesque una cum prole cavernas;
Hinc tamen excludi mors noluit, ipsaque vitam
Glans dedit, et truncus tectum, et ramalia mortem.
Confluere interea passim ad Floralia pubes
Cœperat, agricolis mentemque et aratra solutis.
Compita fervescunt pedibus, clamoribus æther.
Hic ubi discumbunt per gramina, salsior unus
Omnia suspendit naso, sociosque lacessit:
Non fert Ucalegon, atque amentata retorquet
Dicta ferox, hærent lateri convitia fixo.
Scinditur in partes vulgus ceu compita, telum
Ira facit, mundusque ipse est apotheca furoris,
Liber alit rixas, potantibus omnia bina
Sunt præter vitam: saxis hic sternitur, alter
Ambustis sudibus, pars vitam in pocula fundunt,
Bacchantur Lapithæ, furit inconstantia vini,
Sanguine quem dederat spolians: primordia belli
Hæc fuerant, sic Tisiphone virguncula lusit.
Non placuit rudis atque ignara occisio, morti
Quæritur ingenium, doctusque homicida probatur.

Hinc tyrocinium, parvoque assueta juventus,
Fictaque Bellona, et veræ ludibria pugnæ,
Instructæque acies, hyemesque in pellibus actæ.
Omniaque hæc ut transadigant sine crimine costas
Artificesque necis clueant et mortis alumni.
Nempe et millenos ad palum interficit hostes
Assiduus tyro, si sit spectanda voluntas.
O superi! quis tantum ipsis virtutibus instat,
Quantum cædi? adeone unam nos vivere vitam,
Perdere sexcentas? crescet tamen hydra nocendi
Tristis, ubi ac ferrum tellure reciditur imâ,
Fœcundusque chalybs sceleris, jam sanguine tinctus,
Expleri nequit, at totum depascitur orbem.
Quid memorem tormenta, quibus prius horruit ævum,
Balistasque, Onagrosque, et quicquid Scorpio sævus
Vel Catapulta potest, Siculique inventa magistri,
Angligenûmque arces, gaudentes sanguine Galli
Fustibales, fundasque quibus cum numine fretus
Stravit Idumæum divinus Tityrus hostem.

Adde etiam currus et cum temone Britanno
Arviragum, falcesque obstantia quæque metentes.
Quin aries ruit et multâ Demetrius* arte,
Sic olim cecidere.

Deerat adhuc vitiis nostris dignissima mundo
Machina, quam nullum satis execrabitur ævum;
Liquitur ardenti candens fornace metallum,
Fusaque decurrit notis aqua ferrea sulcis:
Exoritur tubus, atque instar Cyclopis Homeri,
Luscum prodigium, medioque foramine gaudens!
Inde rotæ atque axis subeunt, quasi sella curulis,
Qua mors ipsa sedens hominum de gente triumphat.

* Poliorcates, cog: *(thus the manuscript)*.

Accedit Pyrius pulvis laquearibus Orci
Exulis, Infernæ pretiosa tragemata mensæ,
Sulphureaque lacu, totaque imbuta Mephiti.
Hinc glans adjicitur, non quam ructare vetustas
Creditur, ante satas prono cum vertice fruges.
Plumbea glans, livensque suæ quasi conscia noxæ,
Purpureus lictor Plutonis, epistola fati
Plumbis obsignata, colosque et stamina vitæ
Perrumpens, Atropi vetulæ marcentibus ulnis.
Hæc ubi vincta, subit vivo cum fune minister,
Fatalemque levans dextram, qua stupeus ignis
Mulcetur vento, accendit cum fomite partem
Pulveris inferni, properat, datur ignis, et omnem
Materiam vexat, nec jam se continet antro
Tisiphone, flammâ et fallaci fulmine cincta;
Evolat, horrendumque ciet bacchata fragorem.
It stridor, cælosque omnes et Tartara findit.
Non jam exaudiri quidquam vel musica sphæræ
Vel gemitus Erebi, piceo se turbine volvens,
Totamque eructans nubem glans proruit imo
Precipitata, cadunt urbes formidine, muri
Diffugiunt, fragilisque crepant cœnacula mundi.
Strata jacent toto millena cadavera campo,
Uno ictu; non sic pestis, non stella maligno
Afflatu perimunt. En Cymba Cocytia turbis
Ingemit, et defessus opem jam portitor orat.
Nec glans sola nocet, mortem quandoque susurrat
Aura volans, vitamque aer quam paverat, aufert.
Dicite vos, Furiæ! qua gaudet origine monstrum?
Nox Ætnam, noctemque Chaos genuere priores,
Ætna Cacum ignivomum dedit, hic Ixiona Græcis
Cantatum, deinde Ixion cum nubibus atris
Congrediens genuit monachum, qui limen opacæ
Triste colens sellæ, noctuque et Dæmone plenum

Protulit horrendum hoc primum cum pulvere monstrum.
Quis monachos mortem meditari, et pulvere tristi
Versatos neget ? atque humiles queis talia cordi
Tam demissa, ipsamque adeo subeuntia terram ?
Nec tamen hic mortis rabies stetit ; exilit omni
Tormento pejor Jesuita, et fulminat orbem,
Ridens bombardas miseras, quæ corpora perdunt
Non animas ; raroque ornantur sanguine regum
Obstreperæ stulto sonitu, crimenque fatentes.
Sistimus hic, inquit fatum, sat prata biberunt
Sanguinis, innocuum tandem luet orbis Abelum.

G. Herberte.

VIII. ALIA POEMATA LATINA.

I. AD AUCTOREM INSTAURATIONIS MAGNÆ.

[FRANCISCUM BACON.]

Per strages licet auctorum veterúmque ruinam
  Ad famæ properes vera Tropæa tuæ,
Tam nitidè tamen occidís, tam suaviter hostes,
  Se quasi donatum funere quisque putat.
Scilicet apponit pretium tua dextera fato,
  Vulneréque emanat sanguis, ut intret honos.
O quàm felices sunt, qui tua castra sequuntur,
  Cùm per te sit res ambitiosa mori.

II. DE EODEM.

Quis iste tandem? non enim vultu ambulat
Quotídiano. Nescis, ignare? audies,
Dux nationum; veritatis pontifex;
Inductionis dominus, et Verulamii;
Rerum magister unicus, at non artium;
Profunditatis pinus, atque elegantiæ;
Naturæ aruspex intimus; philosophiæ
Ærarium; sequester experientiæ,
Speculationísque; æquitatis signifer;
Scientiarum sub pupillari statu

Degentium olim emancipator; luminis
Promus; fugator idolûm, atque nubium;
Collega solis; quadra certitudinis;
Sophismatum mastix; Brutus literarius,
Autoritatis exuens tyrannidem;
Rationis, et sensus peritus *(stupendus)* arbiter;
Repumicator mentis; Atlas physicus,
Alcide succumbente Stagiritico;
Columba Noæ, quæ in *(vetustate artubùs)*
Nullum locum requiemve cernens, *(præstitit)*
Ad se suámque matris arcam regredi.
Subtilitatis terebra; temporis nepos
Ex veritate matre; mellis alveus;
Mundíque et animorum sacerdos unicus;
Securis errorum; ínque naturalibus
Granum Sinapis, acre aliis, crescens sibi;
O me prope lassum! juvate posteri.

III. IN OBITUM INCOMPARABILIS FRANCISCI VICE-COMITIS SANCTI ALBANI, BARONIS VERULAMII.

Dum longi lentíque gemis sub pondere morbi,
Atque hæret dubio tabida vita pede,
Quid voluit prudens fatum, jam sentio tandem:
Constat, Aprile uno te potuisse mori:
Ut flos hinc lacrymis, illinc Philomela querelis,
Deducant linguæ funera sola tuæ.

IV. COMPARATIO INTER MUNUS SUMMI CANCELLARIATUS ET LIBRUM.

Munere dum nobis prodes, libróque futuris,
In laudes abeunt sæcula quæque tuas;
Munere dum nobis prodes, libróque remotis,
In laudes abeunt jam loca quæque tuas:
Hæ tibi sunt alæ laudum. Cui contigit unquam
Longius æterno, latius orbe decus?

V. ÆTHIOPISSA AMBIT CESTUM DIVERSI COLORIS VIRUM.

Quid mihi si facies nigra est? hoc, Ceste, colore
Sunt etiam tenebræ, quas tamen optat amor.
Cernis ut exustâ semper sit fronte viator;
Ah longum, quæ te deperit, errat iter.
Si nigro sit terra solo, quis despicit arvum?
Claude oculos, et erunt omnia nigra tibi:
Aut aperi, et cernes corpus quas projicit umbras;
Hoc saltem officio fungar amore tui.
Cum mihi sit facies fumus, quas pectore flammas
Jamdudum tacitè delituisse putes?
Dure, negas? O fata mihi præsaga doloris,
Quæ mihi lugubres contribuêre genas!

VI. IN NATALES ET PASCHA CONCURRENTES.

Cum tu, Christe, cadis, nascor; mentémque ligavit
Una meam membris horula, téque cruci.

O me disparibus natum cum numine fatis!
Cur mihi das vitam, quam tibi, Christe, negas?
Quin moriar tecum: vitam, quam negligis ipse,
Accipe; ni talem des, tibi qualis erat.
Hoc mihi legatum tristi si funere præstes,
Christe, duplex fiet mors tua vita mihi:
Atque ibi per te sanctificer natalibus ipsis,
In vitam, et nervos pascha coæva fluet.

VII. AD JOHANNEM DONNE, D.D.

DE UNO SIGILLORUM EJUS, ANCHORA ET CHRISTO.

Quod crux nequibat fixa, clavique additi
(Tenere Christum scilicet, ne ascenderet)
Tuíve Christum devocans facundia
Ultra loquendi tempus; addit Anchora:
Nec hoc abundè est tibi, nisi certæ Anchoræ
Addas Sigillum: nempè symbolum suæ
Tibi dedit unda et terra certitudinis
Quondam fessus amor loquens amato
Tot et tanta loquens amica; scripsit
Tandem et fessa manus, dedit Sigillum.

Suavis erat, qui scripta, dolens, lacerando recludi
Sanctiùs in regno magni credebat amoris
(In quo fas nihil est rumpi) donare Sigillum.
Munde, fluas fugiásque licet, nos nostráque fixi:
Deridet motus sancta Catena tuos.

VIII. IN OBITUM SERENISSIMÆ REGINÆ ANNÆ.

(E LACRYMIS CANTABRIGIENSIBUS.)

Quo te, felix Anna, modo deflere licebit ?
Cui magnum imperium, gloria major erat :
Ecce meus torpens animus succumbit utrique,
Cui tenuis fama est, ingeniumque minus.
Quis, nisi qui manibus Briareus, oculisque sit Argus,
Scribere te dignùm vel lacrymare queat ?
Frustra igitur sudo ; superest mihi sola voluptas,
Quod calamum excusent Pontus et Astra meum :
Namque Annæ laudes cœlo scribuntur aperto,
Sed luctus noster scribitur Oceano.

IX. IN OBITUM HENRICI PRINCIPIS WALLIÆ.

(EX EPICEDIO CANTABRIGIENSI.)

Ite leves (inquam), Parnassia numina, musæ !
Non ego vos posthac, hederæ velatus amictu,
Somnis nescio queis nocturna ad vota vocabo :
Sed nec Cirrhæi saltus, Libethriave arva
In mea dicta ruant ; non tam mihi pendula mens est,
Sic quasi Diis certem, magnos accersere montes ;
Nec vaga de summo deducam flumina monte,
Qualia parturiente colunt sub rupe sorores :
Si quas mens agitet moles (dum pectora sævo
Tota stupent luctu) lachrymisque exæstuet æquis

Spiritus, hi mihi jam montes, hæc flumina sunto:
Musa, vale! et tu, Phœbe! dolor mea carmina dictet;
Hinc mihi principium: vos, o labentia mentis
Lumina, nutantes paullatim acquirite vires,
Vivite, dum mortem ostendam: sic tempora vestram
Non comedant famam, sic nulla oblivia potent.
Quare age, mens! effare, precor, quo numine læso?
Quæ suberant causæ? quid nos committere tantum,
Quod non lanigeræ pecudes, non agmina lustrent?
Annon longa fames, miseræque injuria pestis
Pœna minor fuerat, quam fatum Principis ægrum?
Jam felix Philomela, et menti conscia Dido!
Felices quos bella premunt et plurimus ensis!
Non metuunt ultra; nostra infortunia tantum
Fataque, Fortunasque et spem læsere futuram.
Quod si fata illi longam invidere salutem
Et patrio regno (sub quo jam Principe nobis
Quid sperare, immo quid non sperare licebat?)
Debuit ista pati prima et non nobilis ætas:
Aut cita mors est danda bonis aut longa senectus.
Sic lætare animos et sic ostendere gemmam
Excitat optatus avidos, et ventilat ignem.
Quare etiam nuper Pyrii de pulveris ictu
Principis innocuam servâstis numina vitam
Ut morbi perimant, alioque in pulvere prostet.
Phœbe, tui puduit, quum summo mane redires,
Sol sine sole tuo! quum te tum nubibus atris
Totum offuscari peteres, ut nocte silenti
Humana æternos agerent præcordia questus:
Tantum etenim vestras, Parcæ, non flectit habenas
Tempus edax rerum, tuque o mors improba sola es
Cui cæcas tribuit vires annosa vetustas!
Quid non mutatum est? requiêrunt flumina cursus:
Plus etiam veteres cœlum videre remotum:

ır ideo verbis tristes effundere curas
ĸpeto, tanquam hæc sit nostri medicina doloris ?
ımodicus luctus tacito vorat igne medullas,
t fluvio currente, vadum sonat, alta quiescunt.

Innupta Pallas, nata Diespatre !
Æterna summæ gloria regiæ !
Cui dulcis arrident camœnæ
Pieridis Latiæque Musæ.

Cur tela mortis, vel tibi, vel tuis
Quacunque gutta temporis imminent ?
Tantaque propendet statera
Regula sanguinolenta fati ?

Numne Hydra talis tantaque bellua est
Mors tot virorum sordida sanguine
Ut mucro rumpatur Minervæ
Utque minax superetur Ægis ?

Tu flectis amnes, tu mare cærulum
Ussisse prono fulmine diceris,
Ajacis exesas triremes
Præcipitans graviore casu.

Tu discidisti Gorgoneas manus
Nexas, capillos anguibus oblitos,
Furvosque vicisti Gigantem
Enceladum, pharetramque Rhœci.

Ceu victa, musis porrigit herbulas
Pennata cæci dextra cupidinis,
Non ulla Bellonæ furentis
Arma tui metuunt alumni.

Pallas retortis cæsia vocibus
Respondit: Eia! ne metuas precor,
Nam fata non justis repugnant
Principibus, sed amica fiunt.

Ut si recisis arboribus meis
Nudetur illic lucus amabilis,
Fructusque post mortem recusent
Perpetuos mihi ferre rami.

Dulcem rependent tum mihi tibiam
Pulchre renatam ex arbore mortua,
Dignamque cœlesti corona
Harmoniam dabit inter astra.

X. E MSTO. AUTOG.

Cum petit Infantem Princeps, Grantamque Jacobus,
Quisnam horum major sit, dubitatur, amor?
Vincit more suo Noster: nam millibus Infans
Non tot abest, quot nos Regis ab ingenio.

XI. E MSTO. AUTOG.

Vero verius ergo quid sit, audi:
Verum, Gallice, non libenter audis.

THE SYNAGOGUE

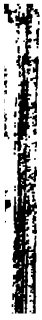
OR THE SHADOW OF THE TEMPLE SACRED POEMS AND PRIVATE EJACULATIONS IN IMITATION OF MR. GEORGE HERBERT

[BY CHRISTOPHER HARVEY M.A.]

" Stultissimum credo ad imitandum non optima quæque proponere." *Plin. Sec. lib.* 1. *Ep.* 5.

I do esteem't a folly not the least
To imitate examples not the best.

LONDON
M DCCC XXXVIII



ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE SYNAGOGUE.

THE "Synagogue" was first published in 1640,* without the author's name; and the authority for ascribing the work to Christopher Harvey rests upon the following evidence: In the "Complete Angler," chap. v, Walton, after quoting George Herbert, says, "And since you like these verses of Mr. Herbert's so well, let me tell you what a reverend and learned divine, that professes to imitate him, and has indeed done so most excellently, hath writ of our Book of Common Prayer; which I know you will like the better, because he is a friend of mine, and I am sure no enemy to angling;" then follow the Verses on the Book of Common Prayer, printed in this volume, p. 291, which are subscribed, Ch. Harvie. In the second edition of the "Complete Angler," published in 1653, will be found commendatory verses, addressed to Walton by "Ch. Harvie, M. of Arts." In the fourth edition of the "Synagogue" are verses by Walton, addressed "to my reverend friend, the Author of the Synagogue," wherein he says,

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* The second edition enlarged, was published Lond. 1647, third edit. 1657; fourth, 1661; fifth, 1667; sixth, 1673; seventh, 1679; eighth, 1703; ninth, 1709, and since with almost every edition of the Temple.

" I loved you for your Synagogue, before
I knew your person, but now love you more."

from these facts there cannot be any doubt that the work is assigned to its true author.

Another work, probably by Ch. Harvie, is entitled " *Schola Cordis;* or the Heart of itselfe gone away from God; brought back againe to him; and instructed by him, in 47 emblems, London, printed for H. Blunden, at the Castle in Cornhill, 1647, 12mo. pp. 196.* In the edition of 1675 it is stated, that they were " written by the Author of the ' Synagogue' annexed to Herbert's Poems;" if so, this volume must be also ascribed to Christopher Harvey; it should, however, be observed, that it has been reprinted two or three times, within the last half century, and ascribed to Francis Quarles, but erroneously.

The only Christopher Harvey that can be traced in both universities, and who probably was our author, is the one mentioned by Anthony Wood, who says ' that he was a minister's son of Cheshire, was born in that county, became a battler of Brasen-Nose College, in 1613, aged sixteen years, took the degrees in Arts,† that of Master being completed in 1620, holy orders, and at length was

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* The second edition was printed in 1674; third in 1675; fourth, 1676; the emblems were taken from a work by Benedictus Haeftenus, entitled " Schola Cordis sive aversi a deo cordis ad eundem reductio et instructio, *Antv.* 1635."

† B. A. 19th May, 1617; M. A. 10th May, 1620.

made vicar of Clifton in Warwickshire.* His works are these :'

I. ΑΦΗΝΙΑΣΤΗΣ: or, the Right Rebel, a Treatise discovering the true Use of the Name by the Nature of Rebellion, with the Properties and Practices of Rebels. Appliable to all, both old and new Phanatics, by Christopher Harvey, Vicar of Clifton, in the county of Warwick. Lond. Printed for R. Royston, Bookseller to his sacred Majesty, 1661, oct. p. 176, besides title, dedication, and preface, eight leaves.†

II. Faction supplanted: or, a Caveat against the ecclesiastical and secular Rebels, in two Parts. 1. A discourse concerning the Nature, Properties, and Practices of Rebels. 2. Against the Inconstancy and inconsistent Contrariety of the same Pretensions and Practices, Principles and Doctrines. Lond. 1663, oct. "pen'd mostly in 1642, and finished 3 Ap. 1645. This book, I suppose (for I have not seen it, or the other,) is the same with the former, only a new title put to it, to make it vend the better. Another book goes under his name, called *Conditions of Christianity*, printed at Lond. in tw. but that, or any other besides, I have not yet seen." A. Wood, *Athenæ Oxon.* ed. Bliss, v. 3, p. 538.

III. *An edition of* The Churches Exercise under Affliction: or an exposition of the LXXXV Psalm,

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* By the kindness of the Rev. J. H. C. Moor, the present rector of Rugby, the following additional particulars of Christopher Harvey have been obtained. He was instituted November 14, 1639. On the 12th of June, 1642, were baptised Bridget and Mary, the daughters of Christopher Harvey, clerk, and Margaret, his wife. In September 24, 1643, a son, named Whitney, was baptized, who was buried Oct. 1, in the same year, (he appears to have been named after the patron of the living of Clifton, Sir Robert Whitney, mt. of Whitney, Herefordshire,) another son, named Thomas, was baptized Feb. 22, 1645; and on the 4th of April, 1663, was "buried Mr. Christopher Harvey, vicar of Clifton."

† Dedicated to the Hon. Sir Geoffery Palmer, knt. and bart. In the preface the author states that it was finished April 3, 1645, and the postscript added March 11, 1660.

by Mr. Thomas Pierson, late Rectour of Brompton Brian, in the county of Hereford. London, printed for Philemon Stephens, at the Gilded Lyon in Paul's Church-yard, 1647, with a dedication by Ch. Harvey to his honoured patron, Sir Robert Whitney, knight, and a postscript to the Christian Reader.*

iv. *An edition of* The Great Charter of the Church. Contayning a Catalogue of gracious priviledges granted unto it by the King of Heaven: or an exposition of the LXXXVII Psalm. By Mr. Thomas Pierson, &c. as before, with a dedication by Ch. Harvey, to Lady Anne Whitney.

v. *An edition of* Excellent encouragements against afflictions; or Expositions of four select Psalmes: the XXVII, LXXXIV, LXXXV, and LXXXVII, containing,

1. David's triumph over distresse.
2. David's heart's desire.
3. The Churches exercise under affliction.
4. The Great Charter of the Church.

By the learned and laborious, faithfull and prudent Minister of God's word, Mr. Thomas Pierson, late Pasteur of Brompton-Brien in the county of Hereford [Rom. 15. 4. quoted]. London, printed by John Legatt, for Philemon Stephens; at the gilded Lion in St. Paul's Church-yard, MDCXLVII. 4to.†

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* In the dedication of this work, Ch. Harvey says—"And having long agoe put on almost an obstinate resolution never to send mine own name to the presse (except it be, as now I do, to bring to light another man's labour)." This expression tends to shew that he was the writer of other works, but to which he did not affix his name.

† The second edition of "The Synagogue" was "printed by J. L. for Philemon Stephens, at the gilded Lion in Paul's Church-yard, 1647," who was the publisher of the three last-mentioned works edited by Christopher Harvey, from which fact, there can be but little doubt that all the foregoing works are by the same author or editor.

TO MY REVEREND FRIEND, THE AUTHOR OF THE SYNAGOGUE.

SIR,

I LOVED you for your Synagogue, before
I knew your person; but now love you more;
Because I find
It is so true a picture of your mind:
Which tunes your sacred lyre
To that eternal quire,
Where holy Herbert sits
(O shame to profane wits!)
And sings his and your Anthems, to the praise
Of him that is the first and last of days.

These holy Hymns had an Ethereal birth;
For they can raise sad souls above the earth,
And fix them there,
Free from the world's anxieties and fear.
Herbert and you have power
To do this: every hour
I read you kills a sin,
Or lets a virtue in
To fight against it; and the Holy Ghost
Supports my frailties, lest the day be lost.

This holy war, taught by your happy pen,
The Prince of Peace approves. When we poor men
Neglect our arms,
We are circumvested with a world of harms.
But I will watch, and ward,
And stand upon my guard,
And still consult with you
And Herbert, and renew
My vows, and say, Well fare his, and your heart,
The fountains of such sacred wit and art.

IZAAK WALTON.

TO THE AUTHOR.

He that doth imitate must comprehend;
Verse, matter, order, titles, spirit, wit;
For these all our Church-Poet doth intend,
And he who hath this Imitation writ.
O glory of the time! best English Singer,
Happy both he the Hand and thou the Finger.

R. Langford of Gray's-Inn,
Counsellor of Law.

TO HIS INGENIOUS FRIEND,

THE AUTHOR OF THE SYNAGOGUE,

UPON HIS ADDITIONAL CHURCH-UTENSILS.

'Sir,
So the cheap touch-stone's bold
To question the more noble gold;
As I, at your command,
Put forth my blushing hand
To try these raptures, sent to my poor test:
But since your question's, Are they like the rest?
I say they are the best:
That once conceived, the other is confest.

But, Sir, now they are here,
For to prevent a female jeer,
Thus much affirm I do,
They're like the father too;
And you like him whose sublime paths you tread,
Herbert! to be like whom, who'd not be dead?
Herbert! whom when I read,
I stoop at stars that shine below my head.

Herbert! whose every strain
Twists holy breasts with happy brain;
So that who strives to be
As elegant as he
Must climb mount Calvary for Parnassus' hill,
And in his Saviour's sides baptize his quill;
A Jordan fit to instill
A saint-like style, back'd with an angel's skill.

He was our Solomon,
And you are our Centurion;
Our Temple him we owe,
Our Synagogue to you:
Where if your piety so much allow
That structure with these ornaments to endow,
All good men will avow,
Your Synagogue, built before, is furnish'd now.

J. L.

SIR,

WHILE I read your lines, methinks I spy
Churches, and Church-men, and the old Hierarchy:
What potent charms are these! you have the knack
To make men young again, and fetch time back.
I've lost what was bestow'd on Judah's prince,
And am now where I was thrice five years since.
The mid-space shrunk to nothing, manners, men
And times, and all look just as they did then.
Rubbish and ruin's vanish'd, every where
Order and comeliness afresh appear.
What cannot Poets do? They change with ease
The face of things, and lead us as they please.
Yet here's no fiction neither. We may see
The Poet, Prophet; his Verse, History.

Jan. 1, 1654. A. S.

THE SYNAGOGUE.

I. SUBTERLIMINARE.

Dic, cujus Templum? Christi. Quis condidit? Ede.
Condidit Herbertus. Dic, quibus auxiliis?
Auxiliis multis: quibus, haud mihi dicere fas est.
Tanta est ex dictis lis oriunda meis.
Gratia, si dicam, dedit omnia; protinus obstat
Ingenium, dicens, cuncta fuisse sua.
Ars negat, et nihil est non nostrum dicit in illo;
Nec facile est litem composuisse mihi.
Divide: materiam det gratia, materiæque
Ingenium cultus induat, arsque modos.
Non: ne displiceat pariter res omnibus ista,
Nec sortita velint jura vocare sua.
Nempe pari sibi jure petunt, cultusque, modosque,
Materiamque, ars, et gratia, et ingenium.
Ergo, velit si quis dubitantem tollere elenchum,
De Templo Herberti talia dicta dabit.
In Templo Herbertus condendo est gratia totus,
Ars pariter totus, totus et ingenium.
Cedite Romanæ, Graiiæ quoque cedite musæ;
Unum par cunctis Anglia jactat opus.

II. A STEPPING STONE TO THE THRESHOLD OF MR. HERBERT'S CHURCH-PORCH.

What Church is this? Christ's Church. Who builded it?
Master George Herbert. Who assisted it?
Many assisted: who I may not say,
So much contention might arise that way.
If I say grace gave all; wit straight doth thwart,
And says, All that is there is mine: but Art
Denies, and says, There's nothing there but's mine:
Nor can I easily the right define.
Divide: say, grace the matter gave, and wit
Did polish it: Art measured, and made fit,
Each several piece, and framed it altogether.
No, by no means: this may not please them neither.
None's well contented with a part alone,
When each doth challenge all to be his own.
The matter, the expressions, and the measures,
Are equally art's, wit's, and grace's treasures.
Then he, that would impartially discuss
This doubtful question, must answer thus:
In building of his Temple, Master Herbert
Is equally all grace, all wit, all art.
Roman and Grecian Muses all give way:
One English Poem darkens all your day.

III. THE DEDICATION.

LORD, my first fruits should have been sent to thee;
For thou the tree,
That bare them, only lentest unto me.

But while I had the use, the fruit was mine:
Not so divine
As that I dare presume to call it thine.

Before 'twas ripe it fell unto the ground:
And since I found
It bruised in the dirt, nor clean, nor sound.

Some I have pick'd, and wiped, and bring thee now,
Lord, thou know'st how:
Gladly I would, but dare not it avow.

Such as it is, 'tis here. Pardon the best,
Accept the rest.
Thy pardon and acceptance maketh blest.

IV. THE CHURCH-YARD.

THOU that intendest to the Church to-day,
Come, take a turn, or two, before thou go'st,
In the Churchyard; the walk is in thy way.
Who takes best heed in going, hasteth most:
But he that unprepared rashly ventures,
Hastens perhaps to seal his death's indentures.

V. THE CHURCH-STILE.

SEEST thou that stile? Observe then how it rises,
Step after step, and equally descends:
Such is the way to win Celestial prizes:
Humility the course begins, and ends.
Wouldst thou in grace to high perfections grow?
Shoot thy roots deep, ground thy foundations low.

Humble thyself, and God will lift thee up:
Those that exalt themselves he casteth down:
The hungry he invites with him to sup;
And clothes the naked with his robe and crown.
Think not thou hast, what thou from him wouldst have:
His labour's lost, if thou thyself canst save.

Pride is the prodigality of grace,
Which casteth all away by griping all:
Humility is thrift, both keeps its place,
And gains by giving, riseth by its fall.
To get by giving, and to lose by keeping,
Is to be sad in mirth, and glad in weeping.

VI. THE CHURCH-GATE.

NEXT to the stile, see where the gate doth stand,
Which, turning upon hooks and hinges may
Easily be shut, or open'd with an hand:
Yet constant to its centre still doth stay;

And fetching a wide compass round about,
Keeps the same course, and distance, never out.

Such must the course be that to heaven tends;
He that the gates of righteousness would enter,
Must still continue constant to his ends,
And fix himself in God, as in his centre.
Cleave close to him by faith, then move which way
Discretion leads thee, and thou shalt not stray.

We never wander, till we loose our hold
Of him that is our way, our light, our guide:
But, when we grow of our own strength too bold,
Unhook'd from him, we quickly turn aside.
He holds us up, whilst in him we are found:
If once we fall from him, we go to ground.

VII. THE CHURCH-WALLS.

Now view the walls: the Church is compass'd round,
As much for safety, as for ornament:
'Tis an inclosure, and no common ground;
'Tis God's freehold, and but our tenement.
Tenants at will, and yet in tail, we be:
Our children have the same right to't as we.

Remember there must be no gaps left ope,
Where God hath fenced, for fear of false illusions.
God will have all, or none: allows no scope
For sin's encroachments, or men's own intrusions.
Close binding locks his Laws together fast:
He that plucks out the first, pulls down the last.

Either resolve for all, or else for non
Obedience universal he doth claim.
Either be wholly his, or all thine own:
At what thou canst not reach, at least take aim:
He that of purpose looks beside the mark,
Might as well hood-wink'd shoot, or in the dark.

VIII. THE CHURCH.

Lastly, consider where the Church doth stand,
As near unto the middle as may be;
God in his service chiefly doth command
Above all other things sincerity.
Lines drawn from side to side within a round,
Not meeting in the centre, short are found.

Religion must not side with any thing
That swerves from God, or else withdraws from him;
He that a welcome sacrifice would bring,
Must fetch it from the bottom, not the brim.
A sacred temple of the holy Ghost
Each part of man must be, but his heart most.

Hypocrisy in Church is alchemy,
That casts a golden tincture upon brass:
There is no essence in it: 'tis a lie,
Though, fairly stamp'd, for truth it often pass:
Only the spirits aqua regia doth
Discover it to be but painted froth.

IX. THE CHURCH-PORCH.

Now, ere thou passest further, sit thee down
In the Church-porch, and think what thou hast seen;
Let due consideration either crown,
Or crush, thy former purposes. Between
Rash undertakings, and firm resolutions,
Depends the strength, or weakness, of conclusions.

Trace thy steps backward in thy memory:
And first resolve of, what thou heardest last,
Sincerity; It blots the history
Of all religious actions, and doth blast
The comfort of them, when in them God sees
Nothing but outsides of formalities.

In earnest be religious, trifle not;
And rather for God's sake, than for thine own:
Thou hast robb'd him, unless that he have got
By giving, if his glory be not grown
Together with thy good: who seeketh more
Himself than God would make his roof his floor.

Next to sincerity, remember still,
Thou must resolve upon integrity.
God will have all thou hast, thy mind, thy will,
Thy thoughts, thy words, thy works. A nullity
It proves, when God, that should have all, doth find
That there is any one thing left behind.

And having given him all, thou must receive
All that he gives. Meet his Commandment:
Resolve that thine obedience must not leave,
Until it reach unto the same extent.
For all his Precepts are of equal strength,
And measure thy performance to the length:

Then call to mind that constancy must knit
Thine undertakings and thine actions fast:
He that sets forth towards heaven, and doth sit
Down by the way, will be found short at last.
Be constant to the end, and thou shalt have
A heavenly garland, though an earthly grave.

But he that would be constant, must not take
Religion up by fits, and starts alone;
But his continual practice must it make:
His course must be from end to end but one.
Bones often broken, and knit up again,
Lose of their length, though in their strength
[they gain.

Lastly, remember that Humility
Must solidate, and keep all close together.
What pride puffs up with vain futility,
Lies open, and exposed to all ill weather.
An empty bubble may fair colours carry;
But blow upon it, and it will not tarry.

Prize not thine own too high, nor under-rate
Another's worth; but deal indifferently:
View the defects of thy spiritual state,
And other's graces, with impartial eye.
The more thou deemest of thyself, the less
Esteem of thee will all men else express.

Contract thy lesson now, and this is just
The sum of all. He that desires to see
The face of God, in his Religion must
Sincere, entire, constant, and humble be.
If thus resolved, fear not to proceed: [speed.
Else the more haste thou makest, the worse thou'lt

X. CHURCH-UTENSILS.

Betwixt two dangerous rocks, Profaneness on
The one side, on the other Superstition,
How shall I sail secure?
Lord, be my steersman, hold my helm,
And then though winds with waves o'erwhelm
My sails, I will endure
It patiently. The bottom of the sea
Is safe enough, if thou direct the way.

I'll tug my tacklings then, I'll ply mine oars,
And cry, A fig for fear. He that adores
The giddy multitude
So much, as to despise my rhymes,
Because they tune not to the times,
I wish may not intrude
His presence here. But they (and that's enough)
Who love God's house, will like his household stuff.

XI. THE FONT.

THE Font, I say. Why not? And why not near
To the Church door? Why not of stone?
Is not that blessed fountain open'd here,
From whence that water flows alone,
Which from sin and uncleanness washeth clear?

And may not beggars well contented be
Their first alms at the door to take?
Though, when acquainted better, they may see
Others within that bolder make.
Low places will serve guests of low degree.

What? Is he not the rock, out of whose side
Those streams of water-blood run forth?
The elect and precious corner-stone well tried?
Though the odds be great between their worth,
Rock-water and stone vessels are allied.

But call it what, and place it where you will:
Let it be made indifferently
Of any form, or matter; yet, until
The blessed Sacrament thereby
Impaired be, my hopes you shall not kill.

To want a complement of comeliness
Some of my comfort may abate,
And for the present make my joy go less:
Yet I will hug mine homely state,
And poverty with patience richly dress.

egeneration is all in all,
Washing, or sprinkling, but the sign,
ıe seal, and instrument thereof; I call
The one, as well as the other, mine,
nd my posterity's, as federal.

temporal estates may be convey'd,
By covenants on condition,
ó men, and to their heirs; be not afraid,
My soul, to rest upon
he covenant of grace by mercy made.

o but thy duty, and rely upon't,
Repentance, faith, obedience,
'henever practised truly, will amount
To an authentic evidence,
ıough the deed were antidated at the Font.

XII. THE READING-PEW.

ERE my new enter'd soul doth first break fast,
Here seasoneth her infant taste,
nd at her mother-nurse, the Church's dugs
With labouring lips and tongue she tugs,
ɔr that sincere milk, which alone doth feed
Babes new-born of immortal seed:
'ho, that they may unto perfection grow,
[ust be content to creep before they go.

hey, that would reading out of Church exclude,
Sure have a purpose to obtrude
ome dictates of their own, instead of God's
Revealed Will, his Word. 'Tis odds,

They do not mean to pay men current coin,
Who seek the standard to purloin,
And would reduce all trials to their own,
Both touch-stones, balances, and weights, alone.

What reasonable man would not misdoubt
Those Comments, that the text leave out?
And that their main intent is alteration,
Who dote so much on variation,
That no set Forms at all they can endure
To be prescribed, or put in ure?
Rejecting bounds and limits is the way,
If not all waste, yet common all to lay.

But why should he, that thinks himself well grown,
Be discontent that such a one,
As knows himself an infant yet, should be
Dandled upon his mother's knee,
And babe-like fed with milk, till he have got
More strength and stomach? Why should not
Nurslings in Church, as well as weanlings, find
Their food fit for them in their proper kind.

Let them that would build castles in the air,
Vault thither, without step or stair;
Instead of feet to climb, take wings to fly,
And think their turrets top the sky.
But let me lay all my foundations deep,
And learn, before I run, to creep. [low,
Who digs through Rocks to lay his ground-works
May in good time build high, and sure, though slow.

To take degrees, *per saltum*, though of quick
Dispatch, is but a truant's trick.

Let us learn first to know our letters well,
Then syllables, then words to spell;
Then to read plainly, ere we take the pen
In hand to write to other men.
I doubt their preaching is not always true,
Whose way to the Pulpit's not the reading Pew.

XIII. THE BOOK OF COMMON-PRAYER.

WHAT, prayer by the book? and Common?
Yes. Why not?
The spirit of grace,
And supplication,
Is not left free alone
For time and place;
But manner too. To read, or speak by rote,
Is all alike to him that prays
With's heart, that with his mouth he says.

They that in private by themselves alone
Do pray, may take
What liberty they please,
In choosing of the ways,
Wherein to make
Their soul's most intimate affections known
To him that sees in secret, when
They are most conceal'd from other men.

But he, that unto others leads the way
In public prayer,

Should choose to do it so,
As all, that hear, may know
They need not fear
To tune their hearts unto his tongue, and say
Amen; nor doubt they were betray'd
To blaspheme, when they should have pray'd.

Devotion will add life unto the letter.
And why should not
That, which authority
Prescribes, esteemed be
Advantage got?
If the Prayer be good, the commoner, the better.
Prayer in the Church's words, as well
As sense, of all prayers bears the bell.

XIV. THE BIBLE.

The Bible? That's the Book. The Book indeed,
The Book of Books;
On which who looks,
As he should do, aright, shall never need
Wish for a better light
To guide him in the night:

Or, when he hungry is, for better food
To feed upon,
Than this alone,
If he bring stomach and digestion good:
And if he be amiss,
This the best physic is.

The true Panchreston 'tis for every sore
And sickness, which
The poor, and rich
With equal ease may come by. Yea, 'tis more,
An antidote, as well
As remedy 'gainst hell.

'Tis heaven in perspective, and the bliss
Of glory here,
If any where,
By Saints on earth anticipated is,
Whilst faith to every word
A being doth afford.

It is the Looking-glass of souls, wherein
All men may see,
Whether they be
Still, as by nature they are, deform'd with sin;
Or in a better case,
As new adorn'd with grace.

'Tis the great Magazine of spiritual arms,
Wherein doth lie
The artillery
Of heaven, ready charged against all harms,
That might come by the blows
Of our infernal foes.

God's Cabinet of reveal'd counsel 'tis:
Where weal and woe
Are order'd so,
That every man may know which shall be his;
Unless his own mistake
False application make.

It is the Index to Eternity.
He cannot miss
Of endless bliss,
That takes this chart to steer his voyage by.
Nor can he be mistook,
That speaketh by this Book.

A Book, to which no Book may be compared
For excellence;
Preeminence
Is proper to it, and cannot be shared.
Divinity alone
Belongs to it, or none.

It is the Book of God. What if I should
Say, God of Books?
Let him that looks
Angry at that expression, as too bold,
His thoughts in silence smother,
Till he find such another.

XV. THE PULPIT.

'Tis dinner time: and now I look
For a full meal. God send me a good cook:
This is the dresser-board, and here
I wait in expectation of good cheer.
I'm sure the Master of the house
Enough to entertain his guests allows:
And not enough of some one sort alone,
But choice of what best fitteth every one.

God grant me taste and stomach good:
My feeding will diversify my food:
'Tis a good appetite to eat,
And good digestion, that makes good meat.
The best food in itself will be,
Not fed on well, poison, not food, to me.
Let him that speaks look to his words: my ear
Must careful be, both what and how I hear.

'Tis Manna that I look for here,
The bread of heaven, Angels' food. I fear
No want of plenty, where I know
The loaves by eating, more and greater, grow:
Where nothing but forbearance makes
A famine; where he only wants, that takes
Not what he will; provided that he would
Take nothing to himself, but what he should.

Here the same fountain poureth forth
Water, Wine, Milk, Oil, Honey, and the worth
Of all transcendent, infinite
In excellence, and to each appetite
In fitness answerable; so
That none needs hence unsatisfied go,
Whose stomach serves him unto any thing,
That health, strength, comfort, or content can bring.

Yea, dead men here invited are
Unto the bread of life, and whilst they spare
To come and take it, they must blame
Themselves, if they continue still the same.
The body's fed by food, which it
Assimilates, and to itself doth fit:
But, that the soul may feed, itself must be
Transform'd to the Word, with it agree.

To milk the strongest men must be
As new born babes, whenever they it see,
Desiring, not despising it.
For strong meat babes must stay, and strive to fit
Themselves in time, until they can
Get by degrees (which best beseem a man)
Experience-exercised senses, able
Good to discern from evil, truth from fable.

Here I will wait then; till I see
The steward reaching out a mess for me:
Resolve I'll take it thankfully,
Whate'er it be, and feed on't heartily.
Although no Benjamin's choice mess,
Five times as much as others, but far less;
Yea, if it be but a basket full of crumbs,
I'll bless the hand, from which, by which, it comes.

Like an invited guest, I will
Be bold, but mannerly withal, sit still
And see what the Master of the feast
Will carve unto me, and account that best
Which he doth choose for me, not I
Myself desire: yea, though I should espy
Some fault in the dressing, in the dishing, or
The placing, yet I will not it abhor.

So that the meat be wholesome, though
The sauce shall not be toothsome, I'll not go
Empty away, and starve my soul,
To feed my foolish fancy; but control
My appetite to dainty things,
Which oft instead of strength diseases brings:
But, if my Pulpit-hopes shall all prove vain,
I'll back unto the reading Pew again.

XVI. THE COMMUNION TABLE.

HERE stands my banquet ready, the last course,
And best provision,
That I must feed upon,
Till death my soul and body shall divorce,
And that I am
Call'd to the marriage-supper of the Lamb.

Some call't the Altar, some the holy Table.
The name I stick not at,
Whether't be this, or that,
I care not much, so that I may be able
Truly to know
Both why it is, and may be called so.

And for the matter whereof it is made,
The matter is not much,
Although it be of tuch,
Or wood, or metal, what will last, or fade;
So vanity
And superstition avoided be.

Nor would it trouble me to see it found
Of any fashion,
That can be thought upon,
Square, oval, many-angled, long, or round:
If close it be,
Fix'd, open, moveable, all's one to me

And yet, methinks, at a Communion
In uniformity
There's greatest decency,
And that which maketh most for union:
But needlessly
To vary, tends to the breach of charity.

Yet, rather than I'll give, I will not take
Offence, if it be given,
So that I be not driven
To thwart authority, a party make
For faction,
Or side, but seemingly, in the action.

At a Communion I wish I might
Have no cause to suspect
Any, the least, defect
Of unity and peace, either in sight
Apparently,
Or in men's hearts concealed secretly.

That, which ordained is to make men one,
More than before they were,
Should not itself appear,
Though but appear, distinctly divers. None
Too much can see
Of what, when most, yet but enough can be.

I others will dissent, and vary, who
Can help it? If I may,
As hath been done alway,
By the best, and most; I will myself do so.
Of one accord
The servants should be of one God, one Lord.

XVII. COMMUNION PLATE.

NEVER was gold, or silver, graced thus
Before.
To bring this body, and this blood, to us
Is more
Than to crown Kings,
Or be made rings,
For star-like diamonds to glitter in.

No precious stones are meet to match this bread
Divine.
Spirits of pearls dissolved would but dead
This wine.
This heavenly food
Is too too good
To be compared to any earthly thing.

For such inestimable treasure can
There be
Vessels too costly made by any man?
Sure he
That knows the meat
So good to eat,
Would wish to see it richly served in.

Although 'tis true, that sanctity's not tied
To state,
Yet sure religion should not be envied
The fate
Of meaner worth,
To be set forth
As best becomes the service of a King.

A King unto whose cross all Kings must vail
Their crowns,
And at his beck in their full course strike sail:
Whose frowns
And smiles give date
Unto their fate,
And doom them, either unto weal, or woe.

A King, whose will is justice: and whose word
Is power,
And wisdom both. A King, whom to afford
An hour
Of service truly
Perform'd, and duly,
Is to bespeak eternity of bliss.

When such a King offers to come to me
As food,
Shall I suppose his carriages can be
Too good?
No: Stars to gold
Turn'd, never could
Be rich enough to be employed so.

If I might wish then, I would have this bread,
This wine,
Vessel'd in what the sun might blush to shed
His shine,
When he should see:
But, till that be,
I'll rest contented with it, as it is.

XVIII. CHURCH-OFFICERS.

Stay. Officers in Church? Take heed: it is
A tender matter to be touch'd.
If I chance to say anything amiss,
Which is not fit to be avouch'd,
I must expect whole swarms of wasps to sting me,
Few, or no bees, honey or wax, to bring me.

Some would have none in Church do any thing
As Officers, but gifted men;
Others into the number more would bring,
Than I see warrant for: So then,
All that I say, 'tis like, well censured be,
Through prejudice, or partiality.

But 'tis no matter; If men censure me,
They but my fellow servants are:
Our Lord allows us all like liberty.
I write, mine own thoughts to declare,
Not to please men: and, if I displease any,
I will not care, so they be of the Many.

XIX. THE SEXTON.

The Church's key-keeper opens the door,
And shuts it, sweeps the floor,
Rings bells, digs graves, and fills them up again;
All Emblems unto men,
Openly owning Christianity,
To mark, and learn many good lessons by.

O thou that hast the key of David, who
Open'st and shuttest so,
That none can shut or open after thee,
Vouchsafe thyself to be
Our soul's door-keeper, by thy blessed spirit:
The lock and key's thy mercy, not our merit.

Cleanse thou our sin-soiled souls from the dirt and [dust
Of every noisome lust,
Brought in by the foul feet of our affections:
The besom of afflictions,
With the blessing of thy spirit added to it.
If thou be pleased to say it shall, will do it.

Lord, ringing changes all our bells hath marr'd,
Jangled they have, and jarr'd
So long, they're out of tune, and out of frame,
They seem not now the same.
Put them in frame anew, and once begin
To tune them so, that they may chime all in.

Let all our sins be buried in thy grave,
No longer rant and rave,
As they have done, to our eternal shame,
And the scandal of thy name.
Let's as door-keepers in thine house attend,
Rather than the throne of wickedness ascend.

XX. THE CLERK.

THE Church's Bible-Clerk attends
Her Utensils, and ends
Her Prayers with Amen;
Tunes Psalms, and to the Sacraments
Brings in the Elements,
And takes them out again;
humble minded, and industrious handed,
)th nothing of himself, but as commanded.

All that the vessels of the Lord
Do bear with one accord
Must study to be pure,
As they are: if his holy eye
Do any spot espy,
He cannot it endure;
ıt most expecteth to be sanctified
those come nearest him, and glorified.

Psalms then are always tuned best,
When there is most exprest
The holy Penman's heart:
All Music is but discord where
That wants, or doth not bear
The first and chiefest part.
)ices, without affections answerable,
'hen best, to God are most abominable.

Though in the blessed Sacraments
The outward Elements

Are but as husks and shells;
Yet he that knows the kernel's worth,
If even those send forth
Some Aromatic smells,
Will not esteem it waste, lest, Judas-like,
Through Mary's side he Christ himself should strike.

Lord, without whom we cannot tell
How to speak or think, well,
Lend us thy helping hand,
That what we do may pleasing be,
Not to ourselves but thee,
And answer thy command:
So that, not we alone, but thou mayst say
Amen to all our prayers, pray'd the right way.

XXI. THE OVERSEER OF THE POOR.

The Church's Almoner takes care, that none
In their necessity
Shall unprovided be
Of maintenance, or employment; those alone,
Whom careless idleness,
Or riotous excess,
Condemns to needless want, he leaves to be
Chasten'd a while by their own poverty.

Thou gracious Lord, rich in thyself, dost give
To all men liberally,
Upbraiding none. Thine eye
Is open upon all. In thee we live,

We move, and have our being :
But there is more than seeing.
he poor with thee: they are thy special charge;
em thou dost thine heart and hand enlarge.

sorts of poor there are, with whom thou deal'st,
Though always differently,
With such indifferency,
none hath reason to complain : thou heal'st
All those whom thou dost wound :
If there be any found
; by themselves, thou leavest them to endure
pain, till the pain render them fit for cure.

e in the world are poor, but rich in faith :
Their outward poverty
A plentiful supply
nward comforts and contentments hath.
And their estate is blest,
In this above the rest,
as thy choice, whilst thou on earth didst stay,
hadst not whereupon thy head to lay.

ıe poor in spirit in the world are rich,
Although not many such :
And no man needs to grutch
ir happiness, who to maintain that pitch,
Have an hard task in hand,
Nor easily can withstand
ı strong temptations that attend on riches :
untains are more exposed to storms than ditches.

ne rich in the world are spiritually poor,
And destitute of grace,

Who may perchance have place
In the Church upon earth; but heaven's door
Too narrow is to admit
Such camels in at it,
Till they sell all they have, that field to buy,
Wherein the true treasure doth hidden lie.

Some spiritually poor, and destitute
Of grace in the world are poor,
Begging from door to door,
Accursed both in God's and man's repute,
Till by their miseries
Tutor'd they learn to prize
Hungering and thirsting after righteousness,
Whilst they're on earth, their greatest happiness.

Lord, make me poor in spirit, and relieve
Me how thou wilt thyself,
No want of worldly pelf
Shall make me discontented, fret and grieve.
I know thine alms are best:
But, above all the rest,
Condemn me not unto the hell of riches,
Without thy grace to countercharm the witches.

XXII. THE CHURCH-WARDEN.

The Church's guardian takes care to keep
Her buildings always in repair,
Unwilling that any decay should creep
On them, before he is aware.

Nothing defaced,
Nothing displaced
He likes; but most doth long and love to see
The living stones order'd as they should be.

Lord, thou not only supervisor art
Of all our works, but in all those,
Which we dare own, thine is the chiefest part;
For there is none of us, that knows
How to do well;
Nor can we tell
What we should do, unless by thee directed:
It prospers not that's by ourselves projected.

That which we think ourselves to mend, we mar,
And often make it ten times worse:
Reforming of religion by war
Is the chymic blessing of a curse.
Great odds it is
That we shall miss
Of what we looked for: Thine ends cannot
By any but by thine own means be got.

'Tis strange we so much dote upon our own
Deformity, and others scorn:
As if ourselves were beautiful alone;
When that which did us most adorn
We purposely
Choose to lay by,
Such decency and order, as did place us
In highest esteem, and guard as well as grace us.

Is not thy daughter glorious within,
When clothed in needle-work without?

Or is't not rather both their shame and sin,
That change her robe into a clout,
Too narrow, and
Too thin, to stand
Her need in any stead, much less to be
An ornament fit for her high degree.

Take pity on her, Lord, and heal her breaches;
Clothe all her enemies with shame:
All the despite that's done unto her reaches
To the dishonour of thy name.
Make all her sons
Rich precious stones,
To shine each of them in his proper place,
Receiving of thy fulness grace for grace.

XXIII. THE DEACON.

The Deacon! That's the Minister.
True, taken generally;
And without any sinister
Intent, used specially,
He's purposely ordain'd to Minister,
In sacred things, to another officer.

At whose appointment, in whose stead,
He doth what he should do,
In some things, not in all: is led
By law, and custom too.
Where that doth neither bid, nor forbid, he
Thinks this sufficient authority:

Loves not to vary, when he sees
No great necessity;
To what's commanded he agrees,
With all humility;
ıowing how highly God submission prizes,
eased with obedience more than sacrifices.

Lord, thou didst of thyself profess
Thou wast as one that served,
And freely choosest to go less,
Though none so much deserved.
ith what face can we then refuse to be
ıter'd thy servants in a low degree?

Thy way to exaltation
Was by humility;
But we, proud generation,
No difference of degree
holy orders will allow, nay, more,
l holy orders would turn out of door.

But, if thy precept cannot do't,
To make us humbly serve,
Nor thy example added to't,
If still from both we swerve,
ıt none of us proceed, till he can tell,
ɔw to use the office of a Deacon well.

Which by the blessing of thy spirit,
Whom thou hast left to be
Thy Vicar here, we may inherit,
And minister to thee,
ıough not so well as thou mayst well expect,
ɜt so, as thou wilt pleased be to accept.

XXIV. THE PRIEST.

THE Priest I say, the Presbyter, I mean,
As now adays he's call'd
By many men: but I choose to retain
The name wherewith install'd
He was at first in our own mother tongue:
And doing so, I hope, I do no wrong.

The Priest, I say, 's a middle Officer,
Between the Bishop and
The Deacon; as a middle officer,
Which in the Church doth stand
Between God and the people, ready press'd
In the behalf of both to do his best.

From him to them offers the promises
Of mercy which he makes;
For them to him doth all their faults confess,
Their prayers and praises takes;
And offers for them, at the throne of grace,
Contentedly attending his own place.

The word and sacraments, the means of grace,
He duly doth dispense,
The flourishes of falsehood to deface,
With truth's clear evidence;
And sin's usurped tyranny suppress,
By advancing righteousness, and holiness.

The public censures of the Church he sees
To execution brought:

But nothing rashly of himself decrees,
Nor covets to be thought
Wiser than his superiors; whom always
He actively, or passively, obeys.

Lord Jesus, thou the Mediator art
Of the new Testament,
And fully didst perform thy double part
Of God and man, when sent
To reconcile the world, and to atone
'Twixt it and heaven, of two making one.

Yea, after the order of Melchisedeck,
Thou art a Priest for ever.
With perfect righteousness thyself dost deck,
Such as decayeth never.
Like to thyself make all thy Priests on earth,
Bless'd fathers to thy sons of the second birth.

Thou camest to do the will of him that sent thee,
And didst his honour seek
More than thine own: well may it then repent thee,
Being thyself so meek,
To have admitted them into the place
Of sons, that seek their fathers to disgrace.

Lord, grant that the abuse may be reform'd,
Before it ruin bring
Upon thy poor despised Church, transform'd
As if 'twere no such thing:
Thou that the God of order art, and peace,
Make cursed confusion and contention cease.

XXV. THE BISHOP.

THE Bishop? Yes, why not? What doth that name
Import that is unlawful, or unfit?
To say the Overseer is the same
In substance, and no hurt, I hope, in it:
  But sure if men did not despise the thing,
  Such scorn upon the name they would not fling.

Some Priests, some Presbyters, I mean, would be
Each Overseer of his several cure;
But one superior, to oversee
Them altogether, they will not endure:
  This the main difference is, that I can see,
  Bishops they would not have, but they would be.

But who can show of old that ever any
Presbyteries without their Bishops were:
Though Bishops without Presbyteries many,
At first must needs be, almost every where?
  That Presbyters from Bishops first arose,
  To assist them, 's probable, not these from those.

However, a true Bishop I esteem
The highest officer the Church on earth
Can have, as proper to itself, and deem
A Church without one an imperfect birth,
  If constituted so at first, and maim'd,
  If whom it had, it afterwards disclaim'd.

All order first from unity ariseth,
And the essence of it is subordination:
Whoever this contemns, and that despiseth,
May talk of, but intends not, reformation.
'Tis not of God, of Nature, or of Art,
To ascribe to all what's proper to one part.

To rule and to be ruled are distinct,
And several duties, severally belong
To several persons, can no more be link'd
In altogether, than amidst the throng
Of rude unruly passions, in the heart,
Reason can see to act her sovereign part.

But a good Bishop, as a tender father,
Doth teach and rule the Church, and is obey'd;
And reverenced by it, so much the rather,
By how much he delighted more to lead
All by his own example in the way,
Than punish any, when they go astray.

Lord, thou the Bishop, and chief Shepherd, art
Of all that flock, which thou hast purchased
With thine own blood: to them thou dost impart
The benefits which thou hast merited,
Teaching, and ruling, by thy blessed Spirit,
Their souls in grace, till glory they inherit:

The stars which thou dost hold in thy right hand,
The Angels of the Churches, Lord, direct
Clearly thy holy will to understand,
And do accordingly: Let no defect
Nor fault, no not in our new politics,
Provoke thee to remove our candle-sticks;

But let thy Urim and thy Thummim be
Garments of praise to adorn thine holy ones:
Light and perfection let all men see
Brightly shine forth in those rich precious stones;
Of whom thou wilt make a foundation,
To raise thy new Hierusalem upon.

And, at the brightness of its rising, let
All nations with thy people shout for joy:
Salvation for walls and bulwarks set
About it, that nothing may it annoy.
Then the whole World thy Diocess shall be,
And Bishops all but Suffragans to Thee.

XXVI. CHURCH FESTIVALS.

Marrow of time, Eternity in brief
Compendiums Epitomized, the chief
Contents, the Indices, the Title-pages
Of all past, present, and succeeding ages,
Sublimate graces, antidated glories,
The cream of holiness,
The inventories
Of future blessedness,
The Florilegia of celestial stories,
Spirits of joys, the relishes and closes
Of Angels' music, pearls dissolved, roses
Perfumed, sugar'd honey-combs, delights
Never too highly prized,
The marriage rites,
Which duly solemnized

Usher espoused souls to bridal nights,
Gilded sun-beams, refined Elixirs,
And quintessential extracts of stars:
Who loves not you, doth but in vain profess
That he loves God, or heaven, or happiness.

XXVII. THE SABBATH, OR LORD'S DAY.

HAIL
Holy
King of days,
The Emperor,
Or universal [week's
Monarch of time, the
Perpetual Dictator.
Thy
Beauty
Far exceeds
The reach of art,
To blazon fully;
And I thy light eclipse,
When I most strive to raise [thee.
What
Nothing
Else can be,
Thou only art;
The extracted spirit
Of all Eternity,
By favour antedated.

Vail
Wholly
To thy praise,
For evermore
Must the rehearsal
Of all, that honour seeks,
Under the world's Creator.
My
Duty
Yet must needs
Yield thee mine heart,
And that not dully:
Spirits of souls, not lips
Alone, are fit to praise [thee.
That
Slow thing
Time by thee
Hath got the start,
And doth inherit
That immortality
Which sin anticipated.

O
That I
Could lay by
This body so,
That my soul might be
Incorporate with thee,
And no more to six days owe.

XXVIII. THE ANNUNCIATION, OR LADY-DAY.

Unto the music of the spheres
Let men, and Angels, join in concert theirs.
So great a messenger
From heaven to earth
Is seldom seen,
Attired in so much glory;
A message welcomer,
Fraught with more mirth,
Hath never been
Subject of any story:
This by a double right, if any, may
Be truly styled the world's birth-day.

The making of the world ne'er cost
So dear, by much, as to redeem it lost.
God said but, Let it be,
And every thing
Was made straightway,
So as he saw it good:
But ere that he could see
A course to bring

Man gone astray
To the place where he stood,
is wisdom with his mercy, for man's sake,
Against his justice part did take.

And the result was this day's news
ble the messenger himself to amuse,
As well as her, to whom
By him 'twas told,
That though she were
A Virgin pure, and knew
No man, yet in her womb
A son she should
Conceive and bear,
As sure as God was true.
uch high place in his favour she possess'd,
Being among all women bless'd.

But bless'd especially in this,
hat she believed, and for eternal bliss
Relied on him, whom she
Herself should bear,
And her own son
Took for her Saviour.
And if there any be,
That when they hear,
As she had done,
Suit their behaviour,
hey may be blessed, as she was, and say,
'Tis their Annunciation-day.

XXIX. THE NATIVITY, OR CHRISTMAS-DAY.

Unfold thy face, unmask thy ray,
Shine forth bright sun, double the day.
Let no malignant misty fume,
Nor foggy vapour, once presume
To interpose thy perfect sight
This day, which makes us love thy light
For ever better, that we could
That blessed object once behold,
Which is both the circumference,
And centre of all excellence:
Or rather neither, but a treasure
Unconfined without measure,
Whose centre, and circumference,
Including all pre-eminence,
Excluding nothing but defect,
And infinite in each respect,
Is equally both here and there,
And now, and then, and every where,
And always, one, himself, the same,
A being far above a name.
Draw nearer then, and freely pour
Forth all thy light into that hour,
Which was crowned with his birth,
And made heaven envy earth.
Let not his birth-day clouded be,
By whom thou shinest, and we see.

XXX. THE CIRCUMCISION, OR NEW-YEAR'S DAY.

SORROW betide my sins! Must smart so soon
Seize on my Saviour's tender flesh scarce grown
Unto an eighth days' age?
Can nothing else assuage
The wrath of heaven, but his infant-blood?
Innocent infant, infinitely good!

Is this thy welcome to the world great God!
No sooner born, but subject to the rod
Of sin-incensed wrath?
Alas, what pleasure hath
Thy Father's justice to begin thy passion,
Almost together with thine incarnation?

Is it to antedate thy death? To indite
Thy condemnation himself, and write
The copy with thy blood,
Since nothing is so good?
Or, is't by this experiment to try,
Whether thou beest born mortal, and canst die?

If man must needs draw blood of God, yet why
Stays he not till thy time be come to die?
Didst thou thus early bleed
For us to show what need
We have to hasten unto thee as fast;
And learn that all the time is lost that's pass'd?

'Tis true, we should do so: Yet in this blood
There's something else, that must be understood;
It seals thy covenant,
That so we may not want
Witness enough against thee, that thou art
Made subject to the Law, to act our part.

The sacrament of thy regeneration
It cannot be; it gives no intimation
Of what thou wert, but we:
Native impurity;
Original corruption, was not thine,
But only as thy righteousness is mine.

In holy Baptism this is brought to me,
As that in Circumcision was to thee:
So that thy loss and pain
Do prove my joy and gain.
Thy Circumcision writ thy death in blood:
Baptism in water seals my livelihood.

O blessed change! Yet, rightly understood,
That blood was water, and this water's blood.
What shall I give again,
To recompense thy pain?
Lord, take revenge upon me for this smart:
To quit thy fore-skin, circumcise my heart.

XXI. THE EPIPHANY, OR TWELFTH-DAY.

GREAT, without controversy great,
They that do know it will confess
The mystery of godliness;
Whereof the Gospel doth intreat.

God in the flesh is manifest,
And that which hath for ever been
Invisible, may now be seen,
The eternal deity new drest.

Angels to shepherds brought the news:
And Wise men, guided by a Star,
To seek the sun, are come from far:
Gentiles have got the start of Jews.

The stable and the manger hide
His glory from his own; but these
Though strangers, his resplendent rays
Of Majesty divine have spied.

Gold, frankincense, and myrrh, they give;
And worshipping him plainly show,
That unto him they all things owe,
By whose free gift it is they live.

Though clouded in a veil of flesh,
The sun of righteousness appears,
Melting cold cares, and frosty fears,
And making joys spring up afresh.

O that his light and influence,
Would work effectually in me
Another new Epiphany,
Exhale, and elevate me hence:

That, as my calling doth require,
Star-like I may to others shine;
And guide them to that sun divine,
Whose day-light never shall expire.

XXXII. THE PASSION, OR GOOD FRIDAY.

This day my Saviour died: and do I live?
What, hath not sorrow slain me yet?
Did the immortal God vouchsafe to give
His life for mine, and do I set
More by my wretched life, than he by his,
So full of glory, and of bliss?

Did his free mercy, and mere love to me,
Make him forsake his glorious throne,
And mount a cross, the stage of infamy,
That so he might not die alone;
But dying suffer more through grief and shame,
Than mortal men have power to name?

And can ingratitude so far prevail,
To keep me living still? Alas!
Methinks some thorn out of his crown, some nail.
At least his spear, might pierce, and pass
Thorough, and thorough, till it rived mine heart,
As the right death-deserving part.

And doth he not expect it should be so?
Would he lay down a price so great,
And not look that his purchases should grow
Accordingly? Shall I defeat
His just desire? O no, it cannot be:
His death must needs be death to me.

My life's not mine, but his: for he did die
That I might live: yet died so,
That being dead he was alive; and I
Thorough the gates of death must go
To live with him: yea, to live by him here
Is a part in his death to bear.

Die then, dull soul, and if thou canst not die,
Dissolve thyself into a sea
Of living tears, whose streams may ne'er go dry.
Nor turned be another way,
Till they have drown'd all joys, but those alone,
Which sorrow claimeth for its own.

For sorrow hath its joys: and I am glad
That I would grieve, if I do not:
But, if I neither could, nor would, be sad
And sorrowful, this day, my lot
Would be to grieve for ever, with a grief
Uncapable of all relief.

No grief was like that, which he grieved for me,
A greater grief than can be told:
And like my grief for him no grief should be,
If I could grieve so, as I would:
But what I would, and cannot, he doth see,
And will accept, that died for me.

Lord, as thy grief and death for me are mine,
For thou hast given them unto me;
So my desires to grieve and die are thine,
For they are wrought only by thee.
Not for my sake then, but thine own, be pleased
With that, which thou thyself hath raised.

XXXIII. THE RESURRECTION, OR EASTER-DAY.

Up, and away,
Thy Saviour's gone before.
Why dost thou stay,
Dull soul? Behold, the door
Is open, and his Precept bids thee rise,
Whose power hath vanquish'd all thine enemies.

Say not, I live,
Whilst in the grave thou liest:
He that doth give
Thee life would have thee prize't
More highly than to keep it buried, where
Thou canst not make the fruits of it appear.

Is rottenness,
And dust so pleasant to thee,
That happiness,
And heaven, cannot woo thee,
To shake thy shackles off, and leave behind thee
Those fetters, which to death and hell do bind thee?

In vain thou say'st,
Thou art buried with thy Saviour,

If thou delay'st,
To show, by thy behaviour,
That thou art risen with him; Till thou shine
Like him, how canst thou say his light is thine?

Early he rose,
And with him brought the day,
Which all thy foes
Frighted out of the way:
And wilt thou sluggard-like turn in thy bed,
Till noon-sun beams draw up thy drowsy head?

Open thine eyes,
Sin-seized soul, and see
What cobweb-ties
They are, that trammel thee;
Not profits, pleasures, honours, as thou thinkest;
But loss, pain, shame, at which thou vainly winkest.

All that is good
Thy Saviour dearly bought
With his heart's blood;
And it must there be sought,
Where he keeps residence, who rose this day:
Linger no longer then; up, and away.

XXXIV. THE ASCENSION, OR HOLY THURSDAY.

Mount, mount, my soul, and climb, or rather fly
With all thy force on high,
Thy Saviour rose not only, but ascended;

And he must be attended
Both in his conquest and his triumph too.
His glories strongly woo
His graces to them, and will not appear
In their full lustre, until both be there,

Where he now sits, not for himself alone,
But that upon his throne
All his redeemed may attendants be,
Robed, and crown'd as he.
Kings without Courtiers are lone men, they say;
And dost thou think to stay
Behind on earth, whilst thy King reigns in heaven,
Yet not be of thy happiness bereaven?

Nothing that thou canst think worth having's here.
Nothing is wanting there,
That thou canst wish, to make thee truly blest.
And, above all the rest,
Thy life is hid with God in Jesus Christ,
Higher than what is high'st.
O grovel then no longer here on earth,
Where misery every moment drowns thy mirth.

But tower, my soul, and soar above the skies,
Where thy true treasure lies.
Though with corruption, and mortality
Thou clogg'd and pinion'd be;
Yet thy fleet thoughts, and sprightly wishes, may
Speedily glide away.
To what thou canst not reach, at least aspire,
Ascend, if not in deed, yet in desire.

XXXV. WHITSUNDAY.

Nay, startle not to hear that rushing wind,
Wherewith this place is shaken:
Attend a while, and thou shalt quickly find,
How much thou art mistaken;
If thou think here
Is any cause of fear.

Seest thou not how on those twelve reverend heads
Sit cloven tongues of fire?
And as the rumour of that wonder spreads,
The multitude admire
To see it: and
Yet more amazed stand

To hear at once so great variety
Of language from them come,
Of whom they dare be bold to say they be
Bred no where but at home,
And never were
In place such words to hear.

Mock not, profane despisers of the spirit,
At what's to you unknown:
This earnest he hath sent, who must inherit
All nations as his own:
That they may know
How much to him they owe.

Now that he is ascended up on high
To his celestial throne,
And hath led captive all captivity,
He'll not receive alone,
But likewise give
Gifts unto all that live;

To all that live by him, that they may be,
In his due time, each one,
Partakers with him in his victory,
Nor he triumph alone;
But take all his
Unto him where he is.

To fit them for which blessed state of glory,
This is his agent here:
To publish to the World that happy story,
Always, and every where,
This resident
Embassador is sent.

Heaven's lieger upon earth to counter-work
The mines that Satan made,
And bring to light those enemies, that lurk
Under sin's gloomy shade:
That hell may not
Still boast what it hath got.

Thus Babel's curse, confusion, is retrieved;
Diversity of tongues
By this division of the spirit relieved:
And to prevent all wrongs,
One faith unites
People of different rites.

t his entertainment then be such,
As doth him best befit:
ıtever he requireth think not much
Freely to yield him it:
For who doth this
Reaps the first-fruits of bliss.

XXXVI. TRINITY SUNDAY.

CE, Wit, and Art, assist me; for I see
subject of this day's solemnity
So far excels in worth,
That sooner may
I drain the sea,
Or drive the day
With light away,
Than fully set it forth,
ept you join all three to take my part,
chiefly grace fill both my head and heart.

', busy soul, presume not to enquire
much of what Angels can but admire,
And never comprehend:
The Trinity
In Unity,
And Unity
In Trinity,
All reason doth transcend.
Father, Son God, and God Holy Ghost,
› most admireth, magnifieth most.

And who most magnifies best understands,
And best expresseth what the heads, and hands,
And hearts, of all men living,
When most they try
To glorify,
And raise on high,
Fall short, and lie,
Groveling below: Man's giving
Is but restoring by retail, with loss,
What from his God he first received in gross.

Faith must perform the office of invention,
And Elocution, struck with apprehension
Of wonder silence keep.
Not tongues, but eyes
Lift to the skies
In reverend wise,
Best solemnize
This day: whereof the deep
Mysterious subject lies out of the reach
Of wit to learn, much more of art to teach.

Then write *non ultra* here; Look not for leave
To speak of what thou never canst conceive
Worthily, as thou shouldst:
And it shall be
Enough for thee,
If none but he
Himself doth see,
Though thou canst not, thou wouldst
Make his praise glorious, who is alone
Thrice blessed one in three, and three in one.

XXXVII. INVITATION.

TURN in, my Lord, turn in to me;
Mine heart's a homely place;
But thou canst make corruption flee,
And fill it with thy grace:
So furnished it will be brave,
And a rich dwelling thou shalt have.

It was thy lodging once before,
It builded was by thee:
But I to sin set ope the door,
It render'd was by me.
And so thy building was defaced,
And in thy room another placed.

But he usurps, the right is thine:
O dispossess him, Lord.
Do thou but say, this heart is mine,
He's gone at the first word.
Thy word's thy will, thy will's thy power,
Thy time is always; now's mine hour.

Now say to sin, depart:
And, Son give me thine heart.
Thou, that by saying, Let it be, didst make it,
Canst, if thou wilt, by saying, Give't me, take it.

XXXVIII. COMFORT IN EXTREMITY.

Alas! my Lord is going,
Oh my woe!
It will be mine undoing;
If he go
I'll run and overtake him:
If he stay,
I'll cry aloud, and make him
Look this way.
O stay, my Lord, my Love, 'tis I;
Comfort me quickly, or I die.

Cheer up thy drooping spirits,
I am here.
Mine all-sufficient merits
Shall appear
Before the throne of glory
In thy stead:
I'll put into thy story
What I did.
Lift up thine eyes sad soul, and see
Thy Saviour here. Lo, I am he.

Alas! shall I present
My sinfulness
To thee? thou wilt resent
The loathsomeness.
Be not afraid, I'll take
Thy sins on me,

And all my favour make
To shine on thee.
Lord, what thou'lt have me, thou must make me.
As I have made thee now, I take thee.

XXXIX. RESOLUTION AND ASSURANCE.

LORD, thou wilt love me. Wilt thou not?
Beshrew that not:
It was my sin begot
That question first: Yes, Lord, thou wilt:
Thy blood was spilt
To wash away my guilt,
Lord, I will love thee. Shall I not?
Beshrew that not.
'Twas death's accursed plot
To put that question: Yes, I will,
Lord, love thee still,
In spite of all my ill.
Then life, and love continue still
We shall, and will,
My Lord and I, until,
In his celestial hill,
We love our fill,
When he hath purged all mine ill.

XL. VOWS BROKEN AND RENEWED.

SAID I not so, that I would sin no more?
Witness my God, I did;
Yet I am run again upon the score:
My faults cannot be hid.

What shall I do ? Make vows, and break them still?
'Twill be but labour lost;
My good cannot prevail against mine ill:
The business will be crost.

O, say not so: thou canst not tell what strength
Thy God may give thee at the length:
Renew thy vows, and if thou keep the last,
Thy God will pardon all that's past. [mayst
Vow, whilst thou canst: while thou canst vow, thou
Perhaps perform it, when thou thinkest least.

Thy God hath not denied thee all,
Whilst he permits thee but to call:
Call to thy God for grace to keep
Thy vows; and if thou break them weep.
Weep for thy broken vows, and vow again:
Vows made with tears cannot be still in vain.
Then once again
I vow to mend my ways;
Lord, say Amen,
And thine be all the praise.

XLI. CONFUSION.

O! how my mind
Is gravell'd!
Not a thought,
That I can find,
But's ravell'd
All to nought.

Short ends of threds,
And narrow shreds
Of lists,
Knots snarled ruffs,
Loose broken tufts
Of twists,
Are my torn meditation's ragged clothing,
Which, wound and woven shape a suit for nothing:
One while I think, and then I am in pain
To think how to unthink that thought again.

How can my soul
But famish
With this food?
Pleasure's full bowl
Tastes ramish,
Taints the blood.
Profit picks bones,
And chews on stones
That choke:
Honour climbs hills,
Fats not, but fills
With smoke.
And whilst my thoughts are greedy upon these,
They pass by pearls, and stoop to pick up pease.
Such wash and draff is fit for none but swine:
And such I am not, Lord, if I am thine.
Clothe me anew, and feed me then afresh;
Else my soul dies famish'd, and starved with flesh.

XLII. A PARADOX.

THE WORSE THE BETTER.

Welcome mine health: this sickness makes me well.
Medicines adieu:
When with diseases I have list to dwell,
I'll wish for you.

Welcome my strength: this weakness makes me able.
Powers adieu:
When I am weary grown of standing stable,
I'll wish for you.

Welcome my wealth: this loss hath gain'd me more.
Riches adieu:
When I again grow greedy to be poor,
I'll wish for you.

Welcome my credit: this disgrace is glory.
Honours adieu:
When for renown, and fame I shall be sorry,
I'll wish for you.

Welcome content: this sorrow is my joy.
Pleasures adieu:
When I desire such griefs as may annoy,
I'll wish for you.

Health, strength, and riches, credit, and content,
Are spared best, sometimes, when they are spent:

Sickness and weakness, loss, disgrace, and sorrow,
Lend most sometimes, when they seem most to
borrow.
Blest be that hand, that helps by hurting, gives
By taking, by forsaking me relieves.
If in my fall my rising be thy will,
Lord, I will say, The worse the better still.
I'll speak the Paradox, maintain thou it,
And let thy grace supply my want of wit.
Leave me no learning that a man may see,
So I may be a scholar unto thee.

XLIII. INMATES.

An house I had (an heart, I mean), so wide,
And full of spacious rooms on every side,
That viewing it I thought I might do well,
Rather than keep it void, and make no gain,
Of what I could not use, to entertain
Such guests as came: I did; But what befell
Me quickly in that course, I sigh to tell.

A guest I had (alas! I have her still)
A great big bellied guest, enough to fill
The vast content of hell, Corruption.
By entertaining her, I lost my right
To more than all the world hath now in sight.
Each day, each hour, almost, she brought forth
Or other base begot Transgression. [one,

The charge grew great. I, that had lost before
All that I had, was forced now to score

For all the charges of their maintenance
In dooms-day book: Whoever knew't would say
The least sum there was more than I could pay,
When first 'twas due, besides continuance,
Which could not choose but much the debt enhance.

To ease me first I wish'd her to remove:
But she would not. I sued her then above,
And begg'd the Court of heaven but in vain
To cast her out. No, I could not evade
The bargain, which she pleaded I had made,
That, whilst both lived, I should entertain,
At mine own charge, both her and all her train.

No help then, but or I must die or she;
And yet my death of no avail would be:
For one death I had died already then,
When first she lived in me: and now to die
Another death again were but to tie,
And twist them both into a third, which when
It once hath seized on, never looseth men.

Her death might be my life; but her to kill
I, of myself, had neither power nor will.
So desperate was my case. Whilst I delay'd,
My guest still teem'd, my debts still greater grew;
The less I had to pay, the more was due.
The more I knew, the more I was afraid:
The more I mused, the more I was dismay'd.

At last I learn'd, there was no way but one:
A friend must do it for me. He alone,
That is the Lord of life, by dying can

Save men from death, and kill Corruption:
And many years ago the deed was done,
His heart was pierced; out of his side there ran
Sins corrosives, restoratives for man.

This precious balm I begg'd, for pity's sake,
At mercy's gate: where Faith alone may take
What Grace and Truth do offer liberally.
Bounty said, Come. I heard it, and believed;
None ever there complain'd but was relieved.
Hope waiting upon Faith said instantly,
That thenceforth I should live, Corruption die.

And so she died, I live. But yet, alas!
We are not parted: She is where she was,
Cleaves fast unto me still, looks thro' mine eyes,
Speaks in my tongue, and museth in my mind,
Works with mine hands: her body's left behind,
Although her soul be gone. My miseries
All flow from hence; from hence my woes arise.

I loathe myself, because I leave her not;
Yet cannot leave her. No, she is my lot,
Now being dead, that living was my choice;
And still, though dead, she both conceives and bears,
Many faults daily, and as many fears:
All which for vengeance call with a loud voice,
And drown my comforts with their deadly noise.

Dead bodies kept unburied quickly stink
And putrefy. How can I then but think
Corruption noisome, even mortified?
Though such she were before, yet such to me
She seemed not. Kind fools can never see,

Or will not credit, until they have tried,
That friendly looks oft false intents do hide.

But mortified Corruption lies unmask'd,
Blabs her own secret filthiness unask'd,
To all that understand her. That do none
In whom she lives embraced with delight:
She first of all deprives them of their sight;
Then dote they on her, as upon their own,
And she to them seems beautiful alone.

But woe is me! One part of me is dead;
The other lives: Yet that which lives is led,
Or rather carried captive unto sin,
By the dead part. I am a living grave,
And a dead body I within me have.
The worse part of the better, oft doth win:
And, when I should have ended, I begin.

The scent would choke me, were it not that grace
Sometimes vouchsafeth to perfume the place
With odours of the spirit, which do ease me,
And counterpoise Corruption. Blessed spirit,
Although eternal torments be my merit,
And of myself Transgressions only please me,
Add grace enough being revived to raise me.

Challenge thine own. Let not intruders hold
Against thy right, what to my wrong I sold.
Having no state myself, but tenancy,
And tenancy at will, what could I grant
That is not voided, if thou say, avaunt!
O speak the word, and make these inmates flee:
Or, which is one, take me to dwell with thee.

XLIV. THE CURB.

PEACE, rebel thought: dost thou not know thy King,
My God, is here?
Cannot his presence, if no other thing,
Make thee forbear?
Or were he absent, all the standers by
Are but his spies:
And well he knows, if thou shouldst it deny,
Thy words were lies.
If others will not, yet I must, and will,
Myself complain.

My God, e'en now a base rebellious thought
Began to move,
And subt'ly twining with me would have wrought
Me from thy love:
Fain he would have me to believe, that sin
And thou might both
Take up my heart together for your Inn,
And neither loathe
The other's company: a while sit still,
And part again.

Tell me, my God, how this may be redrest:
The fault is great,
And I the guilty party have confest,
I must be beat.
And I refuse not punishment for this,
Though to my pain;

So I may learn to do no more amiss,
Nor sin again :
Correct me, if thou wilt; but teach me then,
What I shall do.

Lord of my life, methinks I heard thee say,
That labour's eased :
The fault, that is confess'd, is done away,
And thou art pleased.
How can I sin again, and wrong thee then,
That dost relent,
And cease thine anger straight, as soon as men
Do but repent ?
No, rebel thought ; for if thou move again,
I'll tell that too.

XLV. THE LOSS.

The match is made
Between my love and me :
And therefore glad
And merry now I'll be.
Come, glory, crown
My head ;
And, pleasures, drown
My bed
Of thorns in down.
Sorrow, be gone ;
Delight
And joy alone

Befit
My honey-moon.
Be packing now,
You cumb'rous cares, and fears:
Mirth will allow
No room to sighs and tears.
Whilst thus I lay,
As ravish'd with delight,
I heard one say,
So fools their friends requite.
I knew the voice,
My Lord's,
And at the noise
His words
Did make, arose.
I look'd, and spied
Each where,
And loudly cried,
My dear;
But none replied:
Then to my grief
I found my love was gone,
Without relief,
Leaving me all alone.

XLVI. THE SEARCH.

WHITHER, oh! whither is my Lord departed?
What can my love, that is so tender-hearted,
Forsake the soul, which once he thorough darted,
As if it never smarted?

No, sure my love is here, if I could find him:
He that fills all can leave no place behind him.
But oh! my senses are too weak to wind him:
Or else I do not mind him.

O no, I mind him not so as I ought;
Nor seek him so as I by him was sought,
When I had lost myself: he dearly bought
Me, that was sold for nought.

But I have wounded him, that made me sound;
Lost him again, by whom I first was found:
Him, that exalted me, have cast to the ground;
My sins his blood have drown'd.

Tell me, oh! tell me, (thou alone canst tell)
Lord of my life, where thou art gone to dwell:
For, in thy absence heaven itself is hell:
Without thee none is well.

Or, if thou beest not gone, but only hidest
Thy presence in the place where thou abidest,
Teach me the sacred art, which thou providest
For all them, whom thou guidest,

To seek and find thee by. Else here I'll lie,
Until thou find me. If thou let me die,
That only unto thee for life do cry,
Thou diest as well as I.

For, if thou live in me, and I in thee,
Then either both alive, or dead must be:
At least I'll lay my death on thee, and see
If thou wilt not agree.

For, though thou be the Judge thyself, I have
Thy promise for it, which thou canst not wave,
That who salvation at thine hands do crave,
Thou wilt not fail to save.

Oh! seek, and find me then; or else deny
Thy truth, thyself. Oh! thou that canst not lie,
Show thyself constant to thy word, draw nigh.
Find me. Lo, here I lie.

XLVII. THE RETURN.

Lo, now my love appears;
My tears
Have clear'd mine eyes: I see
'Tis he.
Thanks, blessed Lord, thine absence was my hell;
And, now thou art returned, I am well.

By this I see I must
Not trust
My joys unto myself:
This shelf,
Of too secure, and too presumptuous pleasure,
Had almost sunk my ship, and drown'd my treasure.

Who would have thought a joy
So coy
To be offended so,
And go
So suddenly away? As if enjoying
Full pleasure and contentment, were annoying,

Hereafter I had need
Take heed.
Joys, amongst other things,
Have wings,
And watch their opportunities of flight,
Converting in a moment day to night.

But, is't enough for me
To be
Instructed to be wise?
I'll rise,
And read a lecture unto them that are
Willing to learn, how comfort dwells with care.

He that his joys would keep
Must weep;
And in the brine of tears
And fears
Must pickle them. That powder will preserve:
Faith with repentance is the soul's conserve.

Learn to make much of care:
A rare
And precious balsam 'tis
For bliss;
Which oft resides, where mirth with sorrow meets:
Heavenly joys on earth are bitter-sweets.

XLVIII. INUNDATIONS.

We talk of Noah's flood, as of a wonder;
And well we may;
The Scriptures say,
The water did prevail, the hills were under,
And nothing could be seen but sea.

And yet there are two other floods surpass
That flood, as far,
As heaven one star,
Which many men regard, as little, as
The ordinariest things that are.

The one is sin, the other is salvation:
And we must need
Confess indeed,
That either of them is an inundation,
Which doth the deluge far exceed.

In Noah's flood he and his household lived:
And there abode
A whole Ark-load
Of other creatures, that were then reprieved:
All safely on the waters rode.

But when sin came, it overflowed all,
And left none free:
Nay, even he,
That knew no sin, could not release my thrall,
But that he was made sin for me;

And, when salvation came, my Saviour's blood
Drown'd sin again,
With all its train
Of evils, overflowing them with good,
With good that ever shall remain.

O, let there be one other inundation,
Let grace o'erflow
In my soul so,
That thankfulness may level with salvation,
And sorrow sin may overgrow.

Then will I praise my Lord and Saviour so,
That Angels shall
Admire man's fall,
When they shall see God's greatest glory grow,
Where Satan thought to root out all.

XLIX. SIN.

Sin, I would fain define thee; but thou art
An uncouth thing:
All that I bring
To show thee fully, shows thee but in part.

I call thee the transgression of the Law,
And yet I read
That sin is dead
Without the Law; and thence it strength doth draw.

I say thou art the sting of death. 'Tis true:
And yet I find

Death comes behind:
The work is done before the pay be due.

I say thou art the devil's work; Yet he
Should much rather
Call thee father;
For he had been no devil but for thee.

What shall I call thee then? If death and devil,
Right understood,
Be names too good,
I'll say thou art the quintessence of evil.

L. TRAVELS AT HOME.

Oft have I wish'd a traveller to be:
Mine eyes did even itch the sights to see,
That I had heard and read of. Oft I have
Been greedy of occasion, as the grave,
That never says, enough; yet still was crost,
When opportunities had promised most.
At last I said, what mean'st thou, wandering elf,
To straggle thus? Go travel first thyself.
Thy little world can show thee wonders great:
The greater may have more, but not more neat
And curious pieces. Search, and thou shalt find
Enough to talk of. If thou wilt, thy mind
Europe supplies, and Asia thy will,
And Afric thine affections. And if still
Thou list to travel further, put thy senses
For both the Indies. Make no more pretences,

Of new discoveries, whilst yet thine own,
And nearest, little world is still unknown.
Away then with thy quadrants, compasses,
Globes, tables, cards, and maps, and minute glasses:
Lay by thy journals, and thy diaries,
Close up thine annals, and thine histories.
Study thyself, and read what thou hast writ
In thine own book, thy conscience. Is it fit
To labour after other knowledge so,
And thine own nearest, dearest, self not know?
Travels abroad both dear and dangerous are,
Whilst oft the soul pays for the body's fare:
Travels at home are cheap, and safe. Salvation
Comes mounted on the wings of meditation.
He that doth live at home, and learns to know
God and himself, needeth no further go.

LI. THE JOURNEY.

Life is a journey. From our mothers' wombs,
As houses, we set out: and in our tombs,
As Inns, we rest, till it be time to rise.
'Twixt rocks and gulfs our narrow foot-path lies:
Haughty presumption and hell-deep despair
Make our way dangerous, though seeming fair.
The world, with its enticements sleek and sly,
Slabbers our steps, and makes them slippery.
The flesh, with its corruptions, clogs our feet,
And burdens us with loads of lusts unmeet.
The devil where we tread, doth spread his snares,
And with temptations takes us unawares.

Our footsteps are our thoughts, our words, our works:
These carry us along; in these there lurks
Envy, lust, avarice, ambition,
The crooked turnings to perdition.
One while we creep amongst the thorny brakes
Of worldly profits; and the devil takes
Delight to see us pierce ourselves with sorrow
To-day, by thinking what may be to-morrow.
Another while we wade, and wallow in
Puddles of pleasure: and we never lin
Daubing ourselves, with dirty damn'd delights,
Till self-begotten pain our pleasure frights.
Sometimes we scramble to get up the banks
Of icy honour; and we break our ranks
To step before our fellows; though, they say,
He soonest tireth, that still leads the way.
Sometimes, when others justle and provoke us,
We stir that dust ourselves, that serves to choke us;
And raise those tempests of contention, which
Blow us beside the way into the ditch.
Our minds should be our guides; but they are blind:
Our wills outrun our wits, or lag behind.
Our furious passions, like unbridled jades,
Hurry us headlong to the infernal shades.
If God be not our guide, our guard, our friend,
Eternal death will be our journey's end.

LII. ENGINES.

Men often find, when nature's at a stand,
And hath in vain tried all her utmost strength,
That art, her ape, can reach her out a hand,
To piece her powers with to a full length.
And may not grace have means enough in store
Wherewith to do as much as that, and more?

She may: she hath engines of every kind,
To work, what art and nature, when they view,
Stupendous miracles of wonder find,
And yet must needs acknowledge to be true;
So far transcending all their power and might,
That they amazed stand e'en at the sight.

Take but three instances; faith, hope, and love.
Souls help'd by the perspective glass of faith
Are able to perceive what is above
The reach of reason: yea, the Scripture saith,
E'en him that is invisible behold,
And future things, as if they'd been of old.

Faith looks into the secret Cabinet
Of God's eternal Counsels, and doth see
Such mysteries of glory there, as set
Believing hearts on longing, till they be
Transform'd to the same image, and appear
So alter'd, as if themselves were there.

Faith can raise earth to heaven, or draw down
Heaven to earth, make both extremes to meet,
Felicity and misery, can crown
Reproach with honour, season sour with sweet.
Nothing's impossible to faith: a man
May do all things that he believes he can.

Hope founded upon faith can raise the heart
Above itself in expectation
Of what the soul desireth for its part:
Then, when its time of transmigration
Is delay'd longest, yet as patiently
To wait, as if 'twere answer'd by and by.

When grief unwieldy grows, hope can abate
The bulk to what proportion it will:
So that a large circumference of late
A little centre shall not reach to fill.
Nor that, which giant-like before did strout,
Be able with a pigmy's pace to hold out.

Hope can disperse the thickest clouds of night,
That fear hath overspread the soul withal;
And make the darkest shadows shine as bright
As the Sun-beams spread on a silver wall.
Sin-shaken souls Hope anchor-like holds steady,
When storm and tempests make them more than [giddy.
Love led by faith, and fed with hope, is able
To travel through the world's wide wilderness;
And burdens seeming most intolerable
Both to take up, and bear with cheerfulness.
To do, or suffer, what appears in sight
Extremely heavy, love will make most light.

Yea, what by men is done, or suffered,
Either for God, or else for one another,
Though in itself it be much blemished
With many imperfections, which smother,
And drown, the worth, and weight of it; yet, fall
What will, or can, love makes amends for all.

Love doth unite, and knit, both make, and keep
Things one together, which were otherwise,
Or would be both diverse, and distant. Deep,
High, long, and broad, or whatsoever size
Eternity is of, or happiness,
Love comprehends it all, be't more or less.

Give me this threefold cord of graces then,
Faith, hope, and love, let them possess mine heart,
And gladly I'll resign to other men
All I can claim by nature or by art.
To mount a soul, and make it still stand stable,
These are alone Engines incomparable.

NOTES ON THE TEMPLE AND SYNAGOGUE.

BY S. T. COLERIDGE.

G. HERBERT is a true poet, but a poet *sui generis*, the merits of whose poems will never be felt without a sympathy with the mind and character of the man. To appreciate this volume, it is not enough that the reader possesses a cultivated judgment, classical taste, or even poetic sensibility, unless he be likewise a *Christian*, and both a zealous and an orthodox, both a devout and a *devotional*, Christian. But even this will not quite suffice. He must be an affectionate and dutiful child of the Church, and from habit, conviction, and a constitutional predisposition to ceremoniousness, in piety as in manners, find her forms and ordinances aids of religion, not sources of formality; for religion is the element in which he lives, and the region in which he moves.

The Church, say rather, the Churchmen of England under the first two Stuarts, have been charged with a yearning after the Romish fopperies and even the Papistic usurpations, but we shall decide more correctly, as well as more charitably, if for the Romish and Papistic we substitute the *Patristic* leaven. There even was (natural enough from their distinguished learning, and knowledge of ecclesiastical antiquities) an overrating of the Church and of the Fathers, for the first five or even six centuries; the lines on the Egyptian monks, "Holy Macarius and great Anthony" [p. 202] supply a striking instance and illustration of this.

P. 11, last stanza. I do not understand this stanza.

P. 39. 'My flesh began unto my soul in pain.' Either a misprint, or a noticeable idiom of the word 'began?' Yes! and a very beautiful idiom it is;—the first colloquy or address of the flesh.

P. 44. 'With an exact and most particular trust, &c.' I find few historical facts so difficult of solution as the continuance, in Protestantism, of this anti-Scriptural superstition.

P. 52. 'This verse marks that,' &c. The spiritual unity of the Bible=the order and connexion of organic forms, in which the unity of life is shewn, though as widely dispersed in the world of the mere sight as the text.

P . 52. 'Then, as dispersed herbs do *watch* a potion.' Some misprint.

P. 85. 'A *box* where,' &c. Nest.

P. 90. 'Distinguished.' I understand this but imperfectly. Distinguished—they form an island? and the next lines refer perhaps to the then belief that all fruits grow and are nourished by water? but then how is the ascending sap "our cleanliness?"

P. 138. 'But he doth bid us take his blood for wine.' Nay, the contrary; take wine to be blood, and *the* blood of a man who died 1800 years ago. This is the faith which even the Church of England demands; for Consubstantiation only *adds* a mystery to that of Transubstantiation, which it implies.

P. 173. 'The Flower.' *A delicious poem.*

P. 173. 'The late-past frosts tributes of pleasure bring.'

∪ - - - - ∪ ∪ - ∪

Epitritus primus+Dactyl+Trochee+a long monosyllable, which, together with the pause intervening between it and the preceding trochee, equals ∪ ∪ ∪, form a pleasing variety in the Pentameter Iambic with rhymes. Ex. gr.

Thĕ lāte pāst frōsts | trībŭtĕs ŏf | pleāsŭre | brīng.

N.B. First, the difference between — ∪ | — and an amphimacer — ∪ — | and this not always or necessarily

arising out of the latter being one word. It may even consist of three words: yet the effect be the same. It is the pause that makes the difference. Secondly, the expediency if not necessity that the first syllable both of the Dactyl and the Trochee should be short by quantity, and only long by force of accent or position—the Epitrite being true *lengths*. Whether the last syllable be long or short, the force of the rhymes renders indifferent.

P. 173. 'As if there *were no such cold thing*.' Had been no such thing.

P. 179. '*That* choice,' &c. Their.

P. 182. 'E'en in my *enemies*' sight.' Foemen's.

P. 199. 'That they in *merit* shall excel.' I should not have expected from Herbert so open an avowal of Romanism in the article of *merit*. In the same spirit is *holy* Macarius and great Anthony, p. 202.*

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* The Rev. Dr. Bliss has kindly furnished the following judicious remark, and which is proved to be correct, as the word is printed 'heare' in the first edition (1633). He says, "Let me take this opportunity of mentioning what a very learned and able friend pointed out on this note. The fact is, Coleridge has been misled by an error of the press.

What others mean to do, I know not well,
Yet I here tell, &c. &c.

should be *hear tell*. The sense is then obvious, and Herbert is not made to do that which he was the last man in the world to have done, namely, to avow 'Romanism in the article of merit;' on the contrary, he says, although I know not the intention of others, yet I am told that there are who will plead their freedom from sin and the excellence of their own deeds—not so with me, when my account is called for, so far from laying claim to any merit, I shall at once tender the New Testament, by which we learn that Christ hath taken upon himself our sins. Herbert does not avow the article of merit; he hears that some do, but resolves 'that to decline.'"

P. 297. 'Although it be of *touch*.' *Tuch* rhyming to *much*, from the German *tuch*, cloth;—I never met with it before, as an English word. So I find *platt* for foliage in Stanley's Hist. of Philosophy, p. 22.

P. 312. 'Though bishops without presbyteries many.' An instance of *proving too much*.

P. 313. 'To several *persons*,' &c. Functions of times, but not persons, of necessity? Ex. Bishop to Archbishop.

P. 315. 'That he loves God, or heaven, or happiness.' Equally unthinking and uncharitable;—I approve of them;—but yet remember Roman Catholic idolatry, and that it originated in such high flown metaphors as these.

P. 315. 'The Sabbath, or Lord's Day.' Make it sense, and lose the rhyme; or make it rhyme, and lose the sense.

P. 318. 'The Nativity,' &c. The only poem in the Synagogue which possesses *poetic* merit; with a few changes and additions this would be a striking poem.

Mr. C. proposes to substitute the following for the fifth to the eighth line:

> To sheath or blunt one happy ray,
> That wins new splendour from the day.
> This day that gives the power to rise,
> And shine on hearts as well as eyes:
> This birth-day of all souls, when first
> On eyes of flesh and blood did burst
> That primal great lucific light,
> That rays to thee, to us gave sight.

P. 327. 'Whitsunday.' The spiritual miracle was the descent of the Holy Ghost: the outward the wind and the tongues; and so St. Peter himself explains it. That each individual obtained the power of speaking all languages, is neither contained in, nor fairly deducible from, St. Luke's account.

P. 329. 'All reason doth *transcend.*' Most true; but not *contradict*. Reason is to faith, as the eye to the telescope.

Mr. Coleridge, in his Biographia Literaria, after quoting some stanzas from Chaucer's Troilus and Cressida, says, "Another exquisite master of this species of style, where the scholar and the poet supplies the material, but the perfect well-bred gentleman, the expressions and the arrangement, is George Herbert. As from the nature of the subject, and the too frequent quaintness of the thoughts, his "Temple; or Sacred Poems and Private Ejaculations" are comparatively but little known, I shall extract two poems. The first is a sonnet, equally admirable for the weight, number, and expression of the thoughts, and for the simple dignity of the language, (unless indeed a fastidious taste should object to the latter half of the sixth line); the second is a poem of greater length, which I have chosen not only for the present purpose, but likewise as a striking example and illustration of an assertion hazarded in a former page of these sketches: namely, that the characteristic fault of our elder poets is the reverse of that, which distinguishes too many of our recent versifiers; the one conveying the most fantastic thoughts in the most correct and natural language; the other in the most fantastic language conveying the most trivial thoughts. The latter is a riddle of words; the former an enigma of thoughts. The one reminds me of an odd passage in Drayton's Ideas:

SONNET IX.

As other men, so I myself do muse,
Why in this sort I wrest invention so;
And why these *giddy metaphors* I use,
Leaving the path the greater part do go?
I will resolve you: *I am lunatic!*

The other recalls a still odder passage in the "Synagogue: or the Shadow of the Temple," a connected series of poems in imitation of Herbert's "Temple," and in some editions annexed to it:

O! how my mind, &c. p. 334.

Immediately after these burlesque passages, I cannot proceed to the extracts promised, without changing the ludicrous tone of feeling by the interposition of the three following stanzas of Herbert's:

VIRTUE.

Sweet day, &c. p. 85.

THE BOSOM SIN.

Lord, with what care, &c. p. 38.

LOVE UNKNOWN.

Dear friend, sit down, &c. p. 131.

Vide *Biographia Literaria*, vol. 2. p. 98.

The best and most forcible sense of a word is often that which is contained in its Etymology. The author of the Poems (the Synagogue), frequently affixed to Herbert's "Temple," gives the original purport of the word Integrity, in the following lines of the fourth stanza of the eighth poem;

Next to Sincerity, remember still,
Thou must resolve upon *Integrity*.
God will have *all* thou hast, thy mind, thy will,
Thy thoughts, thy words, thy works.

And again, after some verses on constancy and humility, the poem concludes with—

He that desires to see
The face of God, in his religion must
Sincere, *entire*, constant, and humble be.

Having mentioned the name of Herbert, that model of a man, a gentleman, and a clergyman, let me add, that the quaintness of some of his thoughts, not of his diction, than which nothing can be more pure, manly, and unaffected, has blinded modern readers to the great general merit of his poems, which are for the most part exquisite in their kind.

The Friend, vol. i. p. 53, edit. 1837.

THE END.

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